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IRELAND.

DUBLIN, THE SHANNON, LIMERICK,

CORK AND THE KILKENNY RACES,

THE

ROUND TOWERS, THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY,

THE

COUNTY OF WICKLOW,

O'CONNELL AND THE REPEAL ASSOCIATION;

BELFAST, AND THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

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BY J. G. KOHL.

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C. WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.

IRELAND.

DUBLIN.

THE Bay of Dublin, shallow and unprotected from winds, may have but little value in a sailor's eye, but to the stranger it affords a beautiful prospect, particularly if he contemplates it, as was my case, on a fine cheerful morning, from the deck of a steamer, after having spent the night in a storm at sea. The land, stretching forward in two peninsulas, looks as if it were opening its arms to receive him. In the southern hand it bears the harbour and town of Kingstown, in the northern the harbour and town of Howth, and deep in its bosom it cherishes the metropolis of the country, the ancient Irish Ballagh-Ath-Cliath, a name which it retains to the present day. Ptolemæus called it erroneously Eblana, and to all the non-Irish part of the world it is known under the denomination of Dublin.

On the left side, near Kingstown, lies the little island of Dalkey, and on the right side, near Howth, the equally little island called Ireland's Eye. The name is characteristic and appropriate, for just here in the middle of the eastern coast it is that Ireland may be said to have opened her eye to look out towards England. Perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say that her eye has here been forced open; for had Ireland her own way, could she free herself from her vicinity to, and her dependence on, England,—could she, in short, turn her back on England, she would have opened her eye in a very different direction. O'Connell, the great Irish patriot, has his summer residence in the far west of the island, on the Atlantic coast, into which he takes much more pleasure in looking, than into the Irish Sea and over to England; and most of the Irish, had they their own way, would probably like to run over to the Atlantic coast, and erect their capital there. For 600 years, however, England has made Ireland turn her obstinate head round, and not keep her back turned upon her neighbour.

The ancient capital of Ireland, if such an expression will here apply, was Tara. Dublin is the capital of English making. Richard I.

built a castle here in 1204, and made it the seat of the principal courts of law, and the residence of his vice-governor. Since then, marks of favour, and titles of magistracy, and charters, and corporations, and public buildings, and Wellington monuments, have been poured forth upon the city, till it has grown to be great and more beautiful than even London and Edinburgh; and on the other hand, the loyal citizens of Dublin under their provosts and lord mayors, and the English armies under their lords deputies and their lords lieutenant, and episcopal excommunications, and royal letters of menace, have since then kept pouring forth from the city upon the rest of the country, which, through the agency of Dublin, has continued to become more and more dependent and more and more English.*

We (that is, my only fellow-passenger in the steamer, and myself) landed at Kingstown, close to two very illustrious footsteps hewn out of the rock on the quay. They are the steps of George IV., who landed here when he visited Ireland in 1821, and to whose honour a monument has been erected close to the two said steps. I scarcely thought flattery had been so well understood in Great Britain. To hew out the steps of the sovereign on his visit to one of his principal cities, and erect monuments in commemoration of the event! One would suppose Ireland a little out-of-the-way place somewhere beyond the Orkneys, when one finds the visit of its sovereign treated as so memorable an occurrence; and, in fact, when we consider that Ireland, near as it is to London, was never visited by George III., nor by George II., nor by George I., and that during the century that preceded them, the country never saw its sovereign except in arms, for the suppression of foreign or domestic enemies, it may not be unfair to speak of Ireland, by the side of the great man-of-war, England, as a little captured bark taken contemptuously in tow. Our kings of Prussia frequently gladden their several provinces with a visit, except Lithuania perhaps, to which one does not often hear of their going; the emperors of Russia are almost always on the move, and show themselves now in Moscow, now in St. Petersburg, now in Odessa, now in Warsaw,—in short, in all parts of their dominions except in Siberia; the emperors of Austria, on their accession, go to receive the homage of all but their Walachian subjects; Ireland, the important third of the mighty imperial trinity of Great Britain, has been left to the left, like the Lithuania of Prussia and the Siberia of Russia, and on every new accession of a British sovereign, all that Ireland has had to do has been to waft her applause across the Channel, as well as she has been able to do so with her bound and fettered hands.

* The history of the subjection, colonization, and organization of Ireland, from Dublin as a central point, presents many striking points of resemblance with the conquest of Finland by the Swedes from Abo, and with the organization of Livonia, Courland, and Esthonia by the Germans from Riga; Livonia, Finland, and Ireland, may be looked on as three German colonial states, formed by foreign intruders, among native populations looked upon as in a state of barbarism.

A man, when he lands in Ireland, however, comes to honour without being precisely a king. "Your honours," was the first salutation we met with. It was from a Dublin car-driver. "It's early, your honours, and the railroad won't be warming its engine for you this hour and a half to come. Take my car, your honours, and I'll drive you up to your hotel, and that's more than the engine will do for you." The reasoning seemed good enough, and the offer was accepted. The vehicle we embarked in seemed strange and grotesque to me. It was a kind of square box, with glasses in the front, and we entered from behind. The machine went upon two wheels, and resembled some of the Chinese equipages of which I have read.

Dublin is the second city of the United Kingdom, but is at the same time one of the first and largest of Europe; for in population it falls little short of St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Vienna; rivals Berlin and Lisbon; and surpasses Brussels, Stockholm, Rome, Milan, and Pesth. Few of these capitals have risen to their present importance in so short a time as Dublin. St. Petersburg alone surpasses it in this respect, and Berlin about equals it. The best comparison, however, would be with Pesth, which, like Dublin, is the capital of a dependant kingdom, and, as the residence of a viceroy, has risen from a collection of wooden booths and basket-work huts, to be one of the handsomest cities of Europe.

Dublin, having been built by Englishmen, has quite the exterior of an English city. With the exception of its wretched suburbs, and the quarters abandoned to misery, Dublin has only what may be seen in most of the larger English towns. The private houses of the wealthy, as in England, are small, neat, and plain, and the public buildings equally rich in pillars and ornaments, in rotundas, colonnades, and portals. The quays, lighthouses, docks, and patent slips, remind one of Liverpool, and the noble Custom-house, the Post-office, with its Ionic, and the Four Courts, with its Corinthian columns, are all splendid buildings, but of the same character as those one meets with in England. Then the streets are spacious and the side pavements broad and convenient, as in English towns; the squares, perhaps, more beautiful, and the buildings even more ornamental. This word "ornamental" is very characteristic of English towns. The French talk of their "*villes monumentales*," the English tell one of their ornamental towns, by which they mean towns that contain buildings with a profusion of pillars. The Russian and American cities are the only ones that can match those of England in point of pillars. In Germany we talk of our "antique and picturesque" cities, and those we have, whereas the English have them not, with all their columns. Of course, sweeping rules of this kind are not without exceptions.

Nelson pillars and Wellington testimonials, too, are not wanting in Dublin, any more than in English towns generally. Trinity college has its beautiful gardens, shut up from the public, like the colleges at Oxford, and the Castle, the residence of the viceroy, is but

a repetition of many similar castles in England. Nor let it be supposed, that, Ireland being a catholic country, its capital must therefore present the decoration of old churches and convents, venerable cathedrals, and quaint chapels at the corners of the streets. Nothing of the kind. The stranger sees as little catholicism in Dublin as he does protestantism in Prague. No processions, no monks, no priests about the streets. The catholic *chapels*, as they are called, are generally small places, and retire from view into the lanes and alleys of the city. It is only since 1745 that the catholics have been allowed to open their chapels at all. The protestant episcopal churches, of which there are more than twenty, look very much like the protestant churches of England, and the celebrated cathedral of St. Patrick's, the most distinguished of all the ancient ecclesiastical edifices of Ireland, is in the whole of its architecture, the very ditto of the cathedrals of Chester, Carlisle, and others in the west of England. I could not, however, reconcile it to myself to find that in the churches of St. Patrick's, St. Kevin's, and of other Irish catholic saints, whose names can have little signification for protestant Englishmen, no catholic service should be held. I had not crossed the channel in a storm to find myself still in England. Ireland, national Ireland, I had come to see, but that I found had to be sought elsewhere than in its great towns. I therefore made but a short stay in the merry capital, and determined to make a round through the west and south, after which it was my intention to return to Dublin, in order to inform myself on various matters of a characteristic and general interest.

FROM DUBLIN TO EDGEWORTHTOWN.

A man must travel a long way by railroad in England, or had best make up his mind to cross over to Ireland at once, if he wish to see the antique stage coach offices which formerly abounded in the country, and which are so humorously described by the greater part of the writers on England. The first day on which I saw one of these establishments was in Dublin, and on the 26th of September, on which day I prepared myself for my departure for the interior of the green island. The first glance at such an office is not calculated to produce a very favourable impression. The many long-printed bills on the wall, warning travellers that the office holds itself in no way responsible for damage done to a traveller's effects, nor even for their loss, nor for the retention of his place, and hinting various other equally agreeable contingencies, are apt to fill a stranger's mind with uneasiness. Then he is somewhat embarrassed as to where he shall sit. Inside there's as little spare room as in a herring-cask, and on the outside, a little iron bulwark, only four inches high, is all that guards him against an abyss of fifteen feet. The sight of it is enough to make a man giddy. To say truth, the places in and on an English stage coach are the most comfortless things of their kind on earth,

and I was at first at a loss to reconcile them with the characteristic love of the English for convenience. I solve the riddle thus: In every undertaking the English keep the main end steadily in view. This, in their houses, is domestic comfort, and accordingly nothing can be more full of comfort than an English house. In travelling, the main end is to get on as fast as possible, and whatever can contribute to this is admirably arranged. The carriages, though as solid as iron and steel can make them, are of surprising lightness, the horses swift as birds, and the coachmen all artists in their line; but convenient seats you must not hope for, nor will you find it advisable to carry much luggage with you; all you have a right to expect is, that wet or dry, clean or dirty, with whole bones or broken, you will be brought to the end of your journey within a few minutes of the appointed time. Every other consideration is of secondary importance to a man of business, and of every hundred who travel in England, ninety do so on business.

I always chose an outside place. You can thence see the country conveniently right and left, provided you do not lose your head in starting. The gateways of most English coach-offices,—and this again is an enigma,—are so low, that every outside passenger would infallibly leave his head behind him, if he neglected the warning of the guard, who in a loud voice calls on every man to stoop his head.

"All right!" cried the guard just as the clock struck six, or rather just as the hand of the clock pointed to that hour; for in an English town there are more clocks that show the hour, and fewer that announce it in an audible tone, than in one of our own cities. "All right! stoop your heads, gentlemen!" Thirteen heads were bent in obedience to the word of command, and by the time we had raised them again, and made ourselves as comfortable as we could, we were rolling away from the city of Dublin, into the county of the same name.

Our road lay through the heart of Ireland, through its most peopled and most fertile provinces, over the rich plains of Dublin, Kildare, Meath, Westmeath, and Longford, and the end of my journey was to be Edgeworthtown, a place whither I had been invited by one whose name is known and honoured in Germany, and the invitation had been given with so much kindness, that I had resolved to stay some little time there, in order to sharpen and prepare my powers of perception, for the observance of Irish matters. For, in many respects, a man coming into a new country is like one suddenly brought into a dusky cellar, where he overlooks many things and sees others in a false light, because his eyes are not yet accustomed to the place. Not that I would have a traveller say nothing of a country till he have familiarized himself with it, and become almost a native; on the contrary, the progress of his familiarization, nay his very errors and misconceptions, may have in them much that is characteristic of the scenes he visits.

The counties I have just mentioned, and which lie immediately

west from Dublin, are the most fertile of Ireland, are celebrated for their good cultivation, and are looked upon as a sort of Land of Promise by the poor people of Clare, Kerry, and others of the western districts. Nowhere else, except in Wexford, is there so small a portion of the land lying waste in bog or moor; nowhere else is the cattle so fine, the corn so good and abundant, and nowhere else have English improvements made more progress. These counties were always advantageously situated for the reception of English settlers, and for the introduction of the English language; the language, superstition, and customs of Ireland have therefore been nearly extirpated, and an English character has been substituted. These are historical and undeniable facts, and yet the traveller who visits these happy regions for the first time, is apt to receive quite a contrary impression, and to imagine himself in the most wretched part of the country. Till he has seen the west of Ireland, he has no idea that human beings can live in a state of greater misery than in the fertile environs of Dublin, or that a peopled and cultivated land can look wilder, than the corn-abounding plains of Meath, Kildare, and Westmeath. In the west of Ireland there are districts where a man may imagine himself in a wilderness abandoned by mankind; where nothing is to be seen but rocks, bogs, and brushwood, and where wild beasts alone may be supposed capable of housing. All at once, however, on closer inspection, little green patches, like potato-fields, are seen scattered here and there amid the rocks, and a stranger is tempted to go nearer and examine them. Let him look where he is going, however, or he may make a false step; the earth may give way under his feet, and he may fall into—What! into an abyss, a cavern; a bog?—No, into a hut, into a human dwelling-place, whose existence he had overlooked, because the roof on one side was level with the ground, and nearly of the same consistency. Perhaps my traveller may draw back his foot just in time, and then let him look around, and he will find the place filled with a multitude of similar huts, all swarming with life and potatoes.

It is not so bad certainly in the happy regions of the east, but even these can scarcely be said to have the appearance of a cultivated country,—a *well*-cultivated country is out of the question. In a well-cultivated country, I expect to see fields neatly marked off with hedges and ditches, and bordered here and there with trees and other signs of demarkation or defence. Among these fields I expect to see neat farmhouses and villages, with roofs in sound condition, and yards orderly and tidily kept, instead of being filled with a chaotic mass of stagnant rainwater and drainings from the dunghill. The farmer's house I expect to see high and dry with its little garden, pretty to look on, though kept for use rather than show, but in which, nevertheless, the cultivator may show his taste in the rearing and grafting of his apple, pear, and peach trees. There must be the dairy scrupulously clean, and the tidy kitchen with its brightly scoured pots and dishes, and the orderly sitting-room for the farmer's

family, and perchance now and then a company room for particular occasions; but why do I dwell on things, the very trace of which is lost almost as soon as one leaves Dublin? I discovered nothing that deserved to be called hedges or fences, and as to gardens, fruit-trees, or flower-beds, I could see nothing of the kind. I was at first at a loss how to distinguish the cultivated from the uncultivated land. Instead of cheerful farmhouses I beheld ruinous huts, and whenever the coach stopped, I got down that I might see the interiors of the houses, which excited my astonishment. This was in the most prosperous part of Ireland, and along the highway. How must things have looked in more secluded places? Often I could see quite enough without getting down, for at times I could study the interior economy of the establishment through the holes in the roof, —the fractured plates in the kitchen, the potato-kettle on the hearth, the heap of damp straw for a bed in one corner, and the pigsty in another!

The landlords of Ireland, according to Spencer, who wrote a book on the country 300 years ago, draw their rents from their poor tenants, but do not assist them in the erection of their houses, in the fencing of their fields, or in the repair of their roads. If they did, they would derive as much advantage as their tenants from such a course; but they leave every thing to chance, and let their tenants get on as well as they can. Spencer then goes on to describe the cottage of an Irish farmer in terms quite as suitable to the present day. The Irish landlords, it would seem, are even worse than the great Polish and Russian proprietors, who at least build houses for their peasants, and furnish them with food in times of famine. This the Irish landlord does not do, because his tenant is a *free* man, though with only the inconveniences of freedom—such as hunger, want, and care—without any of its advantages. He cannot be flogged, it must be thankfully admitted.

The land here is everywhere level, without any picturesque mountains and valleys, or ruined castles and abbeys. The traveller, therefore, beholds no natural beauties to atone for the absence of that adornment which human industry might have given to the scene. Even the waters have a melancholy cast. The Liffey, which we crossed twice, receives several tributaries from the Bog of Allen, and has, in consequence, a brownish colour, like most of the rivers of Ireland. This brownish colour, it must be observed, does not prevent the water from being limpid—on the contrary, one may see down to a great depth in these brown rivers; but brown is quite as much the colour of Ireland as green, and the country might just as well have been called the topaz island as the emerald isle.

At Mullingar the road became, for a while, more interesting. Here it was that I saw the first Irish lake, Lough Owel; and hence, whether north or west, a great number of lakes are to be met with. In the neighbourhood of Dublin there are none, nor all the way between Dublin and Cork, but in the north-western part of the is-

land their number is very great. I left Lough Owel and Lough Iron to the left, and Lough Dereveragh to the right, with very little regret; for lakes in a plain, without mountains to be pictured in their bosoms, are like mirrors without a pretty face to be reflected by them. Towards evening I arrived at Edgeworthtown, where I spent some agreeable days in a delightful circle.

EDGEWORTHTOWN.

This is a cheerful little town, in the county of Longford, and has received its name from a family which has become famed throughout the civilized world, in consequence of the writings of the amiable Maria Edgeworth. This family *came over*—most of the families that own land in Ireland are of English origin, and will often take occasion to tell their friends and guests, when their ancestors *came over* from England, in the same way that some English families will talk of the time when their ancestors *came over* from Normandy;—well, then, the Edgeworths came over in 1583, under the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The family was at that time also possessed of land in Middlesex. In Ireland they became the owners of extensive domains and castles, and, among other places, of the village of Fairymount, a name which, in its Gallicized form of Firmont, has become celebrated throughout the world. The Abbé Edgeworth, who accompanied Louis XVI. to the scaffold, derived from this village his name of Monsieur de Firmont.

The father of Maria has also obtained for himself a name of some distinction by his writings. His essays are chiefly on mechanical subjects, and many interesting little contrivances are still shown at Edgeworthtown in testimony of the mechanical genius of Richard Lovell Edgeworth. Among these, are doors that open when a knee is pressed against them, in order that a servant carrying a loaded tray may enter the room without requiring assistance. The most remarkable of all, however, is an iron steeple that was erected in a very ingenious and economical manner. The lower square half of the steeple was built of stone in the usual way, but the upper rounded and pointed part was composed of iron bars and plates, which were put together in the lower body of the building, and when all was ready, by a simple but ingenious mechanism, one-half of the steeple was drawn out of the other, like the inner tube of a telescope, and in a few minutes the iron spire was raised to the necessary altitude, and was then screwed on to the top of the square tower.

This gentleman also wrote several works conjointly with his daughter, as the *Essay on Practical Education* and the humorous *Essay on Irish Bulls*. And now, I have no doubt, many of my German readers will expect of me a very daguerreotype of the amiable, cheerful, intelligent, and witty authoress, and a precise de-

scription of the little corner by the window of her pretty library, her usual sitting-room, and of the little writing-table, and of all the comfortable and agreeable dependencies of the place where the *Moral Tales*, the *Popular Tales*, *Belinda*, *Leonora*, *Griselda*, *Castle Rackrent*, *Helen*, and all her other delightful narratives, were imagined and put to paper. All this, I can easily believe, might be made extremely interesting; but I feel so invincible an aversion against speaking in my books of living persons who have hospitably received me under their roofs, that I shall persist in my old practice, and shall merely invite my readers to accompany me in my walks about Edgeworthtown, where they will find much that is characteristic of the country and its inhabitants, things with which I occupy myself at all times more willingly than with mere personalities.

The Edgeworths have long been *resident* in Ireland, that is to say they are not *absentees*, but live on their estate, and look to the comfort and welfare of their tenants. There are several noble and wealthy families in the neighbourhood who do the same thing; among others the family of the Tuites, and I had, in consequence, an opportunity of seeing the wonderful effect which the presence of the owner of an estate has on the tenantry, and to how great an extent, therefore, the Irish landlords, who take no care for their dependents, are themselves responsible for the wretchedness of the country. I had not thought there could have been in Ireland such solid-looking farmers as I here beheld on the estates of the two families I have mentioned. In the course of my excursions round Edgeworthtown, I saw many a farmhouse as stately as the best of its kind that I had ever seen in England. The houses were as clean, and the rooms as comfortable, as I could have wished them to be. The rooms and staircases were carpeted, and wine and refreshments were offered me. On Mr. Tuite's estate I visited a number of farmers, and always found their horses tidy and orderly, with sides of bacon suspended in the pantry, bright pewter dishes ranged upon the kitchen shelves, and good furniture and beds in the family rooms, just as I should have expected to find them in the houses of the wealthier peasantry in Germany.

The Tuite family, I was told, had lived on their estates for 300 years, had always been resident, and the present owner was himself a very zealous and intelligent agriculturist. It is but seldom that one sees any thing of this kind in Ireland, and for that very reason, perhaps, it excites the more interest when one does see it, for it inspires a belief that, with care and kindliness, it would be possible to elevate the peasantry of Ireland, a thing which those who might best effect the change are usually least willing to admit, attributing the whole blame to the disorderly, dirty, improvident, and intemperate habits of the people. Miss Edgeworth, in the memoirs of her father, gives the description of an intelligent landlord animated by a determination to improve the condition of his tenants, and the

course pursued by him would apply quite as well to the present day as to the time when it was first adopted.

It often happens in Ireland that a farm, originally sufficient for the comfortable maintenance of a man and his family, becomes divided, after a few generations, into a number of holdings, each father giving a piece of the land to each of his sons to set him up in the world. This subdivision is one of the many causes of the poverty of the country. Every man is anxious to have a bit of land of his own to till, and, laudable as this desire is, it may, if carried too far, as is the case in Ireland, become the occasion of many evils. An Irish farmer with a large family cannot prevail on himself to show more favour to one child than the rest, and always endeavours to divide his farm in equal shares among all his children, whatever may be the tenure by which he holds it. The effect of this system is, that at last the land is divided into such small fractions, that a man and his family, on their diminutive holding, are always just on the verge between existence and starvation. If the farms were preserved in their original extent, and the younger sons were sent out into the world, the elder sons would have more interest in the improvement and good cultivation of the land, and the younger sons would in the end be the better off, for they would be spurred on to exert their ingenuity and industry in some other pursuit.

The vast extent of most of the estates in Ireland offers a melancholy contrast to the minuteness of some of the farms, or rather potato grounds. Had the division of property existed in the upper classes also, the small landlords would gradually have approached nearer to the small farmers, and the subdivision of estates would have acted as a check on the subdivision of farms. As it is, however, there is no country in Europe where the actual cultivators of the soil have so little property in the land they cultivate as in Ireland. In Russia there are large estates, but the holdings of the peasants are large too. In Ireland there are single estates more extensive than German principalities, with farms (if such an expression can be applied) not larger than the bit of ground which an English gentleman would set aside for his rabbits in a corner of his park. In the county of Tipperary, out of 3400 holdings, there are 280 of less than an acre, and 1056 of more than one, but less than five acres.

Another pernicious custom in Ireland, is what is called letting the land in partnership, often to whole villages, when each member of the partnership becomes personally responsible for the entire rent. This is, unfortunately, still so much the case in Ireland, according to the report of Mr. Nichols, the Poor Law Commissioner, that the common pasture grounds are constantly seen crowded with cattle, and the people are for ever disputing with each other as to who has the right to drive the greatest number of miserable-looking beasts

upon the common. If the land thus held in partnership is arable instead of pasture, they divide it into a number of small parcels, but this partition often leads to litigation, and constantly to disputes, each being apprehensive lest his neighbour should have the advantage of a few inches over him.

The system of middlemen is another gigantic evil under which agriculture suffers in Ireland. Absentee landlords, not to have to do with a large number of tenants, but to receive their money conveniently in large sums, often let large tracts of country to small capitalists, who either let the land out to the actual cultivators or to other middlemen. In this way there was often between the landlord and his tenant a whole row of middlemen, none of whom had any great interest in the land, but whose object it naturally was to squeeze from the poor tiller of the soil the greatest possible amount of rent. The most atrocious part of the system was, that if a middleman failed, the landlord might come upon the tenant for his rent, even though it had already been paid to the middleman. The Subletting Act, passed in the reign of George IV. has interposed a check to the worst evils of this system, but could not be made to apply to contracts of an antecedent date, and there are leases in Ireland for terms of an almost indefinite length, on which this law can operate but slowly. Besides an evil practice is not always to be suppressed immediately by an act of parliament.

Now these are evils, the like of which is certainly not to be met with elsewhere in Europe, and as little do I believe shall we meet elsewhere with implements of agriculture of so rude a kind as those employed in Ireland. There are districts where the people, unable to construct a thrashing-floor, thrash their corn in the public road. Even at the present day, carts may be seen with wheels, but without spokes, nay, there are even vehicles without wheels, known under the denomination of "slide cars."

Another important point is the nature of the tenure on which land is held. Many Irish farmers are what is called "tenants at will," who can be turned off their holdings whenever the landlord pleases. It is unfortunately but too certain, that in consequence of the O'Connell agitation, the tenant at will tenure is very much on the increase. The granting of a lease gives the elective franchise to a tenant, and as the tenants have mostly exercised their political power in a spirit of hostility towards their landlords, it is not surprising that the latter should feel averse to the granting of leases. Nevertheless, the tenure at will is a crying evil, and ought to be discouraged by the law. The landlords ought to be all but compelled to grant leases to their tenants. This is what the Irish farmers wish for, and what they demand under the title of "fixity of tenure," but no one appears to be able to propose any practicable plan for the reform of the system. Nothing can show more clearly than this, the immense distance by which the peasantry in the other

parts of Europe have got the start, in the march of improvement, of the peasantry of Ireland.

In most of the civilized countries of Europe,—in France by a revolution, and in Germany by wise and well-timed reforms,—the nobility have been deprived of their feudal power over their peasants, and these from serfs and slaves, have been converted into small proprietors. Even in Russia measures are in progress, the object of which is to make the peasants less dependant on their lords, and gradually to give them a property in the land they till. In England and Ireland alone, people have feared to ask themselves whether it would not be wise to give the poor oppressed Irish farmers a permanent interest in the soil, and to take measures, as has been done in Prussia and Saxony, to pave the way for the introduction of permanent leases, for the reduction of exorbitant rents, and then first to allow, and afterwards to make it imperative, that the tenant shall have it in his power to convert the permanent lease into a freehold. No one here seems to have dreamed of inquiring how this has been done in France, in Germany, and even in the Baltic provinces of Russia; no one has yet been bold enough here to raise the question, whether the real cultivator of the soil has not, in point of fact, a better claim to a property in it, than the noble owner whose privileges have almost always had their origin in violence and injustice. People here have such a holy dread of touching, even in the most remote way, what they call the "rights of property," that they seem incapable of raising themselves to the level of the idea, that circumstances may arise to make it the highest political wisdom to venture on the infringement of those rights.

The titles by which the landed nobility of Europe hold their estates and tenants are of infinite variety. In most cases they have originated in possession from time immemorial, individuals having, in a dark age, of which all record has been lost, established their ascendancy, either by cunning or violence. In some states, however, the dependence and poverty of the tillers of the soil has been the consequence of the conquest of the country, and its partition among the conquerors. In general the date of this conquest went back to so remote a period, that the injustice which attached to the original title had been forgotten, or the estates had passed in the course of time into the possession of new families, who could not, in the most remote degree, be held responsible for the original injustice. Could the law always have come upon the original wrongdoer or his immediate descendant, no one would have accused the state of injustice if it had said to him, "You hold your land by an unjust title, so we shall take it from you and restore it to the poor peasants whose ancestors were robbed by yours." Prussia and the other states of Germany did more than this. It was impossible for them to distinguish those titles that were of a vicious origin, so they proceeded against all alike, and forced them all to abandon privi-

leges injurious to the community at large, and to accept a moderate indemnity in exchange. What we in Germany have *done* to a nobility, whose privileges rested on incomparably better titles, people in Ireland do not venture to think of, with respect to a nobility holding its privileges by the worst possible titles.

There is scarcely such a thing to be heard of in Ireland as a proprietor of land whose family, growing out of the people, have held their land from time immemorial. The ancient national Irish nobles and landowners have, with very few exceptions, been completely destroyed. The best title that an Irish landowner can, in general, trace his possession to is violence, but this violence is almost always of no very ancient date, for though in the twelfth century the English laid claim to all Ireland, in virtue of a gift from the Pope, it was but a small portion of the country of which they took possession, and till the reign of Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth, what was called "the Pale" never occupied more than a third or fourth of the island. It was by Cromwell that the conquest of Ireland was first completed, and by William III. it may be said to have been repeated. Each conquest brought with it extensive confiscations, and the expulsion of the ancient owners of the land, so much so that at present nine-tenths of the whole Irish soil are held by families of English descent, and nearly every large landholder can still tell when his ancestors first became possessed of the estate. I have said that the best title an Irish landholder can in general show is violence—meaning conquest; but in many cases estates were obtained by the ancestors of the present possessors by treachery and fraud. For a long time the law was that a son might dispossess his father, or a younger his elder brother, by embracing protestantism, and there are many, very many Irish landowners, whose possession can be shown to have originated in the application of this atrocious law. In presence of such titles, what wise government ought to hesitate to interfere—not indeed with revolutionary measures calculated to throw every thing into confusion, but to enact such salutary reforms as would enable the poor tenants at will and leaseholders gradually to convert their tenure into a freehold, so that the millions might not continue for ever to waste away for the profit of a few oligarchs?

In my excursions to the farmers of Sunna, I met with an old woman who spoke Irish and very little English. In her youth, she said, meaning fifty years ago, few people here in the centre of Ireland spoke or understood any thing but Irish; but many of them had since forgotten it, and to the children nothing but English was taught. There are few, she added, that can even bless themselves in Irish now! She told me the ancient Irish name for Edgeworthtown, but I have forgotten it.

It is strange that throughout Ireland, even in those parts that have longest been Anglicized or Saxonized, the original names have been retained for the political divisions of the country. Thus in the vicinity of Edgeworthtown I met with the townships of Camliskbey,

Agadonagh, Ballinloughtagh, names that must have had an odd sound to Saxon ears. Several of these townships are sometimes united to form a parish, and by a union of several parishes a barony is constituted. Some of these baronies have English names, but in the west they are Irish without an exception. Six or eight baronies make a county. Of the counties many have English names, as Waterford, Longford, Down, Queen's County, and King's County; others again have retained genuine Irish denominations, as Monaghan, Fermanagh, Donegal, &c. Several counties together form a province, of which there are four.

The gentry and nobility in this part of Ireland understand nothing of Irish; indeed there are but few districts in the country where the landowners are able to converse with their peasants in the native dialect. In the neighbourhood of Galway, a thoroughly Irish city, even the gentry are said to understand Irish, and there the priests are obliged to preach in that language. There too the best Irish scholars are met with, among whom Dr. M'Hale, the Archbishop of Tuam, and his Vicar-General, Dr. Loftus, are particularly distinguished. The former is engaged in the publication of an Irish version of the Iliad, and lately published a translation of Thomas Moore's poems.

Large parties of Irish labourers passed through Edgeworthtown, during my stay there, and excited my compassion by their melancholy appearance. I had seen several swarms of them on the road from Dublin, and all of them complained of having made so little money in England this time. Every year numbers of these labourers wander away from the western parts of Ireland, particularly from Connaught, to assist the English farmers in getting in the harvest. It happened, however, that this year so many men were out of employment in England, that labourers could be had in abundance at low wages, and the poor Irish, in consequence, had had a bad time of it; ragged and hungry they had gone over to England, and even so they returned, having scarcely earned enough to defray the cost of the journey. These periodical migrations of Irish labourers occur as regularly as the movements of so many birds of passage. Wages in England, on an average, are twice as high as in Ireland, and the Irish harvesters, accustomed to the cheapest food, are generally able to bring back the greater part of what they earn. The men have usually a bit of ground in Donegal, Clare, Mayo, Connemara, or somewhere among the bogs and mountains of the west, and as soon as they have put their own fields in order, they start for one of the eastern ports—Dublin, Belfast, Dundalk, &c.—and cross over to England, leaving their families at home. Their little harvest is often attended to by their wives, or, as among the mountains of Connaught the harvest is generally later than in England, the men are often at home again quite in time to attend to the getting in of their own produce. During harvest time in England and Scotland the services of these Irish labourers are of great importance, and sometimes it would be difficult, without their aid, to get the harvest

in at all. They generally return every year to the same part of the country, and work for the same farmers who employed them at the preceding harvest; thus it often happens that a district in England will have its corn cut and gathered in every year by labourers from some particular district in Ireland.

To see poor Paddy with a rueful countenance is the more moving, as it so seldom happens to him to carry a look of care about with him; but this year, gloom was fixed on almost every face that returned from England. Some even complained, that of the little they had earned, they had been robbed by the rioters in the English manufacturing districts. The poor fellows thought of their families at home, who were counting on the harvest penny that was to pay the rent, and supply a few pressing wants. Fortunately the potato harvest was a productive one, but how they were to fight it out during the winter with the landlord and the driver, Heaven only knew. I have seen migrations of harvesters somewhat similar, in many parts of Europe, but nowhere did they produce so melancholy an impression upon me as in Ireland; neither the North Germans wandering away to the rich marshes of Holland; nor the poor Croats, Bohemians, and mountaineers, from Hungary, Bohemia, and Styria, on their way to the fertile lowlands of the Danube; nor the Swiss descending from their Alps into the teeming plains of Lombardy; nor the mowers that swarm yearly from the central part of Russia, into the thinly-peopled steppes of the southern provinces.

Mountains and valleys, rocks, ravines, and plains, nay, sometimes even the caverns, are all covered with bog in Ireland. Where cultivation ceases, the bog begins, and the whole island may be said to be a bog with occasional interruptions. There are parts of Germany, France, and the Netherlands, which also seem to have a decided tendency to the formation of bog, but nowhere else is this so much the case as in Ireland. Our Harz mountains have some bog it is true, but in Ireland the very summits of such mountains are covered with bog, and wherever cultivation recedes, the bog resumes possession of the abandoned ground. The humidity of the climate, I suppose, is the chief though not the only cause of this phenomenon. The decayed vegetable matter, which in other countries dries and resolves itself in dust, leaves here a considerable residuum, which is augmented in the following year by the new residua of decayed plants, and a rapid accumulation thus takes place, a quantity of moisture being held in absorption, till gradually immense compact masses are formed. A young bog, one that is yet but in its infancy, is called a "quaking bog;" but in time, when the mass becomes more compact, and assumes a black colour, it is known as a turf-bog or peat-bog. The vegetables, whose residua go to the formation of these bogs, are of course of infinite variety. The mosses, as they decay, form a loose, spungy mass, often so tough that the turf-spade will not pierce it, and it then goes by the name of "old wife's tow." Sometimes the bog is formed almost wholly of mosses, sometimes of mosses

mixed with the remains of other plants. Hence arise two principal descriptions of morasses in Ireland; the red or dry bogs, and the green or wet bogs. The former yields a light spungy turf that quickly burns away, the latter a heavy black turf. Some of the green bogs, however, are so wet that no turf can be obtained from them at all.

The Irish bogs are at once a source of wealth, and a cause of poverty to Ireland. They yield fuel to the people, but at the same time cover much fertile land, which they withhold from cultivation, and they spoil the water of the rivers, fill the atmosphere everywhere with a turfy smell, and infect the air with unwholesome exhalations; they are often a great hinderance to internal communication, and have long served as places of refuge to the thieves and outlaws of Ireland, who, according to Boate, could not exist without the bogs. The object of the Irish ought to be to subject to a wise system of economy those bogs that yield good fuel, and to have all the others drained and brought under cultivation. Hitherto the Irish have done neither of these two things; they have not economised their turf, and they have not drained the unproductive bogs, because these were for a long time looked upon as the most effectual natural protection against the English. The English indeed, "the introducers of all that is good into Ireland," as Boate calls them, (he might with equal justice have called them the authors of much evil there,) have for centuries laboured at the draining of these bogs, and lately again a company has been formed for the reclaiming of Irish bogs, but compared to the quantity of bogs that exist, little or nothing has hitherto been done, and even at the present day the traveller in Ireland seldom finds himself on any point whence he may not see bog within his horizon.

It would seem that there was a time when, if not the entire island, at least portions of it, must have been better cultivated, and less covered with morasses than at present, for there are large tracts of bog, under which the soil shows the most distinct traces of former cultivation by the plough. Nay, some Irish historians point to certain districts, which, after having been laid waste by this or that English general or chief, rapidly became converted into a morass.

While I was at Edgeworthtown, I heard the people talk a great deal of the Centre of Ireland, and a farmer one day accompanied me to an artificial mound, which the people looked upon as the said central point. This mound is called the Moate of Lisserdowling. We were no doubt very near the centre, but the hill in question, it is equally certain, was not that centre, the precise locality of which it might be difficult to determine. The Moate of Lisserdowling is a round conical hill, about forty feet high, and about five hundred feet in circumference. It stands in a plain, and is surrounded by corn fields, and being planted with trees and white-thorn bushes, presents a stately object on the naked level. On the summit the moate was flat, with an indentation in the middle, leaving a few

stones bare, that seemed to form part of some masonry concealed under the turf, by which the whole of the artificial hill was covered. The popular tradition, I was told, assigned the moate as a dwelling-place to an ancient Irish chief of the name of Naghten O'Donnell, and a small byroad in the neighbourhood is still called after him, "Naghten's Lane." The hill stands in high repute throughout the country, and is a favourite resort on fine afternoons, when hundreds may be seen sitting and lying on its sides; but not one of these visiters remains after dark, when the Moate of Lisserdowling, and the lane leading to it, are abandoned to the fairies, or "good people," as they are called in Ireland. Nor will any one touch a stone or a stick on the hill, "unless they have had a dream," as my farmer expressed himself, "and have had a commission from the good people." I observed on the side of the mount the stump of an old thorn bush. My guide informed me that the bush itself had been blown down one windy night, many years ago, and had been left to rot on the ground where it fell, no one daring to touch it, though in general the poor people are ready enough to appropriate to themselves anything *burnable* that they may find by the wayside. Young trees they will steal with very little remorse, but wood growing on one of these fairy mounts is almost always secure from their depredations.

On the following day I visited a similar hill, the Moate-o'-Ward, which was likewise covered with white thorns, and in the sequel I met with great numbers of these artificial hillocks, of which Ireland contains many more than either England or Scotland. The people call them moats, a word used in English, to designate the ditch of a fortress. In Irish they are called "raths," a word bearing precisely the same signification. They are also sometimes called "Danes' Mounts," for in Ireland, as every art of destruction is charitably set down to Cromwell's account, so every erection of a remote date is attributed to the Danes. The popular belief is quite unanimous, therefore, in giving the Danes the credit of having erected these tumuli, as fortresses whence they might hold the country in subjection, and when the Danes had been expelled, an Irish chief here and there chose the deserted fastness for his dwelling place. The learned are not quite so unanimous in their views as to the origin of these erections. Some go with the stream, and set them down to Danish account; others believe the hillocks to be of a much more ancient date, and to have formed the strongholds of the ancient native kings. In the north of Ireland is a mound of enormous size, said to have been the seat of the Kings of Ulster. Probably this earthy architecture, which appears to have been so widely diffused over Ireland, was the work of different ages, of various races, and had more objects than one in view. Nearly all the nations of Europe, in the infancy of their civilization, seem to have delighted in the erection of these artificial hills. The whole of Southern Russia is full of them, and we meet with them in Hungary, Turkey, Scandinavia, and Denmark, as well as in England and Ireland, but nowhere in such num-

bers as in Ireland, whence we may conclude that the ancient Irish must have built many of their raths long before the Danes arrived among them.

It is also probable that they were erected with different objects in view. Some, we know, were intended as boundary marks, and some we know were raised over the remains of distinguished heroes and chiefs. From some it was customary for the lawgivers and judges to announce their decisions to the assembled multitude, and on others kings were anointed and crowned. The Druids required sacred hills to offer their sacrifices on, and where a natural hill was not to be had, an artificial one, no doubt, was often formed. Others again may have been intended as fortresses on which the people might seek refuge from an enemy. Many, no doubt, remain that are quite enigmatical. Several, when opened, are found to contain passages and cells, of which it is difficult to guess what use they were intended for. They are too small for storehouses, and can scarcely have served as tombs, or bones and other remains would have been found there.

Lisserdowling, a high pyramid surrounded by a low rampart and ditch, is more likely, in my opinion, to have been erected as a religious monument than as a fortress. Had it been intended for a fortress, why should so much labour have been expended in giving it a conical form, and why not have bestowed more pains on the circumvallation. As a fortress it would have been the strangest and most ineligible that could have been built. The space on the summit would scarcely afford room for two huts, and when the rampart had once been stormed by the enemy, the defenders would have been at the greatest disadvantage on the sides of the cone. Probably the circumvallation has led to the belief that this, and many other tumuli, were intended for fortresses, but Stonehenge, which nobody ever took to be a fortress, is also surrounded by rampart and ditch. The circumvallation may have been intended simply to mark the boundary of the holy place, and to cut off all connexion with the profane part of the world.

Enough, however, of the Danes' mounts, and now let me proceed to notice a few memoranda which I find set down in my journal during my stay in Edgeworthtown.

In the little protestant church at Edgeworthtown I found a wooden gallery, which, as I learned from an inscription, had been erected sixty years previously, by a vicar of the parish, for the exclusive use of the public at large. The small space on the floor of the church was occupied wholly by the pews of the wealthier part of the congregation, so that the poor, who could not afford to pay pew-rent, were all but excluded from the place of worship, as is generally the case in the protestant churches of England. The pews are a source of revenue to the church, and this has caused them to encroach so much upon the space intended for the congregation, that no room at all remains in the end for the poor. Well

meaning clergymen have often struggled against this abuse of the pews; and some, like the worthy pastor of Edgeworthtown, when they could not bring the parish to provide accommodation for the poor, have done so at their own expense. The vicar in question, it is said, had the greatest difficulty in obtaining a vestry act to enable him to carry his benevolent views into operation. Of late the Puseyites have commenced a spirited opposition against the monopolising system of pews, and in this, at least, it is to be hoped, they will succeed.

There are 800 catholics in Edgeworthtown, and 300 protestants, but the latter do not increase in number in an equal ratio with the former. The catholics have become wealthier and more powerful since their emancipation, as well as more numerous, and this remark will apply to nearly all Ireland. I was also told that the catholics endeavour at present to induce young men of better families than was formerly the case, to devote themselves to the church.

I visited the schools in the place. They were well conducted, because the gentry did not neglect them. I saw nothing very remarkable there, except that in the arithmetic lesson, the teacher made use of the Chinese-Mongolian-Russian reckoning board. He told me the board had been introduced into the popular schools of Ireland two years previously, and had been found to answer extremely well. He was aware the instrument was of Chinese or Russian origin, and, believed to have heard, that it had been adopted on the recommendation of a Russian nobleman who had travelled in Ireland. I was not able to ascertain whether this was really the case. Perhaps the English obtained it directly from China. The Chinese were, unquestionably, the first inventors of this useful instrument, which I am only surprised, has not long ago been adopted in every country in Europe.

Some strange stories of murders were told me by the farmers of the vicinity. An Irishman had, some years previously, by one of the many secret societies that have existed in Ireland, been engaged to murder a certain individual. The man was on his road in search of his victim, and, being overtaken by a storm, was met by a gentleman, who took him to his country-house, and ordered dry clothes and refreshments to be given to him. On inquiring the name of his benevolent host, the man found that he was in the house of the very being he had undertaken to murder. He was returning without having executed his task, when he met one of his secret associates, to whom he told what had happened, declaring that it was now quite impossible for him to destroy one who had been so kind to him. The associate, who had received a similar commission, proposed that they should change their two victims. The scrupulous assassin eagerly accepted a proposal which, he thought, relieved his conscience from the crime of ingratitude. The arrangement was made, and each slew his man!

I was astonished at the slowness with which corn ripens in Ire-

land. They sow their winter corn there in November, and their summer corn in February, yet it is not till the middle of September that they can think of getting in their wheat harvest. Their oats are still later. Rye is a description of corn they never think of. When the summer has been wet and cold, the wheat is not got in till the middle of October, nor oats till November. In the south of Germany, on the Rhine, rye is generally housed about the 22d of July, and wheat, barley, and oats follow at short intervals. In Courland and Lithuania, countries that lie nearly under the same latitude as Ireland, the harvest is generally got in about the end of July or the beginning of August, though the summer corn is sown only in April, till which month the ground retains its wintry covering of snow.

While I was in the vicinity of Edgeworthtown, a little fair was held there, and afforded me an opportunity of observing the manners of the Irish market-people in the disposal of their wares. Some of them,—those who dealt in fruit, and various kinds of eatables,—did as they would have done in most countries, that is to say, they sat by the side of their wares, and waited till customers presented themselves; but those who dealt in knives, scissors, and an endless variety of small articles, were more noisy and *mountebankish* than I had ever before seen them out of Great Britain. Some of them had arranged their goods on a moveable booth that went upon wheels. One side of this travelling repository formed a kind of stage on which the merchant made his appearance, and presented various articles to the public, to whom, in the style of an Italian vendor of medicines, he recommended his goods with surprising volubility, accompanied by jokes that were not always without wit. He would name the price of an article. The spectators laughed, and offered him perhaps a few pence. Others offered perhaps a trifle more, and so went on, till the merchant was satisfied, or till, despairing of an acceptable offer, he put the article by and produced another. Similar scenes are constantly seen at the English fairs likewise, and even in London there are shops in which perpetual auctions are going on, a crowd of spectators being kept all day long around the place, which may be considered half in the light of a shop, and half in that of a playhouse. I saw no gipsies at the fair, and was assured there were none in Ireland. In all the books on Ireland that have come into my hands, I have in vain sought a confirmation of this assertion, yet books ought to tell us what we must not look for in a country as well as what we may expect to see there. It would be strange if the gipsy race, which has found its way into every country of Europe, had avoided Ireland, and yet several Irishmen have assured me the fact is so; and as Ireland boasts of so many peculiarities, has neither toads nor snakes, nor many other animals that are met with everywhere else, one is disposed *à priori* to believe the assertion. It may be that parties of gipsies crossed over to Ireland at times, but finding there a race

almost as barbarous and wretched as themselves, they returned and did not multiply in the land. The Romans also never went over into Ireland, even when they held possession of almost every other country in the known world.

Another fact almost equally remarkable, is the total absence of Jews from Ireland. At least, there does not now exist a Jewish synagogue in the whole island; not even in Dublin, a city of 270,000 inhabitants. Some Jews, it is true, came over with Cromwell, and in 1746 there were forty families of that nation in Dublin, where they had a synagogue and a cemetery; but in 1821 the little community had dwindled down to nine individuals. In this respect, Ireland and Dublin certainly stand alone in Europe. In England and Scotland there are Jews and gipsies in all directions.

FROM EDGEWORTHTOWN TO THE SHANNON.

It was not without a feeling of melancholy that I took leave of my kind friends of Edgeworthtown, when about to visit the glorious Shannon, the great main artery of the island.

The usual way of travelling in those parts of Ireland where there are no stage-coaches, is by the aid of a jaunting-car. This is a two-wheeled vehicle with one horse, with a seat for two persons on each side. In the centre between the seats is a cavity called a well, in which the traveller's luggage is deposited. The shaft is fastened, not to the axletree, but to the body of the carriage, and the passenger, in consequence, is obliged to accompany the horse in every movement he makes, just as if the whole concern were fastened on his back. When the horse gallops, the comically violent motion that ensues, affords much fun to some, and makes others sea-sick. The machine is, of course, uncovered, and as it generally rains in Ireland, few travellers neglect to pack themselves and their goods up in some waterproof tissue or other. The price charged for such a car is sixpence for an English mile, just half what is paid in England for a one-horse conveyance.

These cars are very much to be recommended to a traveller who wishes to see something of the country he is passing through. He is not bound to any particular line of road, and may travel whither he will, so he pay but his sixpence a mile; and then, as his feet are never far from the ground, he can step on and off at all times with very little trouble, and need pass nothing unexamined by the road-side. Then, in his driver he has always a talkative Paddy, who, duly to balance the vessel committed to his pilotage, rarely sits on his box, but rather on the opposite seat *dos-à-dos* with his passenger, ready to give him the benefit of his experience, and show him "a bit of the country." Having himself an abundant stock of curiosity, he is ready to sympathize with curiosity and desire of information

in another. He stops when his passenger wishes it, drives slower of his own accord when he sees him taking notes, not forgetting, when he thinks he has said something witty or clever, to add, "and won't your honour please to put down that too?"

On one of the many beautiful and sunny days vouchsafed even unto Ireland by the autumn of 1842, I rolled away with an equipage such as I have described, toward the banks of the Shannon, intending afterwards to avail myself of the services of the river itself to continue my journey toward the south-western districts of the island. In the central part of Ireland, till you arrive at the Shannon, there are few natural beauties to admire. The land is level, and the attention of the traveller is naturally more directed to man and his works; neither, I grieve to say, is calculated to awaken much pleasure in the contemplation, for the former is mostly in rags, and the latter in ruins. From a well-ordered country ruins ought to have a natural tendency to disappear, but of all countries in the world, Ireland is the country for ruins. Here you have ruins of every period of history, from the times of the Phœnicians down to the present day. There are ruins that are supposed to date from the arrival of the fire-worshippers of the east, others which pass for remains of Druidical temples, or of the palaces of the ancient Celtic kings. Fragments may be seen of the churches built when Christianity was first introduced into the country; the domination of the Danes enriched the land with another rich course of ruins, and down to our own times each century has marked its progress by the ruins it has left. Nay every decade, one might almost say, has set its sign upon Ireland, for in all directions you see a number of dilapidated buildings, ruins of yesterday's erection.

Along my road I passed through no town in which I did not behold houses of very recent construction falling into ruins. In some places I even saw ten or twelve such houses standing side by side. With the ruins of old castles and churches, some sad poetical tradition of war and violence is usually associated; these more modern ruins are connected with the yet sadder story of injustice committed in the time of peace. The cruel expulsion of a tenant by his landlord, or the emigration of the poor occupiers, or the want of means to effect the necessary repairs, these are generally the causes assigned. Generally, indeed, the people are not very communicative when you inquire into the matter. "Ah, sir, it's a sad story, and we'd better say nothing about it," is often the only answer you can get.

The painter has least reason to complain, for as all descriptions of creeping plants are very abundant in Ireland, Irish ruins generally wear a very picturesque look. The beautiful ivy hangs its drapery round them all, wild roses, yews and similar plants nestle everywhere among the broken masonry, and often have I seen the most wretched huts enveloped in a rich full robe of ivy, worthy to lux-

uriate around the tottering keep of what was once a royal castle. Many a hut I believe is made habitable only by the ivy that embraces and upholds it.

The rags of Ireland are quite as remarkable a phenomenon as the ruins. As an Irishman seems to live in a house as long as it remains habitable, and then abandons it to its fate, so he drags the same suit of clothes about with him as long as the threads will hold together. In other countries there are poor people enough, who can but seldom exchange their old habiliments for new, but then they endeavour to keep their garments, old as they are, in a wearable condition. The poor Russian peasant, compelled to do so by his climate, sews patch upon patch to his sheepskin jacket, and even the poorest will not allow his nakedness to peer through the apertures of his vestment, as is frequently seen in Ireland among those who are far above the class of beggars. In no country is it held disgraceful to wear a coat of a coarse texture, but to go about in rags is nowhere allowed but in Ireland, except to those whom the extreme of misery has plunged so deeply into despair, that they lose all thought of decorum. In Ireland no one appears to feel offended or surprised at the sight of a naked elbow or a bare leg.

There is something quite peculiar in Irish rags. So thoroughly worn away, so completely reduced to dust upon a human body, no rags are elsewhere to be seen. At the elbows and at all the other corners of the body the clothes hang like the drooping petals of a faded rose; the edges of the coat are formed into a sort of fringe, and often it is quite impossible to distinguish the inside from the outside of a coat, nor the sleeves from the body. The legs and arms are at last unable to find their accustomed way in and out, so that the drapery is every morning disposed after a new fashion, and it might appear a wonder how so many varied fragments are held together by their various threads, were it not perfectly a matter of indifference whether the coat be made to serve for breeches, or the breeches for coat.

What in the eyes of a stranger gives so ludicrous an effect to the rags of an Irish peasant, is the circumstance that his national costume is cut after the fashion of our gala dress, of the coats worn among us at balls and on state occasions. The humbler classes with us wear either straight frock coats, or, when at work, short round jackets. In Belgium, France, and some other countries, the working men have a very suitable costume in their *blouses*, and a very similar garment, the smock frock, is worn in most of the rural districts of England. Paddy, on the other hand, seems to have thought the blouse, or the short jacket, not *elegant* enough for him, so he has selected for his national costume the French company dress coat, with its high useless collar, its swallow tail hanging down behind, and the breast open in front. With this coat he wears short knee breeches, with stockings and shoes, so that, as far as the cut of his clothes is concerned, he appears always in full dress, like a *rale gen-*

tleman. Now it is impossible that a working man could select a costume more unsuitable to him, or more absurd to look upon. It affords no protection against the weather, and is a constant hinderance to him in his work, yet it is generally prevalent throughout the island. It is said that a mass of old dress-coats are constantly imported from England, where the working classes never wear them. If so, the lowness of the price at which they are sold may have induced the Irish peasants to purchase these cast-off habiliments, and, laying aside their original costume, which cannot but have been more suitable, to mount the dunghill in a coarse and tattered French ball costume. The fact, however, is, that most of these coats are not imported, but are made in the country, of a coarse gray cloth called "frieze," from which the coats themselves derive the name of "frieze coats."

It is only on Sundays, and among the wealthier peasants, that the frieze coat is seen in its complete form, with four buttons behind and six in front. On working-days, not only the buttons are wanting, but the whole gear resolves itself into that undescribable condition, of which I have endeavoured to communicate some notion. Often the one-half of the swallow tail is gone, and the other half may be seen drooping in widowed sorrow over its departed companion, whom it is evidently prepared to follow, on no very distant day. It seems never to occur to the owner, when one of these neglected flaps hangs suspended only by a few threads, that half-a-dozen stitches would renew its connexion with the parent coat, or that one bold cut would at all events put it out of its lingering misery. No, morning after morning, he draws on the same coat, with the tail drooping in the same pity-inspiring condition, till the doomed fragment drops at last of its own accord, and is left lying on the spot where it fell. This tail is in general the first part that is lost of the coat. Is it not strange that a hint so often given to him should still be thrown away on the Irish peasant, and that he should not long ere this have thought of exchanging his coat for a jacket? If he did this, he would not so often, while some blush of novelty is left upon his coat, be obliged to tuck up his tail while at work, or tie it round his body with packthread.

The head gear harmonizes with the ball-room suit. Paddy scorns to wear a waterproof cap, but in its place he dons a strange caricature of a beaver or silk hat, that many a time and oft,—how often Heaven alone knows,—has been reduced to a complete state of solution by the rain, and then been allowed to dry again into some new and unimagined shape. How millions of working men can have endured for so many years to wear so inconvenient and absurd a head-dress, is quite inconceivable to me, and utterly irreconcilable to that sound common sense by which the masses are generally characterized. Paddy, it must be owned, pinches and flattens and twists the uncomfortable appendage into a fashion of his own. He pushes up the brim away from his face in front, while behind it soon

hangs in festoon fashion. The crown in time falls in, but being deemed an important part of the concern, is kept in its place for some time longer by the aid of packthread. The crown goes, however, at last, and the hat, one would then suppose, would be deemed useless; no such thing, the owner will continue to wear it, for a year or two afterwards, by way of ornament.

It is impossible for a stranger to see a peasant at his work, thus accoutred like a decayed dancing-master, and not be tempted to laugh at so whimsical an apparition: I say whimsical, for in his deepest misery Paddy has always so much about him that is whimsical, that you can scarcely help laughing even while your heart is bleeding for him.

Nothing offers so striking a contrast to the meager ragged wretchedness of the Irish peasant, than the creature with which he usually shares his home—I mean his pig. You see the animal go where you will, and so well fed, so oily, so round, so paunchy, as you will scarcely ever see it elsewhere. In no other country have I ever seen so many pigs, except perhaps in Walachia; but the Walachian pigs, feeding in the woods, are a much wilder race than the Irish pigs, which are literally the inmates of their master's home, and are reared up with the other members of his family. What the horse is to the Arab, or the dog to the Greenlander, the pig is to an Irishman. He feeds it quite as well as he does his children, assigns to it a corner in his sitting-room, shares his potatoes, his milk, and his bread with it, and all these favours, he confidently expects, the pig will in due time gratefully repay. Upon the pig it is that the best hopes of the poor peasant often repose. "The pig it is must pay the rent," is a speech you may hear repeated hundreds of times. The high rent which he has to make up for his landlord is the heaviest of the poor fellow's earthly cares, and the pig is the friend that must relieve him of it.—Of late years, I was sometimes told, that the goat had been preferred, as easier to rear than the pig, but in all those parts of the country which I visited, the pig was the predominant animal.

In front of many of the farm-houses that I passed I saw hawthorn bushes cut into fantastic shapes, pyramids, crosses, &c., as I had often seen in England. By the roadside, also, they occurred frequently, and some had stems of enormous thickness, and appeared of a much greater age than we ever see them in Germany. There are parts of Ireland where nothing now remains but these old thorn-bushes, to testify to the mighty forests that once grew there. There are many countries in Europe where the forests that formerly existed there have completely vanished, in consequence of the unthrifty manner in which the inhabitants have dealt with their timber. No other country, however, has been so neglectful of this department of national economy as Ireland, and the inconvenience is now felt. By plantations of young trees, they are endeavouring to repair their

bygone errors. It is the same in Switzerland, in Greece, in Southern Russia, &c.

The larch appeared to me to be made an object of particular care. In every direction I saw young saplings of this beautiful and useful plant, but always in small parcels, and not in such extensive plantations as we often see in our own well-wooded country. The English require much wood for their ships, and have to pay a higher price for it than most of their commercial rivals; when we think how there lie waste in Ireland many thousands of acres, well suited for the growth of oaks and pines, it is difficult to comprehend why more energetic exertions are not made to plant with timber the lands now left unoccupied and unused.

Ballimahon was the second place at which I changed horses. It is a small town, but is known throughout the country for its great egg-market, an article in which much business is also carried on at Lanesborough and other places in the county of Longford. In every direction I was continually seeing the egg-buyers, with baskets on their backs, going about from hut to hut to make their purchases, which are afterwards brought to the several markets. The eggs are sent by the canal to Dublin, and thence shipped to England. Liverpool, and even London, are in a great measure supplied with eggs from Ireland.

Passing along a number of crossways and byways, I arrived at Athlone. All the principal towns of Ireland, all those of first and second rank, lie along the coast, or at all events within easy reach of the sea ; in the inland parts of the island one sees none but towns of inferior importance. One of these is Athlone, which, on account of its central position, appears well situated to be the capital of the country. It is said, indeed, to have once been in contemplation to make it the seat of government; and it is even now the spot where the strongest military force is kept, ready to march upon any part of the island where disturbances may break out. The place is fortified, and has barracks for artillery, cavalry, and infantry.

Leaving Athlone, we crossed a portion of the Bog of Allan, a bog, which, under various names, occupies a large part of the great plain which runs from east to west, from Dublin to Galway, dividing the country into two sections, a mountainous north and a mountainous south. The lower grounds are quite covered with the morass, which presents the appearance of a reddish monotonous level. The cultivated fields often come down close to the edge of the bog, as the flowery fields of Switzerland advance to the extreme margin of the glaciers. Large quantities of turf are obtained from this bog, and sent down the Shannon to Limerick, or along the canals to Dublin; for though in some wealthy houses in the sea-coast towns, coals are burned, yet the majority of the population everywhere burn nothing but turf, which may be obtained more easily from the surface of the ground, than can the coals from their

deep and laborious mines. When their supply of turf has been exhausted, the Irish will pay more attention to their coal-fields, the real extent of which is still unknown to them. Before that time comes some centuries must pass away, but there are parts of Ireland where turf is beginning to grow scarce. In the north of Germany, where we have also many turf bogs, the people provide for the reproduction of the turf. They leave square holes, in which the water collects. The marsh-plants accumulate in these reservoirs, and at the end of thirty or forty years turf may again be cut from the same place, and thus a piece of turf-land is made to afford an inexhaustible supply of fuel to its owners. In Ireland nothing of the kind is thought of. The turf is cut away wherever Nature has deposited the treasure, and none seems to trouble himself about the renewal of the supply. The consequence is that many villages are already mourning over their dwindling stock of turf, and can almost calculate the day on which they will have consumed their last sod.

A remarkable phenomenon connected with these bogs is the manner in which they develop themselves sometimes in their centre, and then overflow their banks in all directions. The sides of a bog, for instance, will often become dry and hard, and form a rampart round the middle part, which continues moist, and therefore continues to grow. The middle, naturally, soon rises to a higher level, and this elevation of the middle of the bog may be seen at a glance as you pass through the country. In general there are some brooks or rivulets, which carry away the surplus water from these bogs, but not always, and when this is not the case, as soon as the accumulated moisture has grown beyond a certain volume, it breaks its way, and overflows fertile fields, burying houses, trees, and often men, in its progress. Accidents of this kind still occur in Ireland, and have probably done so from the remotest times, affording a ready means of accounting for the vast extent of country which the bogs have in time been able to cover. Many articles still found in the bogs seem to bear testimony to the suddenness of some of these eruptions: trunks of trees, human skeletons, implements of husbandry, and the bones of animals no longer to be met with in Ireland; for instance, those of the elk. The most remarkable substance found in the bogs is the bog-butter, as it is called, and which the common people believe to have been really butter; though why butter should have been swallowed up in such vast quantities it would be difficult to say.

Shannon Harbour lies on the Shannon, at the mouth of the Grand Canal. This canal extends to Dublin, and the Shannon being navigable hence to Limerick, Shannon Harbour forms an intermediate point of some importance for the inland navigation between those two cities. The commerce along this canal is not, however, very considerable, and Shannon Harbour, whatever it may hereafter become, consists at present only of a good inn, with a row of warehouses and counting-houses along the canal, and a sort of appendix of cabins for

the Irish labourers. In the warehouses I saw little except large quantities of Galway oysters, and as I found it impossible to take a very lively interest in this description of merchandise, I turned from the present to the past, and examined some ruined castles, which were said to have once belonged to an Irish hero of the name of Mac Oghlan, who possessed no less than six castles in the neighbourhood. One of these castles I had observed as we came along. It had all the appearance of an old feudal castle, was quite as ruinous as its age warranted, and was almost covered with ivy; nevertheless, the owner seemed to have made himself a very comfortable dwelling among the ancient halls and the toppling ruins. I have met many similar instances in Ireland of ruined castles, in which the owners contrived still to live very much at their ease. Another of the ruins lay about a mile and half from the place, and a young man accompanied me thither as guide. When we arrived it was getting dusk, and on my preparing to jump over a ditch, that I might go close up to the castle, which lay in the middle of a large potato-field, my youth hung back, and told me he would wait in the road till I came back. I soon saw he was afraid of the "good people" of whom the Irish are certainly far more in dread than they are of the devil. I was curious to see how far my companion's fear went, and threatened to withhold the promised shilling unless he went with me. "Oh, I don't care about that!" he murmured to himself, and remained obstinately behind. I had to explore the ruin by myself, but it contained nothing very remarkable,—nothing but a few loopholes, and a few vaults that had fallen in.

Not far off lay a small house to which my attention had been directed in Shannon Harbour, as one the inmates of which would be able to give me some information respecting the traditions connected with the castle. Thither I directed my steps, and, seeing a woman at the door, I called to her. She appeared for a moment to consider whether she should attend to my call, then, retiring as I advanced, cried out to know what I wanted. On my approaching nearer she started off across some fields, and ran toward a house at a distance from her own. Perhaps my arrival from the haunted ruin at such an hour had appeared something very awful to her, and my foreign accent may have completed the effect. My guide too, I found, had taken to his heels, and I did not see him again till my return to Shannon Harbour, whither he had run as fast as his legs could carry him, to seek shelter by his mother's turf fire from all the fays and goblins in the world. His mother scolded him for a coward, but who knows whether she would have behaved more valiantly in his place. Wherever English civilization comes, the "good people" grow more and more scarce, so at least people told me, but my own experience scarcely bears out the assertion, for even in the most Anglified parts of Ireland I found myself surrounded by swarms of "good people," as soon as I ventured abroad in the dusk.

Not far from Shannon Harbour, a little farther up the river, are

ruins of much greater interest, known as the " Seven Churches." This is a spot that has been held sacred from the earliest period of Irish Christianity. The ruins of the churches lie near the beautiful banks of the river, and among them are scattered the graves, it is said, of a number of the ancient Irish kings. I had occasion, afterwards, to see other places of similar sanctity, and shall return to the subject.

In the same way that Shannon Harbour had its Mac Oghlan, almost every district in Ireland had once its renowned king or chief, of whose achievements the people continue to speak with admiration to the present day, and whose legitimate descendants a stranger is sure to meet with, if he make any stay in the country. Almost every Irishman of good family can trace his descent from one of the kings of Ulster, Leinster, Munster, or Connaught, and many families are still looked upon by their friends as the genuine representatives of the ancient sovereigns of the country. There are persons who, though their names may not be found in the peerage, yet in certain circles are looked upon as nobler than the proudest peers in the land. The most ancient of these genuine Irish families are the Milesian families as they are called, who are supposed to be able to trace their genealogy to Miletius, the conqueror of Ireland, and the second son of Heremon, King of Spain, who " came over" to Ireland, some say 500, and others 1000 years, before the Christian era. Most of the Irish names having an O before them, as O'Connell, O'Donnell, O'Sullivan, &c., pointed, I was told, to a Milesian origin. In general, historians reject as mere fables, all these old traditions of Heremon, Miletius, and of the Tuatha-de-danaans that lived in Ireland before Miletius, and of the Firbolgs that occupied the country several thousand years before Christ. A few, with Thomas Moore, believe a portion of these oral chronicles, but the people at large place entire confidence in them, and will, no doubt, long continue to do so. An Irishman has the history of Miletius, Heremon, the Phœnicians, the Spaniards, the Tuatha-de-danaans, and all the rest of them, as completely at his fingers' ends, as a German *gymnasiast* has the history of Cæsar, Augustus, Tiberius, &c. Even granting then that there may not be a particle of truth in many of these old tales, the fact is still remarkable enough, that the Irish, like the Indians, should have built up for themselves a system of traditions, that spreads out its roots into the grayest antiquity. Nor is it less remarkable that a whole people should still continue to amuse itself with imagined legends and invented names, and should tell of them with as much confidence as of the events of yesterday. If this be no historical, it certainly is an ethnographical and psychological phenomenon, and, to the best of my belief, nothing like it is to be met with in any other part of Europe. In Italy the people have no current legends about the empire of Janus, or the domination of Saturn; nor in Germany or Scandinavia shall we find any tales about Odin, or about our original immigration from the east, unless we turn to the books of the learned.

In France, also, Cæsar effectually obliterated all the legends and tales of the Druids and of the original Celts, but the *Saxons* have not been able to dissipate the glory of Miletius and his consorts, who hop about in all directions with their old stories, as freshly and merrily as if they were gifted with perpetual infancy.

Even among the Norman and Saxon names in Ireland, an old Celtic race often lies concealed; some Irish families having found it convenient in periods of persecution to seek a *nominal* shelter against their enemies. Thus the real name of the well-known family of Fitzpatrick is "Mac Guillo Phatrick." The memory of the ancient name, however, is always carefully preserved, and the people often prefer to call the members of these Saxonized and Normanized families by their original Celtic appellations.

I fell in, that evening, in Shannon Harbour, with a member of one of these ancient Irish families, and as, notwithstanding their pride of ancestry, they are mostly friendly, sociable, and communicative, we spent the evening very agreeably together. The most interesting communication of my new friend consisted in the plan of an estate, which he said his family had possessed for eighteen hundred years, first as native princes, and afterwards, under an altered name, as vassals of England. On this territory, occupying a surface of forty English square miles, there are no less than eighteen ruined castles and two ruined towers, making one ruin to every square mile. If the same proportion hold good for the rest of the country, Ireland, with its thirty-two thousand square miles, must have sixteen thousand ancient ruins, and for aught I know this number may not be much over the mark. My friend was from Connemara, the wild western mountainous district of Connaught. He spoke highly of the hospitality of the gentry in those parts, particularly of the O'Flahertys, the descendants of the ancient sovereigns. People lived very "stylishly" there, my friend assured me, gave splendid dinners and parties, and were more "showy" than even in other parts of Ireland. The melancholy consequence, however, of this *stylish* and *showy* way of life is, that most of the estates are heavily mortgaged, and these mortgages, the unavoidable result of extravagance, are usually enumerated among the causes of the decline of Irish agriculture.

Connaught, particularly the mountainous part, was long a favourite place of refuge for the Celtic Irish, when driven by the English from the eastern districts. It has, therefore, like Wales, retained a more completely national character, the English language being scarcely understood in the more remote regions. Leinster, on the other hand, is almost Anglicized, the Irish language being spoken in only a few out-of-the-way corners. Nearly the same may be said of Munster, though scarcely to the same degree. Of Ulster the greater part has received a Scottish impression, though Irish is still spoken here and there. Connaught is the only thoroughly Irish province. Leinster may be said to be the province of light, Connaught the province of

darkness to Ireland; in the former is the greatest cultivation, and the lovely land of Wicklow; in the latter, poverty, barbarism, superstition, and the wilds of Connemara. Even in trifles there is a marked difference between the inhabitants of the two provinces. Thus in Leinster, as throughout England, people eat the entrails of the sheep, but never those of the hog; in Connaught it is just the reverse.

THE SHANNON AND THE FAIRIES OF IRELAND.

Well may the Irish speak of the "*Royal* Shannon," for he *is* the king of all their rivers. A foreigner, when he thinks of some of our large continental streams, may at first consider the epithet somewhat of an exaggeration, but let him go down this glorious river and its lakes, and he will be at no loss to understand that royal majesty, in the matter of rivers, may be quite independent of length or extent. The British islands certainly can boast of no second stream, the beauties of whose banks could for a moment be compared to those of the Shannon.

At his very birth he is broad and mighty, for he starts on his course strong with the tribute of a lake (Lough Allen), and traverses the middle of Ireland, in a direction from north-east to south-west. Thrice again he widens out into a lake; first into the little Lough Boffin, then into the larger Lough Ree, and lastly, when he has got more than half way to the ocean, into the yet longer Lough Derg. Below Limerick he opens into a noble estuary, and when at length he falls into the sea between Loop Head and Kerry Head, the glorious river has completed a course of two hundred and fourteen English or about forty-three German miles. The greater part of the Shannon runs through the central plain which separates the mountainous north from the mountainous south. A similar plain exists in England between Hull and Bristol, and in Scotland between Edinburgh and Glasgow, and in each case the plain intervenes between larger districts of a decidedly mountainous character. Each of these three plains, moreover, is intersected by the principal canals of the several countries, and each has its principal river, as the Severn, the Clyde, and the Shannon.

As the Shannon waters no less than thirteen of the thirty-two counties of Ireland, the improvement of the navigation has long been one of the leading public questions in that country. More than one hundred years ago, it was believed that by an expenditure of 60,000*l.* or 80,000*l.*, it would be possible to remove the chief difficulties, which consisted of a number of rocks and shoals that encumbered its channel. When the Earl of Strafford was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he proposed a plan, which, however, was not carried into execution. Several projects were afterwards proposed, some of which

were altogether neglected, others only partially carried out, but all of them, like almost every measure calculated to be beneficial to Ireland, originated in England. The invention of steam navigation has, however, had the chief effect in at last bringing about the improvements in the Shannon, as it has done in many other rivers. A new company has been formed for the purpose of removing, as much as possible, all natural impediments to the navigation of the river; and though the works are not yet complete, twelve steamboats are already in full activity on the Shannon, where fifteen years ago there was only one.

As there are no railroads in Ireland, with the exception of two miniature ones, of whose farther extension there appears to be no immediate prospect, the canals which traverse the country are much used for travelling, and boats, generally full to overflowing, ply regularly from and to Dublin. The boats, like the *treckschuits* in Holland, are drawn by horses that move along at a smart trot. To a stranger, desirous of studying the Irish people, this manner of travelling is much to be recommended.

It was on a beautiful day that I embarked to descend the Shannon. Flowing out of a lake, and forming several other lakes in its progress, the water is extremely clear and beautiful. The movement is in general equable, excepting a few rapids which are avoided by means of canals. The banks, too, are pleasing to the eye. Large green meadows stretch along the sides of the river, and villages alternate with handsome country seats, surrounded by their parks. Herons abound along the margin, and many of these beautiful birds were continually wheeling over us in the air, their plumage glittering again in the rays of the sun.

The most remarkable part of our cargo consisted in a consignment of oxen and cows from Hamburg, that had found their way into Ireland in virtue of Sir Robert Peel's new tariff. The people were not a little alarmed, for they had always been accustomed to supply their friends with beasts of this description, and not to import them for their own use. The foreign ruminators were evidently a source of great anxiety to the native passengers in the steamboat. "Our woollen manufactures," said one Irishman to me, "that used to flourish in Kilkenny, Dublin, and other places, have been destroyed by the English; our linen manufactures at Belfast and Drogheda are threatened; no branch of manufactures can rise among us, on account of the immense privileges enjoyed by English industry. If our farmers and graziers are now to be ruined too, what is to become of us?"

Some connoisseurs, I observed, stood about the Hamburghers, and shook their heads, declaring that if no better specimens were brought over, the Irish breed had nothing to fear, let the tariff be ever so low. The animals were declared to be very coarse, though strong for working. We in Germany have been so long accustomed

to look on the roast beef of Hamburg as a national delicacy, that I could not bring myself to coincide in the judgment of my fellow-travellers.

Our party on the steamer resolved itself into two divisions,—one genteel and silent on the quarter-deck, the other talkative and unreserved in the front of the vessel. After I had made a few vain attempts to break the ice among the former, I left them to themselves, and mingled with the less artificial part of the company, among whom I was soon engaged in a variety of conversations, from which I derived much interesting information. A native of the kingdom of Kerry extended his patronage to me from the first. These Kerrymen enjoy the reputation throughout Ireland of great scholarship. "Even the farmers' sons and labourers know Latin there," is a common saying. My companion was at all events deeply versed in the fairy legends of his country, and related to me a multitude of them, though many, owing to his peculiar dialect, were almost unintelligible to me. Among the old ruins at Shannon Harbour I had witnessed the dread of the Irish, after dusk, at the thought of supernatural spirits; I had now, on the bosom of the beautiful Shannon, an opportunity of seeing with what zeal they can talk of the invisible world on a fine sunshiny day. I am guilty of no exaggeration when I say, that they crowded their heads together as eagerly around the narrator, as so many merchants would have done on 'Change, if engaged in the settlement of some important transaction.

In general, their fairies and spirits are known under the comprehensive title of the "good people;" but they have distinct classes, and of these are the Leprahauns and Lechrigauns. The Leprahauns, a kind of spirit not of very frequent occurrence, are of earthy habits, and will sometimes show vast treasures to those who have the courage to follow them. The great point is for a man not to lose sight of a Leprahaun, but to keep him constantly in view. If you look aside for a moment the spirit is sure to be gone, and you are left alone among bogs and wildernesses to find your way out if you can. Few men are firm enough to win the day against a Leprahaun, whose great delight is to plague and torment his baffled followers; but he who is bold and firm enough to keep the spirit steadily in view, acquires at last a complete power over him, and may do what he will with him, and may make his fortune for life. There seemed to me to be a beautiful allegory concealed under this fairy tale. The power of the human mind, exercised with perseverance and consistency, triumphs over all obstacles, and reduces even spirits to its will; the weak and undetermined, on the other hand, are plagued and domineered over by the very same imps whom the resolute can direct and control. Poor Paddy, I fear, though he invented the legend, is much oftener mocked than obeyed by his spirits.

We have our ghosts and goblins too in Germany, but in general

they have been seen only by that very indefinite personage "somebody;" and it would be difficult to find among us any one who boasted of ocular acquaintance with the mysterious fraternity. Not so in Ireland. "Oh, your honour don't believe our fairy stories," said one of my companions, who had observed me shaking my head as he was telling one of his marvellous tales; "yet I'll lay a wager there's many a man now aboard to whom the strangest things have happened, and which we must believe because they are plain, simple, indisputable facts. Now there's Tom O'Sullivan, your honour, there he stands, and Tom's one of our best bagpipe players in Kerry. Well, till after he was thirty, Tom had never handled a bag of pipes in his life. It happened, however, one day, that Tom was wandering among the hills, and lay down to sleep in a place that belonged to the 'good people,' and there are many such places in our country. Now, when he was asleep the fairies appeared to him, and played him a power of the most beautiful tunes upon the bagpipes, and then laid the bagpipes down by the side of him. Well, when Tom awoke he felt about in the grass, and soon found the pipes, and when he took them up he was able to play off-hand and quite pat every one of the tunes that the fairies had taught him. Now that's a fact, your honour."

"Is it so, Tom?" said I.

"Indeed it is, your honour, and very pretty people they were that taught me. And though it's now thirty years since they gave me the pipes, I have them still, and they play as beautifully now as the first day."

"There now, that's a fact, your honour."

Hereupon Tom went on and told me of a yet more marvellous adventure of a friend of his, one Phin Mc Shane, who had fought in a great battle on the side of the Kerry fairies against the Limerick fairies, and his bravery had helped the former to gain a victory, whereupon they gave him a cap, that, when he wore it, made him as strong as any other seven men. "And Phin has the cap still, and when he puts it on, there's not a man in the barony will affront him. Now that's another fact, your honour, and when you come to Kerry I'll show you my pipes, and my friend Phin shall show you his cap."

"I see, sir, you don't believe 'em," cried a woman here, "and yet it's a wonder you don't. Well, I've seen the good people with my own eyes dancing on their grounds, and my own ears have heard them play the most beautiful music. It's only a few days ago that my husband and I were coming from Galway, through the county of Roscommon, over the bog of Ballinasloe. We were both tired and lay down to sleep by the side of a well. My husband fell asleep, but I didn't, and soon I heard the most beautiful music; I thought there might have been a piper near at hand, and stood up to look about me, but as I saw nothing I waked my husband, and bid him listen. 'Let's go on,' says he, 'it's the good people that's

playing;' and so he pulled me away, and by the same token I left a new handkerchief behind me that I had bought in Galway, and had pulled out to look at by the well side."

"Now that again is a fact," observed my Kerry friend very learnedly. The English have compiled a number of "Books of Facts" for their children, but here are facts which they have probably not yet thought of collecting.

Of all nations of the earth the Irish are probably the strongest in their belief in the tricks and antics of these tiny elves. There are stories in general circulation infinitely more marvellous than those I have here related, but I preferred to tell those which the people declared had occurred to themselves, as being much more characteristic of the country than legends which have probably received poetical embellishments in passing through the hands of their several narrators.

It is quite characteristic of the Irish that their fairies should be divided, like the island itself, into counties. You hear of the Limerick fairies, and the Donegal fairies, and the Tipperary fairies, and the fairies of two adjoining counties have their faction fights, just like the inhabitants themselves. In Tipperary, however, is a place in which all the fairies in Ireland are said to hold their meetings. Another peculiarity of the Irish fairies is that they are quite as desirous to get mortals into their service, as mortals are to obtain control of them. "They have always one or other of them in their service," said my Kerry friend, "and they are always particularly anxious to get hold of little children. When a fairy has set her heart upon a child it falls sick and dies, and then the fairies fetch it away, and breed it up, and it comes, perhaps, to be one of the mightiest among them. Troth it's the red-haired children the fairies are fondest of, and it's they that run the greatest risk."

Now all this sounds very poetically, but it would be happy for Paddy, for all that, if English civilization could but drive his fairies out of his head. He might then be less disposed to ascribe his misfortunes to supernatural causes, and look for wealth and independence not, like Goethe's money-digger, to elves and goblins, but to his own care and industry. How often have I wished that to some of my superstitious Irish friends I could have translated Goethe's excellent lines:

Komm mit ängstlicher Beschwörung
Nicht zurück an diesen Ort.
Grabe hier nicht mehr vergebens.
Tages Arbeit, Abend's Gäste,
Saure Wochen, frohe Feste,
Sei dein künftig Zauberwort.*

Passing from the fairies my born and bred Kerryman came to speak of Father Mathew and the great temperance question.

* From magic spells and charms refrain,
Come not near this spot again.
For treasure grope no more below.

"Oh, he's a blessed man, and the Almighty, glory be to his name, gave him the power that shines from him."

"You mean," said I, "the power of eloquence and persuasion, and of the excellent example he offers in his own life."

"Oh no, not at all, that's not what I mean. But when a man has taken the pledge and received his blessing, there's a particular grace in it. There's something in it, sir, that you can't so easily understand, a grace, a power, that nobody comprehends who has not himself experienced it. The true and effectual pledge is not to be taken from the hands of any other man. Take the pledge of another priest and it has not the same binding power."

"That's true enough, your honour," interrupted another, "for doesn't he cure the most confirmed drunkards? Nay, it's them he makes most welcome, and when they have taken the pledge, its they that make the very best temperance men. And doesn't he heal the lame and the blind? Oh, we could tell you a hundred facts of that, how he has healed them even against his own will, for Father Mathew's too modest to own to the power that's in him, but we know well that he has it for all that."

Amid conversations like these we passed the little town of Banagher. It is fortified, and thus presents a spectacle of rare occurrence in the British islands, though less rare in Ireland than in England and Scotland. Then gliding along by Redwood castle and the beautiful meadows of Portumna, we left the town of Portumna to our right, and entered the waters of Lough Derg. The steamer in which we had hitherto travelled was of small dimensions, with a wheel under the stern, to allow of its passing through some canals of no great breadth; but on the broad lake a new and larger vessel prepared to receive us. The two steamers came close to one another, to exchange their respective passengers, and their manœuvre, as they swept round on the wide water, pleased me much.

Of the lakes that like so many rich pearls are strung upon the silver thread of the Shannon, Lough Ree and Lough Bodarrig, lying in a level country, and in a great measure surrounded by bogs, present little that is pleasing to the eye. Lough Allen is situated almost wholly within the mountainous districts of the north, and a large portion of Lough Derg is made picturesque by the mountains of the south. Like all Irish lakes, Lough Derg contains a number of small green islands, of which the most renowned is Inniscaltra, an ancient holy place, containing the ruins of seven venerable churches of great antiquity, and the remains of one of those remarkable columnal erections known in Ireland under the name of "round towers." We passed the sacred isle at the distance

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Days of busy labour,
Evening sports and plays,
Weeks of care and trouble,
Merry holidays,
Be thy only necromancy now.

of a mile and a half, but we could very distinctly make out all its monuments by the aid of a telescope. Among the Irish a dispute arose whether "St. Patrick's purgatory" was to be sought for here, or on an island in one of the upper lakes. A similar tradition may have attached itself to several islands, but St. Patrick's purgatory, as known at one time to half the Christian world, and still to the whole learned world of Ireland, was undoubtedly situated in Inniscaltra. The Irish tradition was that St. Patrick had prevailed on God to place the entrance to purgatory in Ireland, that the unbelievers might the more readily be convinced of the immortality of the soul, and of the sufferings that awaited the wicked after death. A few monks, according to Boate, an old Irish writer, dwelt near the cavern that represented this entrance. Whoever came to the island with the intention of descending into the cavern, and examining its wonders, had to prepare himself by long vigils, fasts, and prayers, to strengthen him, as he was told, for his dangerous expedition; but in reality, by reducing his bodily strength, to make his imagination more ready to receive the impressions which it was thought desirable to leave upon his mind. He was then let down into the cavern, whence, after an interval of several hours, he was drawn up again half dead, and when he recovered his senses, mingling the wild dreams of his own imagination with what the monks told him, he seldom failed to tell the most marvellous tales of the place for the remainder of his life. It was not till in the reign of James II. that the monks were driven away from the place, and the mystery of the dark cavern dissolved. This legend again appears to me to be remarkably characteristic of the Irish. I believe they are the only Christian people who have found out an entrance to purgatory at all, and when they did so, it argued no little courage to place it in the centre of their own island, at the same time that it argued an admirable childlike faith, to have so long continued the dupes of a few designing monks. The Greeks also had an entrance to the infernal regions, and some of their heroes were curious enough to explore it; but Homer places it at a distance from Greece, and it was only after many wanderings that Ulysses was able to discover it.

The southern end of Lough Derg narrows as you proceed, tapering at last almost to a point, and at this point lies the little town of Killaloe. This southern end is, however, by far the most beautiful part of the whole lough. The mountains of Slievh Bernagh, Knockermaun, &c., that lie close to the lake, are green, wooded, and inhabited. Farther away to the right the Inchiquin mountains, and to the left the Keeper, tower to a height of upwards of 2000 feet. In one of these mountains may be noticed a remarkable indentation called the Devil's Bite, which the Irish have not been able to account for in any other way than by supposing the devil to have once conceived the whimsical notion of biting a bit out of the mountain; taking it, I suppose, for the back of a plump Irish pig. The titbit, however, seems not to have pleased him, for he spat it out again,

and I was told that somewhere in Ireland, I forget where, I might find a fragment of rock that exactly fitted into the place bitten into by the devil.

Lough Derg, the sailors told me, was six or seven feet higher in winter than in summer; an immense increase of volume for a piece of water of such extent. It rarely freezes in winter, though in the same latitude as the Prussian *Haffs*, that are covered with ice almost every year. In general, Lough Derg has no ice at all in winter, not even on its margin; but in very severe winters, it was mentioned as something unusual, ice four inches thick would form on the sides. Once, about forty years ago, the whole lake had been so completely frozen over, that a car had been driven across.

Beyond Killaloe we come again to rocks and whirlpools, and as the canal was not yet finished, by means of which this part of the river is to be avoided, we had the amusement of landing with bag and baggage, and proceeding with jaunting cars to the spot where it was possible to embark for Limerick. The captain of the steamer and his mates shipped themselves on the backs of some cantering nags, and, thus caparisoned, rattled away in front as commanders and escort to the caravan. At the end of a few miles we embarked again, but this time in a long canal-boat drawn by a couple of horses. All this sounds rather wild and Irish; in England such a variegated mode of transport is scarcely to be found.

Our new boat was separated into two divisions; in the hindmost, the genteeler passengers sat, in two rows, very devoutly opposite to each other, and in seats not unlike church pews. In what might be called the steerage, my Temperance friends from Kerry and Tipperary were chatting and smoking away on long benches, with more comfort apparently, and certainly with much less constraint. I soon overcame any repugnance which I might otherwise have felt on account of the less scrupulous cleanliness of this part of the vessel, and determined to visit it, to prosecute my studies of Irish character.

Some pages back I made mention of the reputation of the Kerry men for learning, and found here a remarkable instance of it. I saw a man reading an old manuscript in the ancient Celtic character in which the Irish is still written. The manuscript consisted of a multitude of sheets stitched together, and the several parts, to judge from the appearance of the paper, must have been written at very different times. It was brown with age, but had evidently been preserved with great care. A part, the man told me, he had added himself, the rest of it he had inherited from his father and grandfather; but some of it, he believed, had been in the family long before their time. I inquired about the contents. They were the most beautiful, he said, of the old Irish poems, some histories of remarkable events, and some treatises of ancient authors. Among others, there was a translation of a work by Aristotle on natural history.

On inquiry, I found there was another man on board, a native of Clare, who had a manuscript of a similar character with him. I

asked the reason why they carried the relics with them on a journey. They said they did not like to lose sight of them, and then there were times when they might read a bit in them. In the sequel I found many manuscripts of the kind in the hands of the common people in Ireland. I was told there were some on parchment of extreme age, but I never saw any myself except on paper.

We issued once more from our narrow canal upon the broad beautiful Shannon, and landed on the quay at Limerick late in the evening.

LIMERICK AND THE IRISH SATURDAYS.

Limerick is the third city in Ireland, with a population of 75,000. Dublin, the first, contains 270,000, and Cork, the second, 110,000 inhabitants.

The trade of Limerick, like that of most Irish cities, has increased in an astonishing degree. The exports have trebled since 1820, and in 1841 the customs alone produced £246,000, or about 1,700,000 Prussian dollars. The inhabitants are, in consequence, full of hope that their port, hitherto a third class one, may soon be raised to the second class.

In the new parts of the town, the effects of this improving commerce are plain enough to be seen; the streets are broad and imposing, and the houses large and well built. St. George Street may vie with Sackville Street in Dublin. St. George is an English saint, and the whole of this new quarter is called the English town. Galway and many other Irish cities are divided, in the same way, into an English and Irish town. The Irish town is generally full of dirt, disorder, and decay; the English quarter, on the other hand, reminds one of the better parts of London. The inhabitants of the two quarters live in a sort of constant opposition to one another. In this way every large city in Ireland has been adorned by the English with a cleanly and comfortable quarter, and the Irish have returned the favour by hanging on to most of the large English cities, a dirty and disorderly quarter of Helots. In Manchester there are said to be 60,000 Irish, in Glasgow 50,000, in Liverpool 40,000, in Birmingham 25,000, in Leeds 12,000, and in London more than 100,000. In almost every large English town you find a quarter that reminds you of St. Giles's in London. The English complain much, and with good reason, of the habits of the Irish. The Irish have also many well-founded complaints to make of the English; but when the Irish sum up their grievances, they ought also to remember the advantages for which they stand indebted to the English. It is the English that improve the navigation of the Shannon, urge the draining of the bogs, and gradually drive the Irish elves and fairies into the sea; it is the English who enrich the Irish towns with clean, comfortable, and civilized quarters; it is the English

who constitute the soul and pith of the British power, and it is to them that the Irish owe it, if they are able to participate in the wide-spread commerce of Great Britain, and to share in all the opportunities and advantages that stand open to a British subject. The vigorous, speculative, and persevering Anglo-Saxons force the indolent and unenergetic Celts along with them on the road of glory and national greatness;—they pull them forward, somewhat rudely perhaps, but they do pull them forward?

Nothing, however, is to be found in Limerick more beautiful than the "Limerick lasses," who are as much celebrated in Ireland as the "Lancashire witches" are in England. Both places lie in the west, and in the more Celtic west of the two islands. This may afford matter of curious speculation, but who will fathom the mysteries that hang over the formation of beautiful women?

It was arm-in-arm with a descendant from a royal race, a Mr. O'Rourke, that I sallied forth to see the town. An O'Rourke was among the princes that assisted the English in the first conquest of Ireland, but turning afterwards against the invaders, he was killed by them. The family subsequently fell into decay, and there are now but few left to bear the name. It was on a Saturday evening and the pawnbrokers' shops were full of bustle. The poor people were redeeming their Sunday clothes, that they might look gay on the morrow. They had just received their weekly wages, of which a part was going to the pawnbroker, and the rest would probably be expended before Sunday evening. On Monday their bit of finery would have to wander back to the money-lender, and the remainder of the week would be spent in rags and privation. Thousands of the poor Irish live thus, and an expensive way of living it must be, seeing that so many pawnbrokers and pawnbrokers' assistants are maintained almost exclusively out of the earnings of the poor.

A Saturday in an Irish town, and indeed in every town of the United Kingdom, is a day of great life and bustle among the humbler classes. The silent joyless Sunday is at hand, the labour of the week is over, money is plentiful, and the consequence is that half the population may always be seen, on a Saturday evening, moving about till midnight, gossiping, jesting, buying, and carousing. The shops remain open till midnight, and, as nothing is to be had on the following day, the poor must make their purchases on the Saturday, if they would provide a better dinner for the Sunday than for ordinary days. Saturday evening is thus the most important part of the week to the small dealers, particularly to those who traffic in the various kinds of provisions.

The beggars, too, make their harvest on a Saturday evening, as one of them acknowledged when examined by a magistrate in Dublin. It is the poor who are, in general, most liberal to the mendicants, and it is on the Saturday that the poor man can most easily bestow his gifts.

When first I came into an English town on a Saturday evening,

I thought an insurrection must just have broken out, or must at that be on the point of doing so. The streets were crowded with busy and eager multitudes, all of the humbler classes, and one might suppose that if a spark had but fallen among these masses they would instantly have burst into a flame. Yet there were sparks enough, ay and inflammatory torches, burning harmlessly around. That very evening, for instance, at every corner, and under every lamp of Limerick, was posted up a proclamation, issued by the friends of O'Connell, calling upon the Irish nation, in the name of the great agitator, to repair to a meeting that was to be held in a few days, and at which he was to harangue the people. Over the proclamation was printed in large letters :

"REPEAL! REPEAL! REPEAL!

"Up, citizens of Limerick and Irishmen all! Up and bestir yourselves for a separation from England! Up for your native right of a separate parliament! The immortal (*sic!*) O'Connell will appear among you. He calls upon you. He needs your aid in Erin's cause. Be firm and united, and cease not, like himself, to watch unceasingly over the welfare of your country, and to be ever active in our great, common, patriotic struggle."

This document then went on, in yet stronger language, to call upon the people to assemble in great numbers on the appointed day, to lay in a warm stock of patriotism, and above all not to be backward in their pecuniary contributions.

Limerick has many fine buildings and public institutions, but all of modern erection, and just like what a traveller may see in other towns in Ireland and England. In Galway, however, the metropolis of the wild west, and an Hesperian colony, he will find a more quaint and peculiar city, with antiquities such as he will meet with nowhere else. The old town is throughout of Spanish architecture, with wide gateways, broad stairs, arched passages, and all the fantastic ornaments calculated to carry the imagination back to Granada and Valencia. Then the town, with its monks, churches, and convents, has a more completely catholic air, and the population of the adjoining country have preserved something of their picturesque national costume. I am sorry I was not able to visit the place, and satisfy myself of the truth of all the marvels told me respecting it; and it was also with much regret that I forbore from visiting a German colony, that settled in the county of Limerick about the beginning of the last century. The settlers were from the Palatinate, and their descendants are still called Palatinates, though they have lost the language of their fathers. They have not, however, lost the German character for good order and honourable dealing, and are looked on as the best farmers in the country. "They are most respectable people," said an Irish lady to me, "and much wealthier and far better off than any of their Irish neighbours."

It is a constant subject of discussion in Ireland, between the Irish

patriots and the adherents of the English, that is between the Celtomanes and the Anglomanes, whether the misery and poverty of Ireland ought to be attributed to the tyranny and bad government of the English, or whether the indolence and want of energy of the Irish themselves be not in a great measure to blame. Now the prosperity of this German colony, though subject to the same laws and influences as the native Irish, would seem not to decide the question in favour of the friends of the Celts. Upon the whole, however, there are not many Germans in Ireland, not even in Dublin. They were probably never more numerous there than during the rebellion in 1798, when several regiments of Hanoverians were employed in the country, and their presence in such a form may not have left a very favourable impression respecting them on the public mind.

FROM LIMERICK TO EDENVALE.

In company with an Irishman, who joined me in the hire of a car, I started on the following day, a fine Sunday morning, to pay a visit to a friend of mine, a landholder in the neighbourhood of Ennis, the capital of the county of Clare. The road lay at first along the Shannon, and then over a plain, said to be of the most fertile soil in Ireland. The appearance of the country was beautiful, and wherever the ground was slightly elevated, a fine view was obtained of the surrounding landscape, including the beautiful Shannon and its numerous islands. By the side of the river, and partly surrounded by it, lay the rock Carrigogunal, celebrated for its fairies, who take delight in surprising a mortal upon the rock, and making him partake of their hospitality.

We passed close by the ivy-mantled ruins of Bunratty Castle, whence whole swarms of ravens issued at our approach, and a little farther on we came to the celebrated Quin Abbey. "In short," said my travelling companion, "you see we have no lack of ruins in Ireland. The country was divided among a number of chiefs, who dwelt in these castles, and made war on each other. In a word, it was in those days here just as it is in your country at the present time. Murder and homicide were the order of the day even more than they are now, and the life of a nobleman was valued at forty shillings, and that of a peasant at six. That too is an old German law, I fancy. But you've no Milesian families in Germany; no, there's no people can boast of that but the Irish. And indeed it's something very particular to be a member of such a family. Such a one may go forty days without food; at least that's the received opinion among the people of Ireland. Faith, if you look yonder you may see a woman who though of no royal race would fast more than forty days for you any day you like. I say" (turning to the driver), "that's Norisheen, isn't it?"

"Oh, sure enough, who else should it be but Norisheen?"

"Now, that Norisheen," resumed my companion, "is a legislator. We might consult her about the interests of the country. Indeed she knows more than most legislators, for she's as familiar with the future as the past."

I looked and saw an old woman attired in rags, and clinging to a wall by the side of a ruinous hut. She was repairing her mound of turf, for it is usual among the Irish to pile up their turf round their cabins, in the form of high and thick walls, thus making the turf warm them twice, first by keeping off the wind, and secondly by mouldering to ashes on the hearth.

My companion and the driver hailed the old woman as we passed, and she returned the salute, clinging with one arm to the wall, and waving the other in the air, in token of recognition.

"There's a learned woman for you, sir," cried the driver. "It's she that knows the history of every family in Ireland, and all that happened in the country long before the birth of Christ. Ay, and she'll prophesy the future for you as easily as the past, for she knows every creature for many miles round, and there's little goes on even at Carrigogunal that she han't an inkling of."

Then half in earnest, half in jest, my companions told me so many marvels of Norisheen, that I was sorry I had not made her acquaintance. I asked whether O'Connell and the old woman were known to each other. It was likely enough, they thought, that O'Connell might have heard of her, but it was certain that she knew him, for she had prophesied fifty years ago that such an O'Connell would come; and now, though perhaps she contributed nothing to the tribute, she was one of his warmest partisans. It is of no little importance to O'Connell to have the witches of Ireland on his side, and there are many old crones like Norisheen in the four provinces.

I was grieved as I passed on the Sunday through several towns to see so many poor fellows loitering about, and on the look out for work. They were most of them in their Sunday attire, but with their spades in their hands, and stood grouped about the churches and market-places waiting to be hired to dig potatoes. I was shocked at the sight of such sad and serious multitudes, and all unemployed.

Clare is a poor and ruinous place, that reminded me of the Polish and Lithuanian cities. Though it bears the name of the county, it is not the chief town, that honour being enjoyed by Ennis, a much more orderly and prosperous-looking place, and celebrated in the history of Ireland, on account of the extraordinary excitement that accompanied the election of O'Connell for the county of Clare, in 1828—an election that immediately preceded, and in a great measure contributed to bring about, Catholic Emancipation.

Clare is also famed as the native county of the great Irish family of the O'Briens, of whom representatives are, indeed, scattered over every part of Ireland, but in Clare it is that they do most abound. Here stands Drummolent Castle, the seat of one of the wealthiest of

the clan, and here also stood once Kincora Castle, the residence of the most celebrated of all the O'Briens, the great king Brian-Boru, the pride not only of his race, but of his country. He is said to have defeated the Danes in fifty battles, and his fame still lives fresh and green in the poems and legends of the people. Many O'Briens after him were kings of Munster; at present they are content to be members of Parliament. In every county in Ireland you find some family of predominant weight, and whose name recurs in almost every town and village. I shall often have opportunities of speaking of such families.

EDENVALE.

This is one of the prettiest country-seats in the county of Clare, and I had every reason to congratulate myself on having accepted an invitation to spend a few days with the owner, an influential protestant landholder. The Britons, including the Irish, certainly understand better than any other people the art of selecting an appropriate site for a country-seat, and then converting it into a kind of paradise. The French and Dutch allow too little of nature to remain in their gardens, and around our German country-seats we have somewhat too much of its wildness. The English know better how to combine nature and art in their domestic landscapes.

The art of gardening may not be brought to such perfection in Ireland as in England, but the climate of Ireland is more favourable to vegetation, and where the Irish gardener does his best, an Irish garden will often surpass in beauty even those of England. The main charm of English gardens consists in their profusion of evergreens, and of these, Ireland, with its milder climate, has a greater variety than England. In the north of France it is only here and there that an evergreen is to be met with, and fruitless attempts have been made there to domesticate various kinds that are quite common in England and Ireland, among others the holly. In Ireland the arbutus grows wild, besides other evergreens that will not bear the climate of England. Even in the extreme north of Ireland most of these plants thrive, and that in the same degree of latitude in which, in Poland and Lithuania, the fir-tree is the only evergreen known in the country.

On my arrival, I found my worthy host busy with his trees and flowers, and we immediately undertook a little tour round the lovely glen on the margin of which his house is situated. One of the most remarkable spectacles that presented itself during my visit, was a complete eclipse of the sun, caused by an immense flight of rooks. Never in my life had I seen so many birds collected together. It was as if all the feathered tenants of the hundred thousand ruined castles, abbeys, and towers of Ireland had assembled to hold a monster meeting. The silent glen was at once filled by their

loud and discordant cries, and their droppings poured down like a shower of hail; and yet the inhabitants of Edenvale assured me the spectacle was no uncommon one, the rooks having long made the glen one of their favourite haunts. It was at least an hour before the wild concert was at an end, and the air clear of the ungainly vocalists, and when the swarm had passed, I felt as if a thunderstorm had rolled away.

These rooks, as the English call them, may be seen in countless numbers about old churchyards and antique mansions, and even in London there are "rookeries." The English shoot these rooks, and rook-shooting is included in the list of rural sports. Rook-pies are even reckoned among the delicacies of an English table, but the dainty morsel is one that no foreigner need regret his ignorance of; and here the Irish are of my mind,—for often, after pointing at a flight of rooks, they would tell me with a mingled feeling of contempt and disgust, "the English soldiers here shoot them and make pies of them."

In England, where servants are kept at a proper distance, it is seldom that they venture on the familiar impertinence of which I saw frequent instances in Ireland. My worthy friend's coachman, a well-fed, merry-looking fellow, accompanied us through the stables and farm buildings, and pointed out every remarkable object to my attention, with a constant flow of eloquence, while his master followed modestly behind us.

"This stable you see, sir," proceeded the coachman, "*we* finished last year. And a deal of trouble it cost us, for we had to begin by blowing away the whole of the rock there. But we shall have a beautiful prospect for our pains when the trees yonder have been cut down. And look down there, your honour, all them is his dominions (pointing to his master) and in two months he'll have finished the new building he has begun." Now no English servant would have made equally free with his master, and yet the Irish servants are taken from a far more dependant class than the English peasants.

At Edenvale I heard of another old woman to whom popular belief ascribed supernatural powers. Her name was Consideen, and I met with her in a neighbouring cabin, into which I entered in the course of one of my excursions. Leaning on a stick the old octogenarian prophetess sat by the turf fire of her friend. She told me she had often seen Death, leaning on two crutches, and standing at the end of the meadow, when any of her family was about to die. Old as she was, she said, she knew she should not die yet awhile, for Death would be sure to come and give her warning when her time drew near.

Almost every old woman among the Irish peasantry has her visions, and believes in them firmly. "Oh, your honour," said my companion, who had shown me to the hut, "if you could but hear those two old women talk together, you'd be astonished at the hun-

dreds of beautiful histories they know how to tell. But you're strange to them, and that makes them backward in their speaking."

I had heard of a place in the neighbourhood that was looked on as a gathering ground of the fairies, and prevailed on some of the people to show me the way there. On the summit of a rocky hill we found a piece of greensward about two hundred paces in circumference. This, I was told, was the spot sacred to the good people. "And have you ever seen the fairies with your own eyes?" asked I. "Whole swarms of them, your honour, and many a time too," they answered in chorus. "For my part," observed one, "I have always taken tolerable care to avoid them, but once they played me an ugly trick for all that. They led me into an out-of-the-way place, where I lost myself, and stumbled over a thing that looked like the root of an old tree, and by the same token I broke my little finger there." "Then why do you call them good people if they do you so much mischief? I should rather call them wicked people."—"May be, your honour, I had given them some offence unknown to myself. And may be it was kind of them to let me off with a broken finger. I wouldn't call them what your honour calls them for a great deal. I shouldn't like to vex them so."

During that same walk I visited the stately mansions of some of my host's neighbours. These houses looked to me much more suited for spectral visitation than the fairy meadow I had just left. Scarcely a soul dwelt in them, and the rooms were silent like so many graves. The owners were absentees, who spent their Irish revenues in England or on the continent. These spectral palaces, I am sorry to say, are almost as abundant in Ireland, as fairy grounds and ruined castles. The rich protestant landowners feel themselves uncomfortable on many accounts among their catholic tenants. The wildness of the country is not easily remedied, the barbarism of the people leads them often to murderous acts of vengeance against their landlords; greater attractions are unquestionably to be found in English society; the peasantry are often divided into hostile factions, and perhaps many a protestant may not be insensible to the injustice of which the wealthier class are guilty towards their poorer countrymen. All these causes, combining to keep so many wealthy Irish proprietors out of their country, may have given rise to the universally lamented evil of absenteeism. There are families, also, that have estates in England as well as in Ireland, and who naturally prefer residing in the former country. Those gentlemen, however, are all the more deserving of our esteem, who remain at home, where it is hardly possible that they should not in some measure ameliorate the lot of their poor tenants. There are, after all, many of these voluntary martyrs, and my hospitable host of Edenvale being one of them, I returned from my walk with feelings of increased esteem for him, nor was it without some regret that I took leave of him on the following morning.

KILRUSH AND FATHER MATHEW.

The country westward of Ennis and Edenvale is the dark side of the county of Clare,—the wildest, poorest, and most barren part of it. I had, nevertheless, two inducements for visiting these wild regions. Firstly, I had heard that the celebrated Father Mathew was on his way to Kilrush, the most easterly town on the Shannon; and secondly, in the vicinity of this town lies the island of Scattery, on which stands one of the finest of the Irish "Round Towers," and, again, the ruins of "Seven Churches."

From Edenvale to Kilrush the distance is about sixteen English miles, and along the whole way, though this was the main road for the eastern part of the county, I passed not a single village, nor a single hut fit for a human habitation. The landscape was everywhere naked and treeless; the colour of the soil was the most melancholy that can be imagined,—black or a dirty brown,—for one great bog seemed to cover all things, even the rocks. If it made me sad, however, how much sadder must such a country make the poor *glebæ adscriptus*, the vassal of a hard landlord, the father of a group of starving ragged children!

In Hungary, in Esthonia, in Lithuania, and in many of the other counties of Eastern Europe, one sees habitations of great wretchedness, but such miserable cabins as I beheld in this part of Ireland, I scarcely remember to have seen even in the countries I have mentioned. The fields that lay around these abject tenements, were evidently cultivated with the utmost carelessness, and generally without any fence whatever, except the adjoining bog.

I remember, when I saw the poor Lettes in Livonia, I used to pity them for having to live in huts built of the unhewn logs of trees, the crevices being stopped up with moss. I pitied them on account of their low doors, and their diminutive windows, and gladly would I have arranged their chimneys for them in a more suitable manner. Well, Heaven pardon my ignorance! I knew not that I should ever see a people on whom Almighty God had imposed yet heavier privations. Now that I have seen Ireland, it seems to me that the poorest among the Lettes, the Esthonians, and the Finlanders, lead a life of comparative comfort, and poor Paddy would feel like a king with their houses, their abiliments, and their daily fare.

A wooden house, with moss to stop up its crevices, would be a palace in the wild regions of Ireland. Paddy's cabin is built of earth; one shovelful over the other, with a few stone smingled here and there, till the wall is high enough. But perhaps you will say, the roof is thatched or covered with bark? Ay, indeed! A few sods of grass cut from a neighbouring bog are his only thatch. Well, but a window or two at least, if it be only a pane of glass fixed in

the wall? or the bladder of some animal, or a piece of talc, as may often be seen in a Walachian hut? What idle luxury were this! There are thousands of cabins in which not a trace of a window is to be seen; nothing but a little square hole in front, which doubles the duty of door, window, and chimney; light, smoke, pigs, and children, all must pass in and out of the same aperture!

A French author, Beaumont, who had seen the Irish peasant in his cabin, and the North American Indian in his wigwam, has assured us that the savage is better provided for than the poor man in Ireland. Indeed the question may be raised, whether in the whole world a nation is to be found that is subjected to such physical privations as the peasantry in some parts of Ireland. This fact cannot be placed in too strong a light, for if it can once be shown that the wretchedness of the Irish population is without a parallel example on the globe, surely every friend of humanity will feel himself called on to reflect whether means may not be found for remedying an evil of so astounding a magnitude!

A Russian peasant, no doubt, is the slave of a harder master, but still he is fed and housed to his content, and no trace of mendicancy is to be seen in him. The Hungarians are certainly not among the best used people in the world; still, what fine wheaten bread, and what wine, has even the humblest among them for his daily fare! The Hungarian would scarcely believe it, if he were to be told there was a country in which the inhabitants must content themselves with potatoes every alternate day in the year.

Servia and Bosnia are reckoned among the most wretched countries of Europe, and certainly the appearance of one of their villages has little that is attractive about it; but at least the people, if badly housed, are well clad. We look not for much luxury or comfort among the Tartars of the Crimea; we call them poor and barbarous, but, good heavens! they look at least like human creatures. They have a national costume, their houses are habitable, their orchards are carefully tended, and their gaily-harnessed ponies are mostly in good condition. An Irishman has nothing national about him but his rags, his habitation is without a plan, his domestic economy without rule or law. We have beggars and paupers among us, but they form at least an exception; whereas, in Ireland, beggary or abject poverty is the prevailing rule. The nation is one of beggars, and they who are above beggary seem to form the exception.

The African negroes go naked, but then they have a tropical sun to warm them. The Irish are little removed from a state of nakedness, and their climate, though not cold, is cool, and extremely humid.

The Indians in America live wretchedly enough at times, but they have no knowledge of a better condition, and, as they are hunters, they have every now and then a productive chase, and are able to make a number of feast-days in the year. Many Irishmen have but one day on which they eat flesh, namely,—on Christmas

day. Every other day they feed on potatoes and nothing but potatoes. Now this is inhuman; for the appetite and stomach of man claim variety in food, and nowhere else do we find human beings gnawing, from year's end to year's end, at the same root, berry, or weed. There are animals who do so, but human beings, nowhere except in Ireland.

There are nations of slaves, but they have by long custom been made unconscious of the yoke of slavery. This is not the case with the Irish, who have a strong feeling of liberty within them, and are fully sensible of the weight of the yoke they have to bear. They are intelligent enough to know the injustice done them by the distorted laws of their country; and while they are themselves enduring the extreme of poverty, they have frequently before them, in the manner of life of their English landlords, a spectacle of the most refined luxury that human ingenuity ever invented.

What awakens the most painful feelings in travelling through one of these rocky, boggy districts, rich in nothing but ruins, is this: whether you look back into the past, or forward to the future, no prospect more cheering presents itself. There is not the least trace left to show that the country has ever been better cultivated, or that a happier race ever dwelt in it. It seems as if wretchedness had prevailed there from time immemorial; as if rags had succeeded rags, bog had formed over bog, ruins had given birth to ruins, and beggars had begotten beggars, for a long series of centuries. Nor does the future present a more cheering view. Even for the poor Greeks under Turkish domination there was more hope than for the Irish under the English. The Turks never were more than a garrison in Greece, the English have struck the deepest roots into all parts of Ireland, and by so many links has the conquest been riveted upon the native race, that it is too painful to contemplate even for a moment the only means by which the present state of things can be altered.

What a revolution would follow if merely those families were deprived of their estates who are known to have acquired them by violent or dishonourable means! The descendants of the rightful owners are in many cases still living and well known; but to right all these wrongs would plunge so many thousands into misery, and give rise to so many wide-spread calamities, that every one must wish to see the levelling hand of Time obliterate these painful recollections.

In the next place, as the English and their injustice are not alone in fault, but the main root of Irish misery is to be sought in the indolence, levity, extravagance and want of energy of the national character, the question arises, how shall we inspire the people with a new mind? How shall we instil into them industry and perseverance, and how shall we eradicate the turbulent and revengeful spirit, which leads them to murder their oppressors, whereby they but aggravate their misery, and tighten their bonds?

At times we stopped at a mean inn to change horses. The walls were generally tapestried with proclamations offering rewards for the apprehension of criminals. Fifty pounds were promised for the apprehension of those who had murdered Farmer So-and-so; thirty pounds for information that would lead to the conviction of those who had burned a mill, and ill-treated the inmates to such a degree, that two of them had since died; and many others of the same kind. I had not time to read all these placards, instructive as they were respecting the condition of the country.

In passing one field I noticed a figure that bore a striking resemblance to one of those dressed-up mannikins which in Germany we are accustomed to stick up in a cornfield or a kitchen-garden to frighten away the birds. A congregation of rags and tatters were flapping in the wind, the remains of a hat hung where the head ought to have been, and two sticks, for legs, projected from his garments. Suddenly this figure, which had deceived me while it stood still, moved up towards me to ask for alms, and I now saw before me the complete picture of a well-known spectral apparition that was shown in England some years ago under the title of the Living Skeleton. The said Living Skeleton, by the bye, came from Ireland. Does the habitual famine of so large a portion of the population tend to the multiplication of such morbid specimens of humanity?

We carried with us the letter bags intended for the several villages and country seats lying away from the road. At every stage we saw one of these living scarecrows waiting to take charge of the bags intended for the adjoining localities. These *postmen* tried to arrange their rags in a way to protect the correspondence of the country from the effects of the weather. As I looked on these ragged starved beings, I could not help thinking of the comfortable looking fellows to whom, in Prussia and Saxony, is entrusted the not unimportant duty of forwarding the public correspondence from village to village.

Not one in a hundred of those who look like beggars really beg, still the professional mendicants are numerous enough in all conscience. Most of them are decorated with Father Mathew's temperance medal, often as a matter of speculation, inasmuch as many are disposed to give more liberally to those who, having pledged themselves to abstain from intoxicating liquors, are thought less likely to make a bad use of any gift that may be bestowed upon them. Many people in Ireland now make a point of never giving any alms to a beggar who cannot show his temperance medal.

My driver on the last stage to Kilrush was full of fairies and legends, and stories of the beautiful and happy realms where the elfin sprites held sway. All depressed nations are apt to indulge in these visions. As we were rolling in the dusk of evening down the hills, and approaching the little town, he told me of a king who had once been conveyed to this happy land by the fairies. This king

lived long in the blissful regions, but one day a longing came over him to see the earth again and mingle with men. The fairies thereupon gave him an enchanted horse, and told him that as long as he continued on his horse's back he would enjoy unimpaired youth and vigour, as he had done during the 200 years he had spent with them, but that the spell would be broken the moment he set his foot on the earth. The king was delighted to see his old mother earth again, but took especial care not to quit the saddle, till he arrived in front of his own palace, where he had formerly been wont to command. Riding into the courtyard, he saw another king commanding there, and was very little pleased with the commands that this other king was issuing. Eager to set his successor to right, the new-comer forgot himself for a moment. He sprang indignantly from the saddle, and while yet descending through the air, he became conscious of his imprudence, and uttered a scream of despair. As he touched the ground his graceful manly form shrunk into the decrepitude of 200 years, and unable to exist under so heavy a weight of age, he immediately gave up the ghost. The enchanted horse, meanwhile, had vanished, but the new king recognised his predecessor by a golden medal round his neck, and caused a splendid monument to be erected to his memory.

I am convinced that a diligent collector in Ireland might easily find materials for more than 1001 nights, and that an Irish Sheherasade might, with her marvellous narratives, have preserved her life quite as long as did the Arabian with hers. I am surprised that so little has been printed of the rich Irish popular poetry.

O'Connell, when he moves about in Ireland, has always a long tail of admirers after him. A traveller, on arriving in a new place, is seldom without a similar tail. If he go to see a sight, he may reckon on the attendance of at least a dozen cicerones. Along the high road, a little tail of children and beggars will be certainly rolling behind him, and on entering a town his little tail immediately grows into a big one by the accession of innkeepers and their waiters. In short, every star in Ireland assumes the character of a comet. As I drove into Kilrush I had at least twenty grown people, and twice as many children running behind my car, some to beg, some to recommend inns and shops, some out of curiosity, but most of them for the mere fun of the thing.

Kilrush is a small sea-port town, and, like all seaport towns in Ireland, has fewer ruins and a greater appearance of freshness and comfort than any of the places in the interior. I put up under the roof of an old sailor who had fought, in his time, under Nelson, and now directed the only tolerable hostelry in the place.

My first walk was to the ground where Father Mathew was to be received. The temperance societies have their places of meeting in every town in Ireland, and these are called "temperance halls." The temperance hall of Kilrush lay in a by-street, a small courtyard was in front of it, and a few steps led up to the house door.

The hall itself, if I am not mistaken, was used in the daytime as a national school, and in the evening the men of temperance held their meetings there. A shilling was demanded of every one who entered, for which he was entitled, in the evening, to partake of the soirée that was to be given. A resident of the town, and one of the most distinguished among the temperance men, whose acquaintance I had already made, showed me the decorated hall, which was still empty. Round about the walls hung the banners of the several corporate bodies of the town, surmounted by mottoes all calculated to please the popular taste of the time. That of the cabinet-makers, for instance, was, "Sobriety! Domestic Comfort! and National Independence!" This inscription struck me immediately. "What," I asked myself, "has national independence to do with temperance, which is a purely moral question?" I believe, however, that, in point of fact, the two causes are more nearly united than is generally supposed. It appeared to me as if all these temperance men were engaged in a conspiracy against English ascendancy.

Nowhere has the cause of temperance more adherents than in Ireland. Not less than five millions of Irish, according to Father Mathew's own report, have received the pledge at his hands. "Our temperance society," said my companion, "is the only genuine one in the world. There were temperance societies in America before ours, but they are not the thing after all. They don't even adopt the principle of total abstinence, and break the pledge very often. But with us, when Father Mathew has once blessed a man, and hung the medal round his neck, he is dedicated to temperance for life, and from that moment detests all intoxicating liquors himself, and feels an aversion to those who continue to drink. So powerful is the effect of our apostle's blessing."

The catholic priesthood in Ireland looked at first with jealousy upon the temperance movement, set on foot as it was by a simple monk; but they have since yielded to the current, and have even placed themselves at the head of it, the consequence of which has been that the whole matter has assumed a catholic religious character.

Every great movement in a nation, and every widely ramified confederacy, whatever its object may be, is certain to assume a political character, and O'Connell and his patriots could not fail to see the great additional strength they would acquire from an accession of so powerful an auxiliary. They have, therefore, on all occasions declared their adhesion to the temperance cause, which has thus been made to assume a patriotic anti-English character. Temperance, by giving to its votaries greater domestic comfort and moral vigour, strengthens their claims and hopes of national independence, and the conspiracy of temperance and the conspiracy of independence may one day melt into one.

Garlands and festoons were wound about the hall. A large horse shoe table stood in the centre of the room, and boards resting on empty casks and blocks of wood were arranged as seats. At the head

of the table were two arm chairs, one for Father Mathew, and one for the principal catholic priest of the place, who was to act as chairman. Behind these chairs a gigantic cornucopia was represented, with a multitude of shamrocks falling out; another allusion to Irish nationality. On side tables stood a countless host of teapots and teacups, and huge piles of bread-and-butter, for on all solemn occasions tea is the nectar of the temperance men, and bread-and-butter their chief food.

My companion had still many things to arrange, so, having seen the hall, I went out into the yard in front, where two tallow candles fixed upon the doorposts threw a weak flickering light upon the assembled multitude. Men and women were crowding upon each other in the street, and boys had perched themselves on the walls and enclosures. I heard many people say that Father Mathew had already arrived; that a deputation of the temperance men had been out to meet him; that he had only gone "to rest a bit after his journey" at the house of the priest; and that he would soon make his appearance. The enthusiasm of the multitude impressed me with something of a religious awe, and I thought of scenes in the history of the apostles, and of their descriptions of their journeys, and of the many small towns they visited.

Father Mathew instituted the Irish Temperance Association on the 10th of April, 1838, since when he has been constantly travelling about, like the apostles in Greece and Asia Minor, partly by his eloquence and encouragement to strengthen the fidelity of those already enrolled in the great cause, and partly to receive the pledge from those who wish to become members of the association, on whom he then bestows his medal and blessing. The greater part of the year he spends in travelling about; the rest at Cork, his usual place of residence.

Suddenly the cry rose, "He comes! he comes!" and I heard at the other end of the street one of those detestable musical displays with which the temperance men generally open their processions and solemnities. I ought not, perhaps, to speak harshly of any thing intended to serve as a decoration to so good a cause, but, often as I have heard these temperance bands, I never could bring my ear to discover any thing like harmony in their combinations, and, I believe, that if all those drums and trumpets, clarionets and horns, were to repeal their union, and each man to play his own independent tune, the discord could not be greater than it is. It is truly a pity that temperance has, hitherto, allied itself so little to good taste. At the cry of "He comes! he comes!" I repaired to my teacup, which had very obligingly been placed immediately opposite to Father Mathew's chair. The other friends of temperance likewise hastened to take their places, and I observed that of both sexes there was a very decided preponderance of young people.

The great, the famed apostle of temperance, the most prominent

man in Ireland, with the exception of O'Connell, entered the room. He advanced slowly through the crowd, for every one wished to shake hands with him, and he had enough to do with his friends to the right and the left. At last he arrived at his place opposite mine, and sat down in his garlanded chair. I was formally introduced to the reverend chairman, who, in his turn, presented me to Father Mathew, with whom I exchanged a few friendly words of welcome. He is decidedly a man of a *distinguished* appearance, and I was not long in comprehending the influence which it was in his power to exercise over the people. The multitude require a handsome and imposing person in the individual who is to lead them, and Father Mathew is unquestionably handsome. He is not tall, he is about the same height and figure as Napoleon, and is, throughout, well built and well proportioned. He has nothing of the meager, haggard, Franciscan monk about him; but, on the contrary, without being exactly corpulent, his person is well rounded, and in excellent condition. His countenance is fresh and beaming with health. His movements and address are simple and unaffected, and altogether he has something about him that wins for him the good will of those he addresses. His features are regular, and full of a noble expression of mildness and indomitable firmness. His eyes are large, and he is apt to keep his glance fixed for a long time on the same object. His forehead is straight, high, and commanding, and his nose—a part of the face which in some expresses such intense vulgarity, and in others so much nobleness and delicacy—is particularly handsome, though somewhat too aquiline. His mouth is small and well proportioned, and his chin round, projecting, firm, and large, like Napoleon's.

Although fifty-four years old, he is still in the possession of the fullest bodily and mental vigour. Till about five years ago he lived as a simple Franciscan monk, and was very little known beyond the circle of his friends. It happened, however, that, in 1838, some quakers in the city of Cork, deploring the wretchedness caused among the poorer classes by their habitual drunkenness, determined to establish a temperance association in that city, and as the work did not proceed well in their hands, they suggested to Father Mathew that he might exercise his powers of eloquence most beneficially, if he would devote himself to the cause. He did so, and on the 10th of April, 1838, the first Total Abstinence Society was formed. In a few years his exertion and influence have been enabled to raise the cause to its present prosperous condition. In 1838, three months after the establishment of the society, 500 members had enrolled themselves in the association; in 1840 a million, and in 1842 five millions. It may be questioned whether history can present a parallel to this great moral revolution, or whether any man ever acquired so great and bright a name in so short a time. Political fabrics and religious dogmas have often crumbled together, or been utterly extinguished, in a surprisingly short space of time;

but where shall we find another example of a nation rising at the call of an individual, to shake off a vice to which it had long seemed to be peculiarly wedded? to struggle, not against privileged classes or priestly domination, but to root out its own evil habits, and devote itself to a strict system of abstinence? A whole nation is here doing what a few pious monks only had strength of mind to do in the middle ages.

In great reforms and revolutions, there have ever been large classes who derived an immediate temporal profit from the change. Many princes seconded Luther's attempts to bring about a reformation in the church, because there were wealthy convents, and large ecclesiastical estates to be confiscated. The French revolution led to a division of the domains of the privileged few, among the insurgent many. The revolutionary heroes had, therefore, a powerful lever at command, when they stirred up the multitude with the prospect of enriching themselves at the cost of others. In this Irish temperance reform, on the contrary, all those who from the first have most zealously promoted it, seem to be losers in a worldly point of view. One of Father Mathew's brothers was the owner of a large distillery, in which two other brothers held shares. His sister was married to a great distiller of the name of Harkett, and, in short, all his family seem to have been connected with distilleries. All these people have been seriously injured in their worldly prosperity by the reform brought about by their distinguished relative, but this consideration has in no way induced him to relax in his exertions to promote what he believes to be the general good. The distillers, brewers, and publicans were a more extensive and numerous class in Ireland than in any other country, and were in a position to exercise great influence over their humbler fellow-countrymen. The nobility and clergy, too, must have been losers in the first instance; and, then, what enormous losses must not the government have sustained in its revenue from the excise? The advantages to be obtained eventually from more sober and orderly subjects and tenants presented themselves only in a distant perspective. And, then, the people themselves! Were they not called upon to renounce what had long been almost their only solace in a world of wretchedness? They were to devote themselves to an habitual sobriety, calculated to make them the more deeply conscious of their oppressed condition, and holding out only remote hopes of temporal gain.

Advantages were indeed held out to those who would associate themselves to the cause, but the advantages were of so unearthly a nature, as, under ordinary circumstances, would have had but few charms in the eyes of sinful men. Order, industry, virtue, domestic happiness, and the cessation of broils,—these, said the apostles of temperance, were the fruits to be gathered from sobriety and abstinence. The landlords were promised that sober tenants would be

more regular in the payment of their rents, and the government was told that general habits of temperance would make the population more orderly and loyal. These were all remote and contingent advantages;—at the outset, all were called on to submit to sacrifices. Nevertheless, the people poured in by thousands and hundreds of thousands, and readily made the sacrifices required of them. From four to eight thousand persons often took the pledge on the same day, and on one day the number amounted even to thirteen thousand. Never did the cause of any apostle triumph so gloriously in so short a time. At his first appearance in Galway, two hundred thousand persons collected together to see him, to hear him, and most of them to be enrolled in the list of teetotalism. As the Irish temperance association has existed only five years, and has during that time (according to Father Mathew's own account) been joined by five millions of members, three thousand new temperance men must, on an average, have been enrolled every day.

These are circumstances well calculated to awaken our wonder, and, I repeat it, we shall scarcely find in history any parallel to them. The thing seems to me to be more honourable to the Irish nation than all that has hitherto been told of them. At the same time, it must not be supposed that the great reform is effected wholly by spiritual appeals to public virtue, or that all who have associated themselves to the cause of sobriety have been actuated only by benevolent and philanthropic motives. The Teetotalers, like the Chartists and Repealers, have their great processions, their numerous assemblies, and their social meetings. On these occasions speeches are made and resolutions carried, songs are sung, and some very bad and very loud music is played. The passion with which the British people take up their principles, and temperance among the rest, is often carried to such extravagance, as to give rise to an intemperance of a new kind. The music at these temperance festivals is boisterous and bad, the speeches inflated and clamorous, the meetings are often protracted to an advanced hour of the night, and conclude amid the dancing and jollification of the somewhat riotous votaries of temperance. Moreover, like the leaders of other parties, the temperance men avail themselves of that great noisy trumpet of the day,—the periodical press. Laudatory and exaggerated reports are inserted in the newspapers; the "Life of the Very Reverend Father Mathew, with a correct account of his miraculous labours in favour of Teetotalism," is written in various forms, and distributed among the people by thousands of copies, and numerous tracts are compiled to show the injurious effects of drunkenness, the blessings that follow upon temperance, and the future prospects that its establishment would open to Ireland. These tracts are not always written in a style of apostolic simplicity, but full of the bombast, ostentation, and extravagance, by which all party appeals are distinguished in England. Even the minor theatres are turned to account, and the

Life of a Drunkard is represented on the stage, the hero being hurried, while under the influence of liquor, to the commission of murder, and afterwards tied up to a gallows, to the edification of the audience.

All this is going on simultaneously with the fine and inspired discourses of Father Mathew, and with the virtuous exertions of others animated by the purest enthusiasm for the noble cause; and he is obliged to tolerate and encourage all this, because mankind, and the mankind of Great Britain in particular, is not easily moved without a little quackery.

Nor are the motives of all who join the temperance movement always entirely pure. We have seen that the Irish beggars mount the teetotal medal in the hope of recommending themselves the more to the benevolent. Some landlords take the pledge, by way of setting an example to their tenants, in the hope that these, when gained over to habits of sobriety, will be more regular in the payment of their rents. Many are actuated by motives of economy, and are happy to have so amiable a pretext for offering water instead of wine to their guests, and tea instead of punch. With some again fanaticism comes into play. They not only imagine their souls will be better off in another world for their temperance in this, but they ascribe to the blessing of Father Mathew and to the medal which he confers, certain salutary and miraculous powers, which give to the medal the character of an amulet or talisman. Some of these things are unavoidable, but others take their origin in the peculiarities of the Irish character. A temperance movement in Germany would assume another bearing. It would never come to total abstinence, the religious and almost fanatical enthusiasm would fall away, the medal would not be suspended to every man's neck, and the tumultuous meetings and noisy soirées would give way to meetings of a different kind. It is time, however, that I should return to my great tea-party at Kilrush.

In the first place the chairman addressed a speech to the meeting. He congratulated all present, and the whole town of Kilrush, on the visit which the great apostle of temperance had condescended to pay them. As often as Father Mathew was mentioned, the orator bowed respectfully to him, and spoke of him only as the "great apostle of temperance," the "great man gifted by God," or made use of expressions equally strong. It struck me that Father Mathew ought not to allow these exaggerated flatteries to be addressed to him, and that it would be more becoming in him to discourage them, in the same way that he repudiates the miraculous powers attributed to him by the people; but the Irish seem to delight in a pomp of words, and exaggerations of the kind alluded to may be necessary to the maintenance of his influence.

I forgot to say that when he entered the room the band struck up the English hymn of triumph, "See the conquering hero comes!" How is it possible for any men to be guilty of so absurd and misplaced a compliment!

Father Mathew himself rose next, and expressed his pleasure at

finding himself once more among the townsmen of Kilrush. He was glad to see those who at his former visit had taken the pledge at his hands, assembling so numerously around him, and he rejoiced to hear that they had remained faithful to the engagements into which they had entered. Then amid constant marks of enthusiasm, and incessant cries of "hear, hear!" he proceeded to speak of the progress of the great cause. He gave a circumstantial account of his last journey to Glasgow, where, he said, eighty thousand persons of all sects had come to meet him, and though he was but a worthless straw on the great stream of temperance, he was received there by all *as if he had been an angel from Heaven.*"

Father Mathew's eloquence is often spoken of with great admiration. He has, in fact, a fine clear voice, a glowing zeal, and a firm conviction of the sacredness of his cause. Nevertheless, he hesitates at times, and even stammers, and looks as if he found it impossible to conquer the difficulty of some word or idea. His speech is interrupted, his tongue no longer obeys him, the construction of his sentences becomes confused, the colour mounts to his face, and his fine countenance becomes even distorted. He makes some convulsive efforts, and the rapid movement of his hands is expressive of his embarrassment. After a few remarks, however, he recovers himself; his thoughts begin to flow again, the new idea is born, the fluency of speech returns, and the harangue proceeds in the same melodious tones, and with the same richness of thought as at first. This occasional hesitation on the part of the speaker, does not, however, in my opinion, weaken the interest of his hearers; on the contrary, the interest is heightened; indeed, I believe, that a slight defect or irregularity in any thing really beautiful, increases our admiration for the object itself.

Father Mathew has a fine and delicate hand, and dresses well, almost elegantly. His whole appearance and deportment are perfectly gentlemanly, which is the more remarkable as his efforts and discourses have always been chiefly directed to the humbler classes, and men who aim at popularity among the multitude are apt to affect a certain cynicism by way of ingratiating themselves with those whom they address. O'Connell may be cited as an instance, whose demeanour is the very reverse of any thing aristocratic.

Amid loud, general, and endless applause, Father Mathew resumed his seat, the noise being quite as great as on his entrance. There was clapping of hands, kicking with feet, roaring, screaming, and amid all the tumult the trumpets endeavoured to obtain a hearing again. There was one corpulent old gentleman, one of the leading men of the place, down whose broad forehead the tea he had drunk seemed to be sending the perspiration in rolling drops; he thought, apparently it was impossible there could be too much cheering, for he kept incessantly waving his handkerchief, and shouting out "Again! again!" But these things are an indispensable accompaniment to temperance in Ireland.

At every interval between the speeches, the temperance band in

the gallery played Irish and English national melodies, but though their leader beat time most indefatigably, he found it impossible to keep his performers together. While this was going on we drained our cups in quick succession, and the conversation was kept up round the table with much animation. I asked Father Mathew whether he had no intention of extending his labours beyond Ireland and Scotland. He replied that he had long contemplated visiting some parts of Germany, and would have done so, but for his ignorance of the language. For my own part I believe he will scarcely extend his efforts beyond those places in England where his countrymen have formed numerous colonies. He will have quite enough to do to keep the machine going which he has set in motion.

A number of young women, and some lovely and wicked-looking ones among them, crowded round the "apostle." Some were sitting by his side, some at his feet, and some in each other's laps, merely for the sake of being nearer to the holy man, and now and then touching him.

Some beautiful old Irish melodies were sung, for Ireland, though its early history has had little interest for the rest of the world, has received from remote ages some melodies of exquisite beauty. Nor was there any lack of toasts, nor did these fail to call forth speeches of more than moderate length. The toast proposed with the most edifying speech, but by no means received with the greatest enthusiasm, was "The Irish clergy."

At the very outset, Father Mathew had intimated to the various speakers that they were bound to abstain from all political allusions. "The cause in which they had assembled," he said, "was the cause of temperance, and among men united to promote such an end, religious and political subjects of difference ought to be studiously avoided." Nevertheless, one of the speakers, forgetful of this injunction, alluded to O'Connell in terms that could not but be offensive to those who were not the admirers of the popular tribune. "Order! Order!" shouted Father Mathew with a commanding voice. This ought to have been done by the chairman, but as he neglected his duty, Father Mathew lost no time in seizing the reins, and the prompt and commanding manner in which he did so, and the readiness with which he was obeyed, convinced me of the strictness with which he was wont to maintain order in his assemblies, and of his sincerity in wishing to keep so pure and sacred a cause free from the pollution of those political dissensions by which Ireland has the misfortune to be afflicted.

Towards midnight, after a countless succession of speeches, answers, toasts, and countertoasts, Father Mathew retired. The tables and teapots were immediately put aside, and a ball commenced, which must have been kept up till a late hour, for the morning was far advanced when I heard the temperance band returning home, and still playing their favourite melodies as they passed along the street.

At nine o'clock on the following morning, Father Mathew was again in the field, that is to say, in the church, where he read mass, after which he administered the pledge to a few hundred persons who presented themselves for that purpose. The medal which he bestows on these occasions, and of which mention has so often been made, is a round piece of pewter, of about the size of a five-franc piece. The words of the pledge are inscribed upon it, consisting of a solemn promise to abstain from all intoxicating liquors, and to persuade others as much as possible to do the same. Some wear their medals constantly as a kind of amulet, others place them round the necks of their little children, who are often made to pledge themselves to abstain from a vice, the nature of which they are scarcely able to comprehend. In the same way the Russians take their children to the communion-table, long before the little creatures can have any conception of the nature of the sacrament in which they are made partakers.

Highly gratified by the opportunity I had enjoyed of making the acquaintance of the great apostle of teetotalism, the "gifted divine," and with silent but sincere wishes for his further success, I left the little town of Kilrush. The question that suggested itself to me was, whether a reformation so triumphantly begun was likely to be permanent. Much of the triumph is personal to Father Mathew. He it is in whom the people place confidence. From him alone will they receive the pledge, and his blessing alone has a binding power in their eyes. His eloquence, his indefatigable activity, his energetic enthusiasm, keep the thing together, and maintain the singular enchantment by which so many of the evil spirits of Ireland are held in restraint. Every one must wish for a long continuance of the good and able man's life, but his last hour must come sooner or later, and then, the question is, will the good work long survive him? The past history of the Irish people affords us no clue to guide us to a solution; we are reduced to mere speculations, based on the national character and on the nature of the reform itself. The former holds out fewer hopes to us than the latter. The Irish have at all times been addicted to excess and extravagance; they are naturally deficient in energy, and they live under great oppression. These circumstances are all calculated to seduce to drunkenness, and the main features of a nation's character are not easily changed. In the next place, an Irishman is endowed with an astonishing fund of superstition, and a belief in the divine mission of Father Mathew may have quite as large a share in the restraint which the people at present impose upon themselves, as any virtuous resolution they may feel to correct their vices. If so, the disappearance of the great magician from the scene may relax the bonds that now hold the temperance men together, and everything may sink back into the former chaos.

On the other hand, there is no doubt that the temperance association has for the last three or four years exercised a salutary restraint on the majority of the Irish nation. This period has been

quite long enough to make the people feel many of the advantages resulting from their altered manner of life. Improved health, domestic peace, reduced expenditure, improved condition, all these are blessings of which the temperance man soon becomes conscious after having taken the pledge. Other advantages there are, but of a nature less evident to the multitude. Such as an increased taste for information, an improved education of children, and thus eventually of the whole nation, a more exalted opinion of independence, and eventually a certain emancipation of the humbler classes from their present servile and depressed condition. The leisure which the drunkard spent in a state of brutish insensibility, is employed by the temperance man in reading, and thus both time and taste are gained for mental cultivation. His own more refined tastes cannot fail to be communicated to his children. Intelligence and knowledge constitute, however, in themselves a vast political power, and in proportion as temperance leads to habits of economy, and these to increased worldly wealth, another great element of power will be formed. Much of what O'Connell, at the head of his helots, demands so boisterously, and yet with such entire futility, the English and the oligarchs that rule over Ireland will not feel it safe to withhold from a sober, intelligent, and economical people, that comprehend the nature of the rights they ask for.

The power of habit, too, is often greater over the human mind than the best resolutions. Should, therefore, Father Mathew's life be prolonged, and his benevolent mission be exercised long enough to enable the temperance movement to bring about such a change in the habits and manners of the people, as may modify the national character, the battle will be gained, and the good cause permanently triumphant.

Christianity, on its first appearance in Ireland, was as rapid in its progress as the cause of temperance during the last few years. Yet Christianity, sudden as was its birth, and rapid its growth, has maintained itself 1400 years in Ireland. Let us hope that the omen is a good one for the cause of sobriety.

In the mean time, the official returns show an immense falling off not only in the quantity of malt consumed in the breweries and distilleries of Ireland, but also in the amount of duty received there on foreign spirits and wine. In 1833 the consumption amounted to 1,970,000 bushels of malt, in 1836 to 2,511,000, since when a constant decline has taken place, till in 1840 the quantity was only 1,600,000 bushels, or about half that of 1836. The spirit duty amounted—

in	1836	to	£1,510,092
,,	1839	,,	1,402,130
,,	1840	,,	1,032,000

being a reduction of one-third in three years.

In what proportion the habits of temperance have gained ground

among the higher classes, is shown by the reduced consumption of wines and foreign spirits. The duty on wine in Ireland was—

in 1838	£192,618
„ 1839	181,253
„ 1840	162,088

On foreign spirits the duty was—

in 1838	£29,479
„ 1839	26,362
„ 1840	22,268

showing a diminution on wine, in three years of one-sixth, and on foreign spirits of one-fourth.

In the same time there has been a constant increase in the consumption of spirits both in England and Scotland. The distress among the humbler classes may partly have caused these increased habits of intemperance, but increased intemperance, in its turn, must have greatly aggravated the distress.

To compare the habits of the three great divisions of the United Kingdom, it will suffice to show the quantity of malt consumed in each. In 1840,—

15,000,000	inhabitants of	England	consumed	34,000,000	bshls. of malt.
2,400,000	„	Scotland	„	4,300,000	„
8,000,000	„	Ireland	„	1,600,000	„

Of this malt, much was of course made into beer, and ought not to be taken into the account when speaking of the consumption of spirits; we find, however, that in 1840—

England	paid	£2,628,200	for spirit duty.
Scotland	„	1,541,300	„ „
Ireland	„	1,032,000	„ „

Thus, two millions and a half in Scotland pay half as much again in the shape of spirit duty as eight millions of Irish.

SCATTERY ISLAND AND THE ROUND TOWERS.

On leaving Kilrush I entrusted my person and my portmanteau to a small boat which I had engaged to carry me over to Scattery Island, and thence to the coast of Kerry. The morning was warm, and not a breath of wind disturbed the surface of the water, but the sun was completely concealed by a thick yellow fog, which scarcely allowed us to see beyond the length of our boat. Nevertheless, my boatmen brought me in safety to the little green island, which I was about to visit for the sake of its interesting ruins, and by the time we reached its shore the fog had sufficiently dispersed to allow us to distinguish the remains of its "Seven Churches," while the lofty column of the Round Tower presented itself at first as a dark line,

and then gradually broke with more distinctness through the turbid atmosphere.

These Round Towers are the most interesting remains of antiquity that Ireland possesses. Like most travellers in Ireland I was soon infected with a passion for round towers, but as this passion is one of which few of my friends in Germany are likely to have a distinct idea, I believe that some introductory remarks on these venerable buildings will not be out of place here.

These Round Towers are built of large stones, and when seen at a distance look rather like lofty columns than towers, being from the base to the top of nearly the same thickness. They are now indeed by no means all of the same height, many of them having fallen into ruins, but those which remain tolerably complete are all from 100 to 120 feet high, from forty to fifty in circumference, and from thirteen to sixteen in diameter. At the base the wall is always very thick and strong, but becomes slighter towards the top. Within, the tower is hollow, without any opening but a door, generally eight or ten feet from the ground, and some very narrow apertures or windows, mostly four in number, near the top. These windows are usually turned towards the four cardinal points of the compass.

In all parts of Ireland these singular buildings are found scattered about, all resembling each other like the obelisks of Egypt. Sometimes round towers are found in solitary islands, sometimes on the side of a river, or in a plain, or some secluded corner of a valley. The whole number of them, according to the map of Ireland published by the *Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge*, is, at present, 118, of these, fifteen are in a perfect state of preservation, and of thirty-six little more than the foundation remains.

The general name of "Round Towers" is very little characteristic of these remarkable buildings, for towers are seldom otherwise than round. Some writers have called them "pillar temples," but this name assigns to them a destination which it is by no means certain that they bore. The characteristic peculiarity of these towers consists in their resemblance to mighty pillars, and the most appropriate name for them would, in my opinion, be "pillar towers."

In no part of Europe do we find any similar building of antiquity. In Scotland, it is said, two or three pillar towers exist, and these, it may be inferred, were reared by Irish colonists. In the far east only we come to erections of the same character and dimension; the first thing that a traveller is reminded of on seeing an Irish round tower, is a Turkish minaret.

No authentic records exist to guide us to a knowledge of the time when these towers were built, or of the use for which they were intended. Every thing proves that they have existed from a very remote antiquity, and the most opposite conclusions have been adopted with respect to the period and object of their erection; none of these hypotheses carry conviction with them, but of many, at least, the absurdity can be shown with little trouble. Some, for

instance, have maintained that these towers were built by the Danes; but these sages appear to have forgotten, that round towers are found in parts of the island where the Danes never set foot, as for instance in Donegal and the remote counties of Connaught. Besides, had these been Danish erections, how came the Danes not to leave any of them in England? Popular tradition assigns them to the Phœnicians, and learned antiquarians ought not too hastily to reject popular tradition, for often the memory of a people undergoes less corruption and change in the course of a thousand years, than do the records preserved in books. There is nothing very improbable in the hypothesis that these towers were built by the Phœnicians, who are known to have visited the island and to have exercised power there. Travellers have recently discovered in the Persian province of Masanderan towers precisely similar to those of Ireland, and in India erections of a similar kind, dedicated to religious purposes, have also been met with. This, taken in connexion with the shape of the Turkish minaret, makes it extremely probable that the round towers have had an oriental origin. Many have been staggered by the great antiquity which such an hypothesis would assign to the Irish towers, but they are buildings of wonderful solidity, and there is nothing at all extraordinary in the supposition that these stones may have remained in their present position for some thousands of years. Have we not even brick buildings of Roman erection, that are known to have been built before the Christian era?

No less diversified have been the opinions respecting the use for which the round towers were intended, and on this subject some strangely absurd doctrines have been advanced. Some people have supposed them to have formed chains of telegraph stations spread out over the whole island; but the absurdity of this notion is sufficiently shown by the position of some of the towers upon low ground, in the corners of valleys, and on remote and solitary islands, whence nothing could well be seen, and nothing therefore made known. This opinion is, nevertheless, still entertained by many. Others suppose the towers to have been fortresses, erected in the early ages of Christianity, as places of refuge, in case of danger, for the priests and their church treasures. I can hardly think, however, that any people could have selected such a style of architecture for places of defence. The defenders within would have had to stand upon each other's heads, and their only means of annoying their enemies would have been the four small openings at the top, 80 or 100 feet from the ground. Besides, had the round towers been military places of defence, they would probably have all been destroyed in the course of the constant wars by which the island has been afflicted, whereas the round towers have evidently been preserved by the people with great care, and have ever been looked on by them with the greatest veneration. The notion that the round towers were built by the early Christians as steeples to hang their bells in, is equally untenable, for though they are frequently found in close vicinity to the ruins of churches, yet

no kind of steeple could be worse constructed for such a purpose, as the sound of the bells would scarcely have been heard through the small apertures at the top, except by those who had already assembled around the tower.

Many other opinions have been hazarded, but all at variance with the popular tradition, which represents the round towers to have been the temples of the old fire-worshippers from the east, who came over with the Phœnicians. The poet Moore and other Irish antiquarians are disposed to adopt this tradition, the more so as the *pyreas* of the Ghebers, according to the account of several travellers, bear the closest similitude to the Irish towers, and because the worship of fire is known to have been at one time the prevailing religion of Ireland. The dark interiors of these towers must have been well calculated to show the sacred fire preserved there to the greatest advantage, and the height of the entrance door from the ground would be explained by the sanctity of the place, to which only a few were probably allowed to have access. The great height of the towers has been objected as entirely superfluous, supposing them to have been applied to such a use; but it may have been customary to place the sacred fire in an elevated position, as an additional mark of respect, and then the towers may have answered more purposes than one; from the windows at the top signals may have been made to summon the faithful to prayer, or the apertures may have been used for astronomical observations, intended to fix the time of the religious feasts.

Christian emblems have been discovered in some of these towers. On the summit of that near Swords, in the county of Dublin, is a small stone cross, and in others even representations of the Virgin have been found; but these, there cannot be a doubt, are of modern addition. That churches and cemeteries should so often be found in the vicinity of these towers is nothing surprising, for a building that has once become sacred in the eyes of a people, generally retains a portion of its sanctity, even though the original religion may be utterly swept away. Most of the early Christian churches were erected on the foundations of heathen temples, and a large portion of the Turkish mosques were formerly Christian churches.

Generally, where in the vicinity of a round tower there occur the ruins of churches, these are in number seven. This has been explained by supposing that previously to the appearance of St. Patrick, Christianity, but not Roman Catholic Christianity, had been introduced into Ireland. This ante-patrician Christianity is said to have been introduced by the Apostle James, who first preached the gospel in Ireland, and established the Eastern church there, with the rites of the Eastern Œcumenic Synods; and the frequent appearance of seven churches close to each other, is accounted for as a reference to the seven celebrated churches of the East. In this hypothesis, though stoutly denied by the Roman Catholics, there is nothing improbable, and if true it affords another remarkable proof of the early connexion

between Ireland and the East. In no other Christian land in Europe do we constantly find the ruins of ancient churches in groups of seven.

We effected a landing on Scattery Island, called in ancient times Inniscattery, and at present occupied by a few tenants of a Mr. M'Kean, who graze their cattle there. "It is a very old ancient place," said one of the boatmen, as he was carrying me through the water on his shoulders, for we had come to a landing-place where the tide had left one foot of water over a large extent of coast. This pleonasm of "old ancient" might be applied to many parts of Ireland, where old and older ruins are constantly found in close contiguity.

In general, where there are seven churches, in Ireland, some ancient saint is named as having lived and died there, and as having belonged to the first preachers of Christianity in the country. At Scattery it is Saint Senanus, whose grave is still shown amid one of the ruins, and whose fame has been extended far beyond his native isle by one of Moore's melodies. These ancient ruins, however, have many graves of a more modern date; for bodies are still brought over from the mainland to be interred at Scattery. On the occasion of such a funeral, one boat serves generally as a hearse, and the mourners follow in other boats. I saw many tombstones only a few years old, with new inscriptions, from which the gilding had scarcely begun to fade, and their effect upon the solitary and remote island had a peculiar and by no means unpleasing effect. Among them were the tombs of several captains of ships, and it would have been difficult to suggest a more appropriate place of interment for such men than this little island cemetery at the mouth of a great river, with the wide ocean rolling in front. Indeed, there is no other country in Europe where there are such interesting cemeteries, or such picturesque tombs, as in Ireland, partly on account of the abundance of ivy with which they are hung, and partly on account of the practice that still prevails of burying the dead among ruins.

Of some of the seven churches on Scattery isle, scarcely a trace remained; but three of them were in tolerable preservation. Their walls, covered with ivy, remained, and into the wall of one of them, that nearest the round tower, a stone strangely sculptured into the form of a human face, had been introduced. Strange to say, it has completely the stiff, masklike features and projecting ears of the Egyptian statues, whence I conclude it must have belonged originally to some other building. On the opposite wall is a stone with evident traces of an ancient inscription.

The round tower stands a little to the side. Although not perfect, it belongs to the most picturesque in Ireland, for it has been struck by lightning, and has received a split on one side from top to bottom. On the south side it is covered completely with mosses and creeping plants; on the north and west side it is bare, the heavy winds, as the sailors told me, making all vegetation impossible there.

Lightning and vegetation are the worst enemies the round towers have to contend with, and it is strange that such active foes should not have been able to overturn the whole of them in a space of 2000 years.

All the land upon the little island, except the cemetery, is pasturage. A small battery has been erected here to protect the mouth of the Shannon, the entrance to which river is defended by no less than six batteries and forts, while at the mouth of the Thames there is not one.

On leaving Inniscattery, to repair to the kingdom of Kerry, we had work enough before us, for the tide was against us, besides which we had to contend with such a variety of currents, that the boatmen required all their skill and experience to carry their slight skiff in safety to the little port of Tarbert, whither we were bound. The mouth of the Shannon has rather the character of an arm of the sea, but to consider it as such would be in violation of the principles of Irish geography. The waves, now of a very respectable size, were rolling out towards the ocean; but the fog was completely gone, and we had the most beautiful sunshine. With the exception of our own little bark, which seemed to crest the waves like a bird, neither ship nor boat was to be seen upon the noble estuary, and without passing a human creature with whom we could have exchanged a salutation, we arrived at length in safety at our destined harbour. There I learned, when it was too late, that without any additional expenditure of time or trouble, I might have effected a landing at Ballybunian, whose marine caverns, at the mouth of the Shannon, are reckoned among the wonders of Ireland. These caverns stretch more than a mile from the sea into the land. Ireland is rich in remarkable caverns, many of which are but little known to the scientific world.

FROM TARBERT TO TRALEE.

From Tarbert I proceeded on my journey on one of those remarkable cars which are still used in some parts of Ireland as means of public conveyance from one town to another. These diligence cars are built upon the same principle as the jaunting cars, except that they run on four wheels, and are often drawn by four horses. The seat on each side is long enough to accommodate eight persons, and between the two seats is a kind of abyss called the "pit," in which the luggage is deposited. This pit is generally too small for all the boxes and trunks which it is intended to contain, and the remainder are piled up into a high wall that forms an effectual partition between the two divisions of passengers. Each traveller, therefore, sees only one side of the road; and when the vehicle stops to change horses or to rest them, the one party is sure to have a deal to tell to those who have been looking only into the opposite half of the

world. The number of passengers by one of these cars is very undefined; for when all the seats are occupied, it is nothing uncommon to see people sit in each other's laps, or place themselves upon the luggage, or hang on to the carriage in a variety of ways. Such was the mode in which we were ourselves packed on the day on which I started from Tarbert.

When the horses got into motion, the crowd of beggars by whom we had been surrounded divided in front, and those who were nimble of foot ran along by the side of us for some distance. One ran off in front of us like an *avant-courrier*, and continued to do so for nearly two miles. When he saw that all the others had dropped off, he came to the side of the car, and received a few pence as a reward for his perseverance.

Though our view was confined to one side of the road, I saw enough to amuse and instruct me. In one village we saw the national process of house-building. A house of some length had fallen in, probably without any volcanic agency, but simply by the effect of its own weight, and the proprietor was repairing the injury sustained by his mansion; but being either too poor or too indolent to re-establish the tenement in its former extent, he had contented himself with cutting away as much of the broken wall as was necessary to make it smooth, and was running up a new wall at the place where the old one remained. In this way, he was abandoning one half of his old house, and was about to reduce his family, his pigs, his dogs, and his poultry, to one-half of their previous accommodation. The manner of building the wall, too, was characteristic. The father brought the mould to the spot in a wheelbarrow, the eldest son with a shovel fashioned the material into the shape of a wall, and a younger boy stood upon the top to stamp it into something like consistency. A pair of swallows would have expended more care and skill upon the construction of their nest.

All the people I met with spoke English, though Kerry is considered to be one of the counties where the Irish language has been best preserved. Only in very out-of-the-way places, they told me, would I find people that understood no English. Of this I had seen instances in Clare, where children would run by the side of the car, crying "Burnocks, halfpenny!" "Burnocks" being an appellation applied to every stranger, and "halfpenny" the only English word that the little rogues seemed to know. "Our English," said one Kerry farmer to me, "is a sort of home-English. We don't learn it correctly. But we have high-bred men among us, even among the farmers, and some of the shepherds among the mountains know as much Latin as so many priests."

I had heard a good deal of these Kerry scholars, and was anxious to satisfy myself, by the evidence of my own senses, of the extent to which their scholarship was carried. I heard everywhere a great deal of shepherds and labourers who could read and speak Latin; but the only instances in which I was able to come into contact

with any of these learned personages, were not calculated to impress me with much respect for the extent of their classical lore. On two occasions I saw a few men who told me they understood Latin, but when I came to examine them more closely, I found they knew nothing beyond a few sentences that they had retained from the Missal. One young peasant I found, who really knew something of the classics, and was tolerably well acquainted with Horace; he told me, however, he had been brought up for a priest, but, not liking the church, had returned to the plough on his father's farm. I met subsequently a young man whose story was nearly the same, and I am, therefore, disposed to believe, that Kerry scholarship, where it really exists, is always more or less connected with the church, and that, at all events, these mountain peasants have no notion of studying Latin with a view to any thing like æsthetic enjoyment.

"It's not even English they can speak," said my neighbour on the car.

In the western parts of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, to say of people that they cannot even speak English, is intended to mark the extreme barbarism in which they live. The English language is the only medium of cultivation, and all endeavour to learn it, as without it they are quite helpless the moment they leave their native hills. In the same way the French express their contempt for the Basques among the Pyrenees, and for the Germans among the Vosges, by saying that they cannot even speak French; and so, in Bohemia, Galicia, Courland, and Livonia, the knowledge of German is deemed inseparable from even a rude education.

I had an opportunity, by the road side, of seeing a genuine Irish hedge school, and truly an interesting and affecting spectacle it was. The school-house was a clay cabin, roofed with sods, and without so much as a window. The smaller of the ragged scholars sat as close as they could to the entrance, towards which they turned their books to catch as much as possible of the light from without. Some were lying on the ground, behind these were a few seated on a board, and behind these were the taller boys, leaning over those in front, likewise to catch the light. The teacher was seated in the middle of the group, and was clad in what I have already described as the national costume of the country. In a book of Irish sketches this picture would have been invaluable, and I was sorry I had not a daguerreotype apparatus with me, to perpetuate the impression. In front of the school-house lay as many pieces of turf as there were students within, each boy having brought one as a tribute to his teacher.

As I entered through the narrow entrance, the dominie rose from an inverted butter-cask, on which he had sat enthroned. "Indeed, I am very sorry, your honour," said he, "that I have not the opportunity of offering you a chair." He was teaching his pupils the English alphabet, and they all looked fresh and cheerful, notwith-

standing their poverty, as indeed most Irish children do, in the country at least, despite of their ragged attire and their scanty food.

Both children and teacher lived some miles away from the school-house, which stood by the side of the road. When the hours of study are over, the boys thrust their spelling-books into their pockets, and the master, after having fastened the door of his college, collects the tributary turf into a sack, throws the burden over his shoulder, and having grasped his staff, trudges away to his cabin on the other side of the bog.

Our diligence car was not to carry us farther than Listowel, and I was obliged to look out for some other conveyance to Tralee, where I proposed to sleep. Some gentlemen who had been my fellow-passengers thus far, and who, like myself, were on a pilgrimage to the far-famed beauties of Killarney, joined me in the hire of a one-horse car. We were standing at the door of our inn, in expectation of our equipage. Some of us had been smoking and threw the ends into the street. Two of the poor that were loitering about, rushed forward to fight and scramble for the prize, and each carried away a portion of the booty, carefully concealed among his rags. "These are all temperance men," said our host, "and very strict ones too. Indeed they're all very strict in this part of the country, and there are very few here who have broken their pledge." My host went on to speak of Father Mathew as an old acquaintance, and told us many anecdotes about him. Among other things, he told us that the apostle of temperance, when young, had been expelled from his college, on the ground of habitual drunkenness, the whiskey bottle having several times been found concealed about his bed. The anecdote, if true, is not, in my opinion, at all to Father Mathew's discredit.

We had got but a short way from Listowel, when there happened to us an accident which, harnessed as they are, is by no means an uncommon one for Irish cars to meet with. Our merry driver, to show the mettle of his horse, began to stimulate him to increased speed. The gallant courser, however, disapproving of the manner of Paddy's persuasion, began to kick, and then fairly ran away with us. As he was going the right way, we, at first, reconciled ourselves to the rapidity of his pace, but in a little while, the girth, on which the whole economy of these primitive vehicles generally depends, gave way, and the car, according to its usual practice on such occasions, tipped over and deposited us and our baggage in the high road. It was the first time it had happened to me to be overturned in a carriage, and it was of some interest to me to follow the course of my thoughts, which succeeded each other with the rapidity of lightning. When I became perfectly conscious of what had happened, and while the shaft of the car was still describing its semi-circle in the air, I thought to myself: "This may be a serious accident. The car and all the luggage may fall on my head, and

put an end at once to all my observations on Irish peculiarities. If I come off with a bruise or two, or a broken finger, how thankful I ought to be." When, however, we all got upon our legs again, and found we were none of us hurt, though all well bedaubed with mud, and with a rent here and there in our garments, all our gratitude to Providence seemed to be gone, and to have given way to a general feeling of indignation against the clumsiness of our driver. Such is man. Fainthearted in the hour of need, and ready to make any pact with Providence; but in prosperity insolent, and grumbling against Fate at the most trifling annoyance.

We left our baggage under guard, and proceeded on foot, while the driver went in search of cords and thongs to repair the consequences of his awkwardness. A little way from Listowel the country will repay a pedestrian, but farther on, let no man trust to the treacherous shadowings which he may discover on his map. All these beautiful linings, intended to mark hills and mountains, are extremely inviting, and in Germany keep the promise they hold out, by delighting the wanderer with the most romantic and picturesque landscapes. This, in Ireland, is not, by any means, always the case. The mountains we were now passing were naked from the base to the summit, and of a gloomy monotonous colour, for they were covered with bog, and so was the lower part of the country, all the way from the Shannon to Tralee Bay. And yet I saw villages of which the inhabitants were complaining of a scarcity of turf! In the county of Cork, I was told, the scarcity of turf had already become a subject of general complaint.

TRALEE.

It is a pity that the clouds turn their least agreeable side towards the earth. Had we that evening contemplated from above, the clouds that looked to us so gray and monotonous, we should probably have seen them radiant with light, and diversified with every shade of colour. To us, however, they were one dull, unbroken gray, and glad enough we were, as night set in, and this gray was turning into black, to arrive in Tralee, where a fine blazing fire indemnified us for the *unfriendly* evening.

Our supper consisted of chickens, bacon, ham, roast beef, Chester cheese, and celery, with potatoes and cabbage sodden in water, and I had scarcely expected, in so remote a place, to have found these various dishes so excellently prepared. There were four of us, and our conversation was of the kind which generally passes on such occasions, in the British islands, between persons whose acquaintance with each other is slight and of recent date. "May I trouble you for a bit of beef?" "Will you allow me to send you a piece of chicken? Have you any choice as to the wing or the breast?" "May I have the honour of taking a glass of wine with you?" "I shall

be very happy." "I'll trouble you for a potato." "Will you take any more?" This was the sort of cross fire of civil speeches that was kept up throughout supper time, and though it sounds prettily enough when heard for the first time, it becomes insufferably tedious and absurd after frequent repetition.

Opposite, to our inn lay a house, in which, for that evening, a dramatic performance had been announced. The play was to be the "Two Murderers," but it was not this awful title that tempted me so much, as the title of one of the dramatis personæ, Herr von Sourcrouthagen, a German baron, out of compliment to whom I determined to see the play. To my disappointment, however, there was very little caricature about the baron, who, on the contrary, was only an insipid imitation of what a German baron might very well have been. I stopped only for one act, but I stopped long enough to add another picture to my gallery of Irish rags. Even on the stage, I found, the national costume was adhered to. Several of the actors had visible rents in their garments. I can scarcely believe that in any other country the same thing would have been seen among the lowest strollers spouting in a barn.

An English fire, however, consoles one for almost every disappointment, and soon makes one forget bad weather, insipid conversation, and dull plays. I seated myself by the side of the familiar flame, and taking the map of Ireland into my hand, amused myself for a long time by examining and speculating on the eccentric outline of the south-western coast.

THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

I never beheld the golden stars of heaven with less pleasure than when, on the following morning, I stood alone in the street of Tralee, ready equipped for my journey, and waiting for the mail coach which was to *pick me up*, as the English say, and take me on to Killarney. At length I looked at my watch, and found, to my indescribable vexation, that the merciless waiter had driven me out of my bed at four, instead of six o'clock. There was now, however, no help for it, and I therefore left my luggage at the office of the coach, and set out on foot on the road by which it was to pass. It was a beautiful clear October morning, and I soon became reconciled to my lonely walk through the county of Kerry, in no other company than that of the thousands of beautiful worlds which looked so kindly down upon me.

It is a common notion that these hours before the morning dawn, when people are mostly buried in profound sleep, are particularly chosen by robbers for the exercise of their profession. But in Ireland, common as murders and acts of personal outrage may be, the wanderer has seldom much to fear. The Irish are a restless, mutinous, but not a dishonest people. The crimes they commit are

seldom connected with robbery, but arise out of quarrels and affronts, and are mostly occasioned by revenge and hatred, rather than by a desire for plunder. Inglis, in his work on Ireland, states that out of 199 criminal cases presented by the calendar of Kerry for one quarter of a year, only ten were of theft, but seventy-four of riotous assemblies, thirty-four of rescue, or resistance to lawful authority, and forty-seven of personal assaults; and yet we must not forget that the county of Kerry belongs to what the English call the least disturbed districts, so that it is easy to see what kind of offences are really common in Ireland.

I had walked a considerable time without having any idea of the appearance of the landscape around me, and as the sun rose, it assumed the appearance of a great sea, with islands and the peaks of black mountains rising out of it. The whole plain was covered with a thick white fog, from which only the hill tops remained free, and as the mail coach, after overtaking me, worked its way very rapidly through the mist to Killarney, very much as the Russian peasants cut their way through the snow, I can give little account of the scenery we passed until we reached this renowned spot, the goal of so many of the wanderers through "Erin's isle."

Thomas Moore's poems have certainly contributed not a little to the celebrity of many parts of Ireland, as well as the patriotic efforts of the Irish Penny Magazine, and the English view-hunters, always on the look out for something new.

Formerly only the higher and wealthier classes of the English travelled, and these being usually indifferent to what was to be found at home, took their way towards the celebrated points of foreign countries. Now, however, the constantly increasing love, and indeed mania for travelling, and the increased facility of communication, have set in motion also the inferior classes of society, and those who were once, like the *glebæ adscripti*, rooted to the soil, or who made journeys only when compelled by business, now run about in search of the picturesque, and the beauty of certain spots, formerly known only to their nearest neighbours, is now discussed, criticised, and praised to the skies.

By this generally awakened desire for travelling a number of other desires and interests have been, at the same time, called into action. Money is brought into circulation, and innkeepers, coachmen, and others, find their account in it. These people, who formerly hardly knew the difference between an Irish bog and an Alpine valley, speak now familiarly of the charms and attractions of this or that district, and find, now here, now there, a perfect Paradise. In order to attract travellers to their neighbourhood they get magnificent descriptions written, and often published in journals and elsewhere, and thus promote their private interests while they gratify their national pride. Patriotism, too, which formerly occupied itself only with the political institutions, the great men, and the social advantages of the country, now extends itself also to its natural

beauties, and it comes at last to be regarded as a kind of barbarism not to have seen certain places which have acquired in this way a high reputation.

"Have you been to the lakes?" is a question that meets the traveller in England, Scotland, and Ireland. In the first, "the lakes" mean the lakes of Westmoreland and Cumberland; in Scotland, Loch Lomond and its neighbours are meant; but in Ireland the expression invariably designates the lakes of Killarney.

The town of Killarney, like Tralee and most of the other little towns of the south of Ireland, is prettily built, and has an air of novelty, the greater part of it being, in fact, little more than thirty years old. Before that time it is said to have been a wretched place. It boasts many excellent inns, where for "money and fair words," one may get all possible accommodation for viewing the lakes and the surrounding country. I arrived there exactly at breakfast time, and joined company with an English officer, who was also about to visit the lakes, having obtained leave of absence from his quarters—somewhere on the Shannon—for the express purpose of seeing the Paradise of Killarney.

The lakes lie in a crescent around the foot of the highest group of mountains in Kerry, called Macgillicuddy's Reeks, and are divided into two principal ones, the lower and the upper lake. The town lies on the former, which is the larger of the two.

In order to vary the journey, and see as much as possible of the country, it is customary to hire at the same time, a carriage, a boat, and a pair of saddle horses. The boat is then sent on to wait for the traveller at a little harbour on the upper lake, the horses are also sent forward to the Gap of Dunloe, a mountain pass in Macgillicuddy's Reeks, which he reaches after driving in the carriage round the lower lake, and a few miles beyond. At this ravine he mounts a horse to ride over the mountains, and clambering down on the other side, reaches the extreme point of the upper lake, where entering his boat, he rows through the two lakes back to the point he started from.

From Killarney, which lies on the low shore, one sees the mountains on the other side rising like a dark wall, and reflected in the clear lake that lies like a mirror at their feet; and the prospect was beautiful when a glimpse of it could be caught through the walls, palings, and hedges, that almost shut it out. Near the town, along the lake, runs the hippodrome, or race course of Killarney, for even such small places as this must in Ireland have their race course.

In the villages we passed through, we again saw the little Irish boys running to school, each with his slate and book under one arm, and his sod of turf for the schoolmaster under the other. The ravine, where we found our horses, had no remarkable feature to distinguish it from many others in Scotland and Wales. Macgillicuddy's Reeks,—so called, it is said, from a great Irish landowner, whose

possessions were so extensive, that these mountains were but as *reeks* or hay-ricks to those of other men, are not more than 3404 feet high, although the loftiest in Ireland. The highest points in Scotland are more than 1000 feet above them. As we trotted through the pass, we could not avoid envying a pair of eagles which were hovering high in air over our heads, although we were very well mounted on stout, sagacious, and active little Kerry horses. Their caparison is the most wretched I ever saw, consisting of nothing more than straw plaited together. Straw is indeed much in use throughout Ireland for various purposes;—they take the pigs to market for instance with a wisp of straw round the leg; in other countries too straw is sometimes twisted into the shape of a rope, but a horse with bridle and harness all of straw is a sight to be seen nowhere but in this poorest part of the west of Ireland. Be it remembered also, this was not a mere make shift or the whim of an individual, but a general custom.

The rocks, on either side of the pass, arose to a height of at least 1500 feet, and it was about ten miles long, and presented in its various windings many wildly picturesque points. This wildness of effect is not a little increased by the dark colour of the bog stuff, which covers even the highest points of the rocks and mountains. Not only do large masses of it lie on their broad surfaces and rounded promontories, but every little projection, every little chink and crevice, even of an almost perpendicular wall of rock, is filled and overgrown by it. I would not believe this until I had myself climbed many of the rocks to ascertain it, and even taken out pieces of the turf which had assumed the exact form of the rocky clefts they had filled. It is as if the bog stuff had been floating in the atmosphere, and had been precipitated upon the rocks, or as if it had been poured over them like sauce, and after running into and filling all the holes and crevices, had flowed down into the valleys.

The country people who accompanied us on our tour, informed us that on the northern side of the "Reeks" this substance was found in much larger masses than on the south, and that they were in the habit of going up the mountains to cut their turf. Sometimes it has happened that large beds of turf have got into motion, and slipped downwards, and in many places it is evident that their movements have been stopped by boldly projecting points of rock. Sometimes it appears as if the bog had not so much slipped, as run down the rocks while in a liquid state, leaving long black streaks from the top to the bottom, and a curious effect is often produced by spots and streaks of bright white in immediate contact with them. On examination I found these to consist of a kind of white moss which grows near the turf.

The principal inhabitants of these rocks are a few herdsmen and their goats, who have constantly to dispute the ground with their enemies, the eagles and foxes. The wolf is said to have inhabited these wild regions longer than any other part of the British islands, the last

Irish wolf having been shot in the year 1700, in Macgillycuddy's Reeks, whereas the last was destroyed in Scotland in 1680, and none have been seen in England since 1300, when, in the time of Edward I. many were killed in Yorkshire. Perhaps the gradual extinction of those fierce animals may serve as a standard to measure the progress of civilization in the three countries. The goats are by no means carefully tended by the herdsmen, who indeed seldom look after them much, except once a year, when they collect the herds, take such as are fit for the market, and set the rest at liberty again. They generally calculate that ten out of every fifty will be destroyed by the eagles and foxes, or perish in some way or other among the mountains.

A little river rushes through the Gap of Dunloe over the rocks, and in the middle of the valley several small lakes, of a most remarkable appearance, are formed: namely, the water has the peculiar property of staining all the ground it flows over of a deep black colour, so that now, in the beginning of October, when the waters after an unusually dry season were very low, the black rocky hollow, on the edge of which we were riding, had exactly the appearance of a gigantic inkstand half empty. Had there been at the bottom, among the rugged masses of black rock, some smoke and flame instead of water, we might have imagined we were looking into the dark entrance to the infernal regions. The Irish have named all this part of the pass, with good reason, the "Dark valley."

In many of the rocky clefts we noticed heaps of turf made up ready for the winter, and they are often repositories for the illicit stills used for making the whiskey, known by the name of "mountain dew," for which Kerry is renowned throughout Ireland. The name would have been better suited to the fine rich goats' milk that we got in a little hut in the neighbourhood of the lakes, at the foot of the rocky ridge that crosses the middle of the pass. The snow lies on these mountains till the end of April, and sometimes even as late as the middle of May, but neither the great lakes of Killarney, nor the small lakes in the Gap of Dunloe, ever freeze.

From the rocky ridge above mentioned we looked into another valley, still more romantic, wild, and desolate, than the one we had passed. It also contained lakes of black water, and far and wide nothing was to be seen but huge craggy rocks and bogs. Here and there lay lonely little huts distinguishable by the blue smoke rising from them; but, alas, no fields, trees, or gardens lay round them. In all these wild glens the people speak only the Irish or Erse language.

The effect of the lakes of Killarney, with their banks of soft meadow land and the rich fringe of trees scattered over them, is greatly increased by their lying in the midst of this rocky wilderness. They are also sprinkled over with a number of little grassy and wooded islands, and peninsulas running out far from the main land into the bosom of the lakes, and forming a never-ending variety of straits,

bays, and harbours of fairy proportions. On many of these, wealthy amateurs, delighted with the fantastic and solitary character of the place, have built ornamental cottages, and thrown picturesque bridges over inlets of the lake. The whole crescent of the lakes, from one end to the other, is not more than about nine miles long, and forms undoubtedly one of the most varied and agreeable excursions one can take. The water appears, when looked into, of a dark golden brown colour, but as clear as crystal, so that one can see to a great depth beneath it. When taken up in a glass, it shows no colour. We had a crew of six rowers to our boat, for in Ireland there are always six pair of arms used where two would suffice.

In reading some of the exaggerated English descriptions of the lakes of Killarney, one might fancy them to be really something supernatural. A well-known Irish writer (Wakefield), for instance, expresses himself concerning them in the following manner: "Nature here puts on the wildest and most terrific attire to astonish the gazing spectator, who, lost in wonder and surprise, thinks that he treads on enchanted ground; and whilst he scarcely knows to which side to direct his attention, can hardly believe that the scenes before him are not the effects of delusion, or the airy phantoms of the brain, called into momentary existence by the creative power of a fervid imagination." This is a rare specimen of bombastic nonsense, and if all this is to be said of the lakes of Killarney, what are we to say of others that much exceed them in beauty. Nature is, indeed, almost everywhere more beautiful and attractive than any language can adequately describe; but when we do attempt the description of a country, and of the charms of a particular spot, we must speak by comparison with other places, and not forget the infinite number of lovely spots of earth to which we might do injustice by our immoderate praise of one. Besides, these vague generalities of "enchantments" and "delusions," and "airy phantoms," and "creative imaginations," really describe nothing at all. The realities of stone and wood and earth, which we meet with in nature, are beautiful enough —we do not need to try and lift them into the realms of phantasmagoria, but should do much better, if we would try and give the distant reader some idea of what has excited our admiration, by a faithful representation of the individual features of the scene, often by no means an easy task.

Along the upper lake lies a range of small rocky islets, all surrounded, as well as the shores, with a black stripe, about four or five feet broad, pointing out what has been the height of the water in the summer. Immediately above the black stripe, and in sharpest contrast with it comes a streak of white, of the moss I have already mentioned in speaking of the Gap of Dunloe, and over this again another of yellow furze, which seems to flourish amazingly in these boggy grounds.

Above all comes the beautiful foliage of the arbutus and the oak, the former making, indeed, one of the especial attractions of Kil-

larney. These beautiful shrubs are nowhere so numerous and flourishing as on the lakes and islands of Killarney, and the finest specimens may be seen shooting up among the rocks. The autumn is said to be the most favourable season for viewing them, on account of the endless variety of colours then exhibited by the leaves, and as besides the advantage of this season I had that of fine weather, an uncommon one at Killarney, where it almost always rains, I certainly had reason to consider myself fortunate.

Many of the islands are covered only with weeds and bog, and cannot for a moment be compared with the Isola Madre, Isola Bella, or others in the Italian lakes.

Amongst the bold promontories of the Glenna mountain, which project in lofty and commanding forms upon the lake, is one more steep and apparently inaccessible than the rest, called the Eagle's rock, because a pair of eagles have for many years had a nest upon its summit. The people of the country, however, contrive to rob the poor birds every year of their young, and sell them to this or that nobleman, who generally pays four or five pounds for the stolen goods. In the space of two or three miles, we were told, there were known to be five eagles' nests. A regular trade is carried on in the young birds, who are sent to England. Between the 15th of June and the 1st of July, they are old enough to be brought up by the hand, and this, therefore, is the time when the robberies begin. The rocks on which the nests are built, are usually so steep and dangerous, that they can only be reached by ropes from above. The people watch for the departure of the old birds, who fly away at regular hours in search of food. The men are then let down, in baskets, to deprive the feathery parents of the objects of their tender care. It happens sometimes, however, that the business is not accomplished before the birds return, and then a desperate conflict takes place with the spoilers, who come provided for such a contingency with an old sabre or a pistol.

For twenty years, our boatmen informed us, they had regularly robbed the nest on the Eagle's rock, and for twenty years the same birds had regularly returned and laid and hatched their eggs there. They are the oldest birds in the whole district, and can be distinguished by the paler colour of their feathers. Generally for a week after they have been deprived of their offspring, the bereaved parents hover screaming round the empty nest, but they never seem to grow wiser by experience, or to seek for their progeny some better asylum from the ruthless rapacity of man. The men all agreed that whenever a tamed eagle escaped and returned to its native rocks it was sure to be attacked and torn to pieces by the wild ones.

Through a narrow channel, along which the water rushed with great rapidity, overshadowed by beautiful trees, and spanned by the half-decayed arches of an ancient bridge, we entered, after some hours rowing, the Turk Lake, landing here and there to view some

fine trees or try a remarkable echo, and then passed through another narrow strait into the large lake, on one of whose grassy banks under an old arbutus tree, we spread our noonday meal. The cold meat, the ale, and the mountain dew were fully appreciated by me and my companion, but our six rowers, though they accepted thankfully the food, seriously and resolutely declined both the ale and the spirits, asserting that they were all temperance men. We tried to overcome their objections to the ale, as it had been very cold on the water, and we thought it would do them good, but they remained firm, said it was "no temptation at all," and that they would rather drink water. The officer and I really felt ashamed of our self-indulgence in the presence of these abstinent people, and consumed a much smaller quantity of the "alcoholic drinks" than we should have done but for the reproving example before us. My friend had witnessed many of the beneficial effects of temperance in the army, and maintained that the Irish soldiers had become much improved in their discipline, and the crimes and punishments in his regiment had diminished more than one half, since Father Mathew's reform. In the "old drinking time" he had had every day some trouble and vexation in the barracks, but now he could enjoy his fourteen days' furlough without being harassed by anxieties about the behaviour of his men.

The stories of eagles, with which we had been entertained on the Upper Lake, were exchanged, when we entered the lower one, for traditions of a certain renowned O'Donaghue, once a powerful knight or king, who lived ages ago, in a beautiful castle on its shores. His castle lies in ruins, but the fame of his deeds still lives in the memories of the people; and in the fantastic variety of forms assumed by the rocks and crags, they fancy they can still find traces of his domestic life. One rock goes by the name of O'Donaghue's pigeon-house; another, a cavern, now almost filled with the omnipresent bog stuff, is called O'Donaghue's prison; but the most curious of all is O'Donaghue's library, which presents a number of thin, narrow, rocky shelves, with torn scattered fragments lying on them, that really have some resemblance to confused heaps of books. "Even the Holy Bible lies there at the top," said one of our rowers, pointing to a thick stone shaped very much like a large book, and "that's his Lexicon" said another, "and a number of hard words there is in it."

On a fine morning, before the first rays of the sun have begun to scatter the night fogs from the bosom of the lake, O'Donaghue himself, I was told, comes riding over it on a beautiful snow-white horse, to look after his household business, while fairies hover before him, and strew his path with flowers. As he approaches, everything returns to its former state of magnificence, and his castle, his library, his prison, and his pigeon-house, are restored to a perfect state. Whoever has courage to follow him over the lake, can cross even the deepest parts dry-shod, and may ride with him into the

opposite mountains, where his treasures are concealed, and from which, in such a case, the daring visiter may expect a liberal present; but before the sun has risen, O'Donaghue again crosses the water, and vanishes amidst the ruins of his castle.

The most interesting of the islands of this large lake is that which bears the name of Innisfallen. It is also the largest of all, and is overgrown with the finest old trees, which lie in scattered groups as in a park, and the wide spaces between them afford the finest pasturage for cows and sheep. Many of the trees are oaks, but the greater number are magnificent old ash trees, and I also saw here a holly tree, older and larger than any I had ever seen in my life. It was twelve feet in circumference, and had gigantic far-spreading branches, like an oak. I could not help comparing it mentally with the little, wretched, stunted hollies, that drag on a sickly existence in the Jardin des Plantes, in Paris, where every care is taken of them. One of the mighty ash trees had been torn up by the roots in a storm of the preceding winter, and had carried with it a mass of rock, twenty feet in circumference, round which its roots had entwined themselves, and which, as it lay prostrate, it still held firmly clasped. There are also the ruins of an ancient abbey, and many beautiful thickets of evergreens, on this island, which Thomas Moore has remembered in his lines:

"Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well,
May calm and sunshine long be thine,
How fair thou art let others tell,
While but to feel how fair be mine."

After rowing about fourteen miles, we landed at length by the ruins of Ross Castle, which lie, not far from Killarney, immediately on the shores of the lake, and from whose wall one enjoys a delightful prospect of the lakes and their islands. The ruined walls are overgrown with ivy, and the vast proportions of the old hall-chimney indicate the huge size of the logs that formerly held the place of coals at an Englishman's fireside.

FROM KILLARNEY TO BANTRY.

The visiters of Killarney are accustomed to take six or eight days to enjoy at leisure all the beauties of the neighbourhood, to visit the ruins of several castles, climb the high mountains of Mangerton, and dip their fingers into the little lake of perpetually ice-cold water, called the Devil's Punch-bowl.

So detailed a study of the spot, however, hardly suited the plans of one who intended to make the tour of Europe, and I therefore left Killarney the next morning, to proceed to Cork, by the way of Kenmare and Bantry; but as the mail-car went at rather a late hour, I left my luggage, and preceded it on foot, that I might have an opportunity of visiting the ruins of Mucruss Abbey, which lie on one side of the road. They are surrounded by stately old trees,

and a beautiful park, belonging to a wealthy proprietor, whose name I forget, and may be cited as an example of what I have said concerning the picturesque situation of Irish ruins. The walls are still tolerably high, and here and there thickly covered with ivy. In the midst of the inner court of the cloisters stood the finest and most handsome Irish yew-tree I had ever seen. Its fan-like branches overshadowed the entire court, and rested on the margin of the ruined walls. Another court, and the chapel of the abbey, like most ecclesiastical ruins in this country, are filled with the monuments of the dead. I saw inscribed on some of these the names of Macarthy, O'Donaghue, and of other once powerful families, but my cicerone—an old woman clothed in rags—informed me that the remains of the kings of the country rested beneath them. Never have I beheld a more exquisite little picture than these ruins made, and had a Ruisdael painted them just as they lay before me, he would certainly have produced a worthy companion to his celebrated Churchyard. The interior of the chapel, and the high arched gateways, were draperied with ivy, but the roof was entirely gone, and the bright sunlight everywhere broke through the waving branches of the luxuriant trees.

At length the mail-car arrived, and carried me away from Mucruss Abbey. Mangerton lay high and clear before us, and from its summit arose a little cloud like a pillar of smoke.

"That looks as if the Devil was brewing his morning drink in his punch-bowl," said our driver, as he helped me up. "He don't belong to our temperance society, for he's got a bowl for his punch that would shame all the teapots in Ireland put together."

The first part of our journey was but a repetition of that of yesterday, for the road ran close along the margin of the lake, although the points of view were certainly somewhat varied: afterwards, however, it began to wind in and out by a new way through the Turk mountain. This fine new road, through one of the wildest and most desolate regions of western Ireland, where, for a thousand years or more, people had been content to cross the mountain on horses with straw bridles, is evidently not the work of the wretched Celtic inhabitants of the district, although they are not insensible to its advantages. These roads are some of the benefits which Ireland reaps from the English. From these improved roads have arisen other improvements, which the Irish will probably hardly feel disposed to regard as such,—namely, the new police stations, which are always erected upon them. These roads may, in fact, be considered in something like the same light as the patrol roads made by the Austrians through the half-barbarous countries of their military frontier. We visited the police station that lay on our way, and found it a new, handsome, spacious building, that at a distance looked like a little castle. It lay on a high commanding point of the mountain, and beyond it the road began again to descend. Far around, the country had an air of romantic desolation that again reminded me of the

military stations on the Austrian frontier, which are frequently placed on most picturesque spots in the wilderness. The house contained eight policemen of the constabulary force,—an armed force now distributed over all Ireland for the prevention of crime, the discovery and seizure of criminals, the protection of property, and the preservation of the public peace. It consists of eight thousand men, disciplined like soldiers, commanded by district inspectors, provincial inspectors, and inspectors-general, and distributed over the country in small parties of from five to eight men.

Their uniform is much plainer and darker than that of the military, but they are armed with muskets and sabres, and are allowed to make use of the bayonet as a dagger. This police force, therefore, is but a military garrison under another name, and since the finest and strongest men, and those of the most unblemished character, are selected for the service, and sent into every corner of the country to form the most intimate acquaintance with its inhabitants, there is no doubt that in case of a war or a rebellion, it would be worth more than an army of thirty thousand men.

The sergeant, who commanded at this post, informed me that his district embraced an immense extent of naked mountains, and did not contain more than two hundred and twenty inhabitants, for whom eight armed policemen seemed a large proportion. And yet the county of Kerry is reckoned one of the least disturbed parts of Ireland. The poor mountaineers are not quarrelsome or refractory, and although they have the most violent party man of their country, Daniel O'Connell, in the midst of them, they have fewer party fights than the people of almost any other county in Ireland.

The most disturbed county of all Ireland, as is well known, is Tipperary, where there is a police-station at every three or four miles. These men, who are very well paid, are as often Irish as English, or indeed, as far as I have seen, more frequently the former. There are also many Irishmen amongst the police of London, for the English are often somewhat averse to this service.

When one hears in Ireland of disturbed counties, one fancies at first there must have been lately a rebellion in the country. Not at all. To be disturbed, is the regular and habitual condition of this unfortunate country. Riots, party fights, murders from revenge, are more or less the order of the day; it is a state of things we have no idea of, in which a whole population is engaged in a general conspiracy, and at every moment prepared for rebellion.

Every fifty years or so, these discontents break out into a bloody insurrection. This I am told has been the ordinary condition of Ireland, ever since its conquest by the English—a condition to which I believe the whole history of modern civilized Europe can afford no parallel.

As far as our eyes could reach over the hills and valleys of Kerry, they presented nothing but a naked and desolate rocky waste, of a uniform dull gray. No tree was to be seen, but here and there a

crippled birch. Small lakes of dark water, with perfectly barren shores, lay scattered over this mountainous waste, and occasionally a little variety was afforded by a stretch of heath, tinged with a reddish colour; and a patch of green potatoes, round a cabin from which smoke was rising, showed here and there like an oasis in the desert. This is the general character of the scenery over the whole of the western districts of Ireland and Scotland.

In the midst of this wilderness, the road branches off towards the residence of the most conspicuous man in Ireland, to Derrynane Abbey, the seat of Daniel O'Connell. It lies at the extreme point of a peninsula jutting out into the Atlantic Ocean. About the neighbouring country lie the seats of his sons, and various connections, and some miles farther the village of Cahirciveen, the place of his birth. The O'Connells are an old Irish race, and many of them are still possessed of considerable landed property; but the branch from which Daniel sprung were originally poor, and hold their estates only as middlemen from the great head landlords. Derrynane is one of the many Abbeys in Ireland, which, since the time of Henry VIII. and Cromwell, have either been turned into family mansions, or have fallen into ruins. The hospitality of O'Connell is celebrated over the whole country, and his seat, when he resides there, is the rendezvous of many strangers. Even his enemies have sometimes been compelled to acknowledge his courtesy in this respect. This happened recently, to some ladies and gentlemen, belonging to a well-known high Tory family, who, travelling late one autumn evening along a cross road, in the vicinity of Derrynane Abbey, had the misfortune to break their carriage. The damage done to it was so great that the servants declared it was impossible to proceed; and whilst its previous occupants toiled on, on foot, through wind and rain, towards a house whose lights they had seen at a distance, they were met by persons sent to their assistance by its hospitable owner, who had been made aware of the accident. "Our master," they said, "begs that you will do him the honour to make use of his house, as long as it suits your convenience."

"We are most thankful to your master for his kindness," answered the way-worn travellers. "May we inquire his name?" "Our master is Mr. Daniel O'Connell, and this is Derrynane Abbey!" came like a clap of thunder upon the party, some of whom had been for thirty years in the habit of bestowing upon "Dan," as they call him, a variety of appellations, of which "regular robber" had been one of the mildest.

To the ladies especially, who had formed to themselves at a distance the most frightful representations of him, the idea of actually meeting him face to face was most formidable. Yet, what was to be done? Behind them lay the broken equipage, and the deep miry roads of Kerry; far and wide not even a hut was to be seen,—the fierce November wind roared over from the Atlantic Ocean, the

"Scotch mist" had already pierced through the silk mantles of the ladies, and before them lay the refuge of the comfortable "robber's cave." Hesitating and trembling, they approached the Abbey, and met the dreaded master of it standing at the hall-door, prepared to give them the most friendly reception. They remained at Derrynane that evening, and the whole of the next day, and were no less astonished than delighted at the amiable manners of their host.

In speaking of the domestic life of O'Connell, he is frequently praised for his anxiety to avoid the agitating theme of politics in the presence of his guests, and in this respect his conduct resembles that of most political men and heads of parties in England, who always endeavour to banish the strife of politics from their firesides. In France, on the contrary, it is precisely in the salons, soirées, and family circles that these things are most zealously discussed.

The high land along which our road had lain declined at length near Kenmare, to the level of the shore, and across a wide arm of the sea we obtained a view of the opening to the Atlantic Ocean.

"Westward from this point," the Irish say, "there is no land but America!" and in fact the Irish ought to have been the discoverers of it, for except Iceland, Ireland lies much nearer to that continent than any European country. These long, narrow peninsulas of Kerry stretch out a degree and a half further than the Spanish promontories, and exactly at this latitude Newfoundland and Labrador extend towards the east further than any land of North America, except the icy shores of Greenland. Had Ireland been peopled by the enterprising Northmen, they would probably have found their way to the central parts of the American continent as early, as from Iceland and Norway, they did to those inhospitable and iron-bound coasts.

The Azores lie near enough to the same latitude to form a convenient middle station, but the Celts were incapable of following the course of discovery thus pointed out by nature, and it was not till the stream of the Germanic races flowed over their country that they too were borne to the opposite coasts of the Atlantic Ocean.

The Kenmare river, on which lies the little town of the same name, is one of the most remarkable in the world. It is a little monster of a river, formed by three or four insignificant brooks only a few miles in length, that uniting just above the town of Kenmare form a river more than a mile broad, which widens into a breadth of three, four, and five miles, before it falls into the Atlantic. The wonder may, however, be explained as a little anomaly of Irish geography, which calls that a river that would more properly have been styled Kenmare Bay.

The town is the property of the Earl of Kenmare, to whom also belongs the whole town of Killarney.

These Irish towns in fact all belong, not to the citizens who inhabit them, but to certain great landed proprietors. Thus Tralee

belongs to the family of Denny, Waterford to the Marquis of Waterford, and even Belfast, a town with 60,000 inhabitants, is the property of one man, the Marquis of Donegal.

At Kenmare we found a suspension bridge, the only one in Ireland. The peninsula on the opposite side of the river was, however, just as barren and desolate as the one we had just left. Some of the mountains scattered over it are called the Glanerought mountains, and one is styled the Hungry Hill, an appellation extremely suitable to all the hills of Kerry. On the map are here laid down several rivers, which, although it was not the time of year when they were likely to be dry, I could not discover. Not even one of the little brooks was to be seen, in which our wood-covered German hills are so abounding. The deposits of moisture from the atmosphere remain mostly in the morasses and bogs above described, and the hills and mountains may be regarded as huge sponges, which suck up the humidity at some seasons and at others become again dry and withered. They contain very few perennial springs.

The plant which flourishes most here is the furze, whose yellow blossoms frequently enliven the dark valleys, and burst from the chinks and crevices of the rocks.

These wild regions have never been better cultivated, or more thickly peopled, than they are at present, nor will probably be so for many years to come. The Irish patriots talk indeed of the beautiful thick forests with which their island was once covered, but the assigned grounds for such a belief appear to me to be only a few uncertain traditions, and occasional expressions of some old writers. Such small islands as Madeira may possibly have been deprived of their timber by wilful waste or accident, but a forest as extensive as Ireland could not be obliterated from the face of the earth, by the hand of man, in the course of a few centuries, even though, as has probably been the case in Ireland, these centuries had passed in ceaseless discord and contention. Ireland may indeed have formerly had much more wood than it has at present, and the large trunks of trees found in the bogs prove this; but I protest only against the notion that this rocky desert was ever covered by the endless beautiful groves I have heard spoken of. Besides the patches of potatoes before mentioned, the landscape was here adorned by a not less pleasing feature, namely, the new school buildings which rose on the waste. Even the road here is entirely new, not having been completed above a year and a half. Extraordinary difficulties opposed themselves to its formation; in many places rocks had to be blasted, and at the highest point a tunnel had to be cut through a mountain; and yet this is by no means the only undertaking of the kind completed within these few years in Ireland.

I had hitherto occupied the entire cushioned bench of the mail car, and I rejoiced when, as we were crossing a mountain, a woman jumped up and placed herself beside me. She was a Sullivan,—a

name as common in Kerry as that of O'Brien in Clare, or Bleunerhasset in Tralee. The lower members of the clan are called by the simple name, but the more distinguished mark their superior rank by the addition of O,—as O'Sullivan. Another family most widely extended in Kerry is that of the McCarthys, and I was informed that there were few people in the county who did not belong to one or other of the two clans.

The woman was smoking, and had a lighted piece of turf in her hand, which she said she was going to carry to her husband, who was at work at a little potatoe field up among the rocks. As I looked at her once or twice, she took her pipe from her mouth and offered it to me, but, sorry as I was, I felt compelled to decline the courtesy. Strange, that all the world over so much politeness should be connected with this stinking weed. From the wigwam of the savage to the luxurious apartment of the Turk, or the elegant saloon of Paris, tobacco, in some form or other, meets us everywhere as a token of civility, and the snuff-box handed to a stranger has just the same signification in civilized Europe as the pipe of peace in the hut of the Indian.

At the top of the mountain Mrs. Sullivan got down from the car, and began to climb up the rocks with her lighted piece of turf in her hand, by the smoke of which we long distinguished her path. Wherever an Irishman is found there we are also sure to find potatoes and a smoking turf fire.

Through broken and blasted rocks we reached at length the point where the road-makers seem to have wearied of winding in a zigzag direction up the mountain, and to have resolved boldly to cut their way through it.

After entering the tunnel we turned our backs upon Kerry, and issuing forth at its southern extremity, we beheld the county of Cork lying before us lit by the rays of a brilliant sun.

This is the largest county in Ireland, as the stranger hears from almost every one he meets, as long as he remains in it. It contains no less than 1,800,000 acres of land, that is, about nine times as much as Louth, the smallest county. Many parts of it are as wild and uncultivated as the districts I have described in Kerry, and the usual estimate is, that about three-fifths only of the land are under tillage, the remaining two-fifths consisting of unimproved mountain and bog. In Kerry one-half is rock and moorland. The best cultivated county in Ireland is Meath, lying to the west of Dublin, and the most uncultivated Donegal, in the north, for it contains no less than 650,000 acres of waste land to 560,000 under cultivation. On the whole, rather more than one-fourth of all Ireland may be considered as waste mountain and bog. On the average, every acre of land in Ireland produces, one with another, a rental of twelve shillings and ninepence. In Kerry and Donegal, however, an acre is not worth more than six shillings, that is to say, less than the half

of the average value, whilst in the counties near Dublin it brings above twenty shillings—more than three times the rent of the wild districts.

At the very entrance to the county of Cork we come to another celebrated little Paradise,—the mountainous district of Glengariff. Here we meet with innumerable cars laden with sea-sand proceeding into the interior. It is found very useful to mix with the cold clay and the acrid bog earth; as the Irish say, "the sea-sand cuts up the clay," and without it much of the land now under cultivation would be entirely useless. The fine new roads make the transport of this article much easier than it was formerly, and contribute, therefore, not a little to the improvement of the agriculture of the country. The sand from Bantry Bay, called "coral sand," is thought especially advantageous. It consists, in a great measure, of broken shells and chalk.

The valleys of Glengariff are richly wooded and sprinkled with many pretty country houses, and the bay on which the village lies is as full of islands as the lakes of Killarney.

This is the renowned Bantry bay, so spacious, so deep, so tranquil, and so well sheltered on all sides, that it is said all the fleets in the world might safely anchor in it. It was in this bay that, towards the close of the last century, the French attempted a landing; here that, according to Thomas Moore, the colonists from Spain landed above a thousand years ago; and here, too, in all probability, the Phœnicians first set foot in Ireland, at some unknown period.

The prospect from the mountains over these waters is truly charming, and just as much so the road running round the bay, into which several little rivers pour their waters, while several inlets of the sea run far into the land. We crossed them by bridges overgrown by rich draperies of ivy, and several small islands were connected with the main land in a similar way. The steep headlands running out into the sea were often covered with potatoes to their farthest points, and sometimes with turf. In one of the little creeks we found a boat laden with oysters, generally very abundant on the western coasts of Ireland. For sixpence we bought such a quantity that some of our company overeat themselves, and had to remain behind, indisposed, at Bantry. Apropos of oysters, whenever I eat them in Ireland, somebody was sure to tell me a certain story of a man, who, having been advised to eat oysters by way of exciting an appetite, complained to his doctor that though he eat a hundred every day before dinner he had not noticed that his appetite was a bit better than it used to be. As this anecdote never failed to be told me on such occasions, I suppose I must set it down as a national Irish oyster anecdote.

BANTRY AND A VISIT TO IRISH BEGGARS.

The town of Bantry, lying on a little elegantly formed bay, curving from the great one, is a very pretty place, and so I have generally found the towns lying immediately on the coast of Ireland. Idleness, disorder, poverty, dirt, decay, and ruin exist to a far greater extent in the interior. There is in the very nature of the sea something essentially fresh, healthy, and animating, that acts, perhaps, with a beneficent influence on those who dwell along its shores.

The fisheries of Bantry bay were formerly celebrated, but now, as of so many other European fisheries, we hear that they are no longer so productive as they were, either because the fish has greatly diminished in quantity, or that it has taken another direction. If this branch of industry have declined, however, another kind of fishing, that for sea-sand, is much on the advance. Formerly there were but few vessels employed in it, but now the number has so much increased that it has been deemed advisable to build a separate quay for them, along which I saw them lying in a long row. The greater activity manifested of late in the improvement and extension of Irish agriculture has given the great impulse to this branch of trade.

Even in this comparatively flourishing place, however, there are beggars and rags enough, as we found to our cost when we entered the fish market, which is a court surrounded by walls. Scarcely had I and my companions entered this place than we were surrounded by twenty or thirty beggars, who closed the iron gates behind us and declared they would not let us out again till we had purchased our freedom. As we hesitated about complying with a demand made in this style, the fishwomen came to the rescue and drove away the beggars, but only to plant themselves before the door and declare that the tribute to be paid belonged of right to them.

The town belongs to the Earl of Bantry, whose son, Lord Berehaven, takes his title from an island lying in the bay. Both these noblemen were absent, although they do not belong to the class of absentees, but usually reside here on their charming domains.

We paid a visit to their castle, which lies on the sea shore at the distance of an agreeable walk, but the housekeeper made at first some difficulty about showing it, as "my lord" was "very particular, and the castle was *all papered up.*" The idea of an entire castle wrapped in paper certainly excited my curiosity, and having found means to overcome the scruples of the housekeeper, we entered, and found, as it had been described, every thing from top to bottom of the house wrapped in paper—that is, in the great sheets of the Cork Constitutional, the paper of the largest circulation in this part of Ireland. The chairs and tables, the chandeliers, the

walls, the bannisters, the door handles, the doors themselves, all were confided to the protection of the Cork Constitutional, to preserve them from dust or injury in the absence of the family. Even a metal figure of St. Patrick, and some antique metal dishes, hanging on the wall near it, were carefully wrapped up. The latter were said to be Spanish, but I could find nothing about them to indicate such an origin.

The entire mansion, though of great antiquity, wanted nothing of modern elegance and comfort; the English alone understand how to make themselves really comfortable in one of these old castles.

My companion, a gentleman from Londonderry with whom I had agreed to join company for the journey through Cork, related to me, in the evening, a remarkable case of temperance that had come under his observation in a servant of his own, who, though a quick clever fellow, had formerly been a sad drunkard. He (the master) had tried all means to reform him, had exhorted, threatened, and even promised him rewards for remaining sober, but all had been in vain, and regarding him as quite incorrigible, he had at last dismissed him. One day, however, the man made his appearance decorated with Father Mathew's temperance medal, and begged to be received into his former place, declaring that he had become a temperance man, was going to take the pledge, and had made up his mind never to drink again. Knowing the character of the Irish, the master received the penitent, perfectly confident that he should find him an altered man; nor was he deceived, for from that time the former sot continued a sober, useful, and exemplary servant.

I tell this anecdote merely because thousands like it meet one at every turn, and prove the astonishing change from black to white, which has suddenly been effected throughout Ireland by Father Mathew. These anecdotes throw a remarkable light on the Irish character, and on the temperance cause, and I think one cannot hear them too often. The testimony of my landlord at Killarney here occurred to me again. He declared that he had formerly had so much trouble owing to the drunkenness and quarrelling of his people, that he had never slept soundly until within the last two or three years, that is, since the temperance movement began. Now, he told me, he no longer dreaded the Saturday as a regular day of riot, when his boatmen often used to spend all they had earned in the previous week. Now they all came home sober, the horses and the boats were properly taken care of, and as if by enchantment every thing went on in quiet and order.

My companion told me, he had a few weeks ago been at the fair at Donegal, where at least 10,000 people were assembled, and where formerly rioting, fighting, and drunkenness, had been the order of the day; this year nothing of the kind had come to his knowledge. It was "like enchantment," he said.

As my friend was rather fatigued, he retired early, and I went out alone to take a walk late in the evening on the sea-shore, and

soon perceived a something, I could not make out what, moving before me. As it passed a house some rays of light from a window discovered to me a strange kind of head gear decorated with flowers, which I recollected to have been worn by a beggar woman whom I had seen in the fish-market. She was one of the mob who had closed the gates behind us, and in the wildness and eagerness of her gesticulations had suggested to me some doubts of her sanity, a suspicion somewhat confirmed by the fantastic character of her attire. She wore a yellow petticoat, the tattered remains of a large red shawl, which she trailed behind her in the dust like a train, and a man's round hat, with a broad brim decorated with a garland of artificial flowers. In her hand she carried a stout stick, by the aid of which she moved swiftly along. Altogether she reminded me of a character in one of Walter Scott's novels, as these half insane oddly decorated beggars always do, for she was by no means the only one of the class I had seen in Ireland.

Mary Sullivan, for that was her name, was now proceeding in a very quiet orderly manner along the shore of Bantry bay; at last I approached and bade her good evening, and she made a perfectly civil reply. It appeared that her business for the day was over, and, although she still wore the costume of her part, she had left the stage, and was on the point of returning to her private abode. As she said it was situated not far from the town, on the shores of the bay, I offered to accompany her to it, for I had a wish to see the dwelling of an Irish beggar at night.

We crossed some broken rocky ground, and at last, as it seemed to me, turned quite out of the beaten path, but Mary Sullivan said there was no other way, so on we went. She said if I would give her my hand she would lead me in safety to the hut, which it appeared belonged, not to her, but to her sister. These poor people generally prefer a wild looking place to live in; they seem to think they are more independent if their abodes are not very accessible, and the benefits of the great undertakings of the English in road making, are by no means so universally acknowledged by the Irish as we might suppose. We reached at last the hut of the Sullivans, which stood on a naked rocky ground, washed by the waters of Bantry bay, and crept in. The Irish are a very religious people, and have all kinds of pretty pious salutations always at hand. If they pass people at work in a field the regular form is "God bless your work;" and the answer "Save you too." If one praises a person or even a thing, or more especially a child, one must never forget to add "God bless it," for praise always seems suspicious to an Irishman, and, unless accompanied by an invocation of God's blessing, it appears to him to indicate a desire either to possess it oneself or to destroy it by calling towards it the attention of fairies and bad spirits, who are always on the look out for what is beautiful. An Irish mother would rather hear a stranger say, "What a nasty screaming, disagreeable brat your child is" than "What a charming little

angel you've got there," unless he instantly warned off the bad spirits by adding "God bless him." As they never forget to ask a blessing, they are also most diligent in returning thanks. "Thanks to the great God," is a phrase often in their mouths, and certainly I believe in their hearts also. They often utter this thanksgiving even when speaking of a misfortune, as "I've lost my poor dear little child, thanks to the great God," a phrase that always reminded me of the Russian "*slawa bogu*," which generally closes every story.

We crept into the hut of the Sullivans with the usual salutation of "God save you all," and heard the response "God save you kindly" from the sister of Mary Sullivan and her half-grown daughter, who were crouching over a turf fire boiling potatoes. A little girl and boy were lying on the ground in company with some pigs, and gnawing a half raw potato which they had taken from the pot.

The hut was lighted partly by the fire, and partly by a dim lamp, that hung from a rafter. The lamp was a large sea shell, filled with fish oil, in which was burning a rush wick.

The father was not at home, having been for some days upon the water, helping to collect coral sand, but another strangely sounding voice came from the corner of the hovel, which had taken no part in the pious salutation. I asked who was moaning there. "It is my eldest son, your honour," was the reply, "he's an idiot—thank the great God—and he often moans so the whole day long." By the feeble glimmer of the lamp I now recognised a poor creature, who seemed to me more miserable and helpless than almost any I had ever beheld. It was a young man about twenty years of age, lying in a sort of box, representing a bed, and which was indeed the best bed the hut contained. He had under him straw and rags, and a pillow for his head, but he lay sobbing and trembling all over. His mother showed me some parts of his miserable frame. His arms and legs were like those of a skeleton, and several of his fingers had grown together. As we touched him he lifted up his head, and gazed at us with a vacant look.

"He has been so from his birth, your honour," said the mother. "For twenty years we have been obliged to feed him so, without his being able to do the least thing for us."

"And yet you love him?" said I to the poor mother, thinking perhaps that an unfortunate creature like this could hardly be attended to in the midst of such poverty.

"Love him? to be sure your honour. Is'nt he my own son, God bless him. Eh, Mavourneen, look up then," she added, raising him carefully up, and laying his head on her arm, while she stroked his crippled hand. "I'm the only one, sir, that understands his language. He never asks after any body but me. I give him every morning his potatoes, and, when I've got any, milk and porridge. You see he's got a better bed than any of us. Don't sob so, darling."

Mary Sullivan, the old aunt of the idiot, had, in the meantime, hung upon a peg her flower-adorned hat, and the other parts of her

costume, and taken from her pocket some potatoes and a fish, which had probably been given to her. The potatoes she laid at the corner of the fire which she seemed to consider as her own, hung the fish up by a wire over it to roast, and then took out her pipe and began to smoke. She told me, in answer to my question, that she spent about a halfpenny a-day in tobacco, that is fifteen shillings a-year, which, for a beggar, appeared to me to be no inconsiderable sum. For a halfpenny one can buy, in Ireland, a large piece of bread; and I could not help wishing that some second Father Mathew might arise, to preach a total abstinence from tobacco, and induce the poor Irish women to expend what it costs them in wholesome food for themselves or their children.

Tenderness and hospitality are the universal characteristics of the Irish. They have also a certain easy politeness of manner towards strangers, which, in the higher classes, somewhat resembles that of the Parisians, but is met with just as often in the huts of the poorest beggars. In many countries, the stranger who enters the hut of a poor family, is stared at in dumb astonishment by the inmates, till they become familiar with him. Not so in Ireland. Dirty and ragged as they are, they offer what they have, without embarrassment, to the most fashionably-dressed visiter; and although they never forget the respectful address, "your honour," yet they always appear to consider him what he really is—their guest and equal.

When I parted from the Sullivans, I was accompanied to the door by many a warm "God speed ye," and by the most cordial thanks for the honour I had done them by my visit, and for the sympathy I had expressed for the unfortunate son and brother. The two little ones had, in the meantime, lighted a couple of dry fagots, by way of torches, and accompanied me out over their irregular mountain path. When at last I drove them back, and bade them farewell; I saw them for some time standing together on the hill-top, throwing the light of their torches before me on my path, while their clear, sharp, childish voices echoed around, as they shouted, "Take care, your honour! take care. God speed ye!"

FROM BANTRY TO CORK.

The next morning, although the day had not yet dawned, our travelling car was already surrounded by a troop of beggars. Hunger had driven the poor creatures to work at their dreary trade before the dawn. I did not notice Mary Sullivan's garlanded hat among the crowd. Probably, living with her sister, she was a little better off than the rest, and could sleep and smoke a little longer.

Among these beggars was an old man of particularly miserable appearance, who was wheeled about on a barrow. He constantly kept whining out, from among the crowd, in a weak voice, his me-

lancholy song, which consisted of these words: "Hundred and five years old! Blind and weak! And a hundred and five years old!" His miserable appearance gained him the victory over all the rest, and he got the little which we had to give. As I got into the car, I noticed that the little boy who wheeled the old man about pushed his arm, and told him that a good gentleman had thrown some halfpence into his barrow. "God bless him! Long life to him! God save his honour! God carry him home!" accompanied us on our way, murmured in a trembling voice by the poor old human century.

Our way from Bantry to Cork—about fifty miles in length—lay through a very barren and uninteresting country, which is not much better cultivated than Kerry, and which wants the interesting diversity of hill and dale, and steep declivity, presented by that country. A wilderness can only be attractive when mountainous, and a plain can only please when carefully cultivated. The only exception to the dreary monotony of this road is the little town of Bandon, lying on the Bandon river, which is prettily embosomed in trees, and whose environs are adorned with neat villas and country seats. Bandon, I am told, is as famous in the south of Ireland for the order, tranquillity, and loyalty of its citizens, as Londonderry is in the north. I do not know the reason of this with respect to Bandon. With respect to Londonderry, the explanation will be found in its origin. The town was founded by a colony of Londoners, and may consequently have brought with it the germ of a loyal and peaceable disposition from the city of the Thames. "Loyal Derry" is its name all over Ireland.

The best thing on this road is the cheap rate at which one may travel upon it. We drove fifty miles here for three-and-sixpence, which is not a penny a mile, while on the road from Killarney to Bantry we paid twice the money for half the distance. On that road, which I was told was quite a new one, there existed no busy intercourse and no competition, while on the Bantry and Cork road "a great opposition" was going on. Two rival cars had been established, and vied with one another in speed of transport and lowness of price. This competition, however, had only been going on for the last two years.

The principal owner and improver of cars in Ireland is an Italian called Bianconi, whose extensive speculations have made his name so famous, that he well deserves mention, especially as he is one of the rare instances of a foreigner whose speculative ingenuity has beat the English within their own territory. This remarkable man, whose horses and cars now occupy almost all the roads in Ireland, was originally one of those little Italian boys who abound in all the towns of the kingdom, and who wander about either with barrel-organs or with plaster images. As he was a frugal and industrious boy, he soon prospered with his images, and was able to buy other kinds of merchandize. To carry about all his goods on his own back soon became too troublesome, and he bought a little donkey

and donkey-cart. When the donkey became unequal to the increasing press of business, he bought a horse. This horse he did not, however, always use, and when he could spare it, he let it out on hire for money and civil words. He soon found that the hire of the horse brought him in more than the profit on his wares, and he therefore bought another horse, in order to let one out on hire, while he continued his business with the other. At the same time he improved his cart, so that he could transport a few passengers in it along with his goods. In this manner he gradually established himself as a car driver in the town of Clonmel, which lies north-east of Cork.

At first he drove only to and from places at a little distance from Clonmel, such as Cork, Kilkenny, &c. For this purpose he built large, open, convenient cars resting on springs, such as I have above described. In these long, narrow vehicles, which are capable of containing a great many travellers and goods, he was enabled to transport passengers at a very low price. He promoted, also, the establishment of many other conveyance-cars, and drove, or rather had carmen who drove, on many roads where, till then, no regular modes of conveyance had existed. While thus he bought horse after horse, built car after car, and took carman after carman into his service, he gradually intersected all Ireland with his conveyances, and established his business on a grander scale than had ever before been seen. He now possesses no less than 600 large cars and 1500 horses in constant employment. He has become not only a very wealthy, but quite a great man in the country, and his countrymen by adoption praise his benevolence no less than his sagacity.

Mr. Bianconi has had little maps of Ireland engraved, on which are traced the routes pursued by all his cars, and he has employed artists to illustrate his enterprizes. There is a whole series of engravings, known by the name of the "Bianconi cars," which are met with in all parts of Ireland. One represents the packing up and getting ready of one of these singular conveyances; a second, its arrival at one of Bianconi's inns; a third, Bianconi's passengers surprised by a shower of rain; a fourth, the whole car with its four horses, and all its goods and passengers, briskly traversing a mountain road; a fifth, a car changing horses in the midst of a wide, dreary wilderness of bog and morass, while the passengers are dismounting to take a little exercise, &c. &c.

CORK.

The Kerry men are, as has been said, intelligent, but poor, and somewhat clownish in their manners; the Limerick people are good-looking and polite; the Dublin people are obliging and hospitable, and the most polite and refined of all the Irish. "And what are the Cork people?" asked I of my travelling companion, who gave me

these particulars, as we dismounted at the Commercial Hotel. "Rather sharp!" he replied. "They like to make themselves merry at other people's expense, and are distinguished from all the other Irish, by a peculiar keen, ironical humour. They soon discover any one's weak side, and are merciless in the use of their fine but cutting sarcasms. "And have the Cork people themselves no weak side?" "Oh, yes," and while my friend was still considering what he should say to that, a dreadful noise broke out just beneath our window, from one of the Temperance-bands which perambulate the streets of Cork at night, and it being Saturday evening, the musicians were followed by a crowd of people, showing me that one of the weak sides of the Cork people must be their ears.

The next day, when I visited the picture-gallery of the good city of Cork, I perceived that the Cork people must have another weak side, somewhere in the direction of their eyes, since upon the different pieces of canvass stretched out here, so many distorted shapes and ugly colours were brought together, that their want of harmony disturbed me almost as much as the Temperance music of the preceding night. As, however, I had visited them, neither to delight myself with beautiful works of art, nor to amuse myself by criticizing the taste of the Cork people, but to search for something characteristic of the country and the place, I found that I had not wasted my time.

The painters of every country, particularly in countries where *tableaux de genre* are much sought after—always reflect in their paintings so much that is characteristic of the manners and customs of their nation, the climate, and geography of their country, that whoever makes these his study, will find picture galleries most valuable sources of information, and should not despise the most insignificant collections.

Thus in the Cork collection, I found the busts of the mayors and aldermen of Cork, of the late mayor of Dublin, Daniel O'Connell, and of Father Mathew. Next to these came an emigration scene of poor Irish leaving their beloved Erin for the "far west" of America; then a group of Irish fishermen, and then some wild mountain scenes and turf morasses.

The best thing that a painter can do, is to represent the characteristic scenes and events of his own country; for then, however small his talents, he is sure of having something to represent which he knows and understands, and which, if only tolerably accurately copied, will be sure of being of some use in the world. Yes, even the greatest geniuses, perhaps, can attain the highest eminence only while they keep within the horizon of their nationality, and are most sure to excel, when they embody national characteristics and national scenes. The greatest painters, like the greatest poets, have always been genuine patriots, and their finest creations have always borne traces of the age and nation from which they sprang.

The strength of Cork, however, lies in quite another direction

than that of art. This town is well-known to be the chief shipping port for the raw produce of all the southern part of Ireland, and I, therefore, hastened to the warehouses of the town, to its slaughter-houses, packing, salting, and provision houses, and butter-weighing machines or firkin cranes, and to learn something of those branches of industry which occupy the greater part of the population.

In the neighbourhood of Cork are situated the largest dairies of Ireland. Kerry and other grazing counties lying near, great quantities of butter, ham, bacon, meat, and cattle are brought to Cork, just as Dublin exports principally grain, because it lies in the midst of an agricultural district. Butter being one of the principal wares of Cork, its butter market and firkin crane are two of the most interesting sights in the town. The butter is brought to the town in little tubs called firkins, and the weight and quality of each firkin is decided by a board of butter-inspectors, whose chief is entitled a general crane-master. Upon each firkin is stamped the quantity and quality, as fixed by the inspectors, and thus the credit of the extensive Cork butter trade is kept up. As Cork butter is often intended for very distant places, it is very strongly salted. The mountain butter of Kerry has the reputation of being very "firm in body," as the phrase is.

At the great provision merchants' warehouses enormous quantities of *life stores* are collected together. Huge and excellent hams are ranged in long rows, like the folios and octavos of a library. In the suburbs of Cork there are large slaughter-houses for pigs, in which thousands of the inmates and rent-payers of the Irish cabins annually expire. I should like to know with what thoughts and feelings poor hungry Paddy studies these vast libraries of bacon! It is dreadful to think that the poor Irish should have to furnish other countries with such vast quantities of that which they themselves are starving for want of. If Paddy, however, was but a little more industrious, he might keep many of these fine fat hams in his own chimney, instead of seeing them sail away thousands of miles, to feed her Majesty's soldiers in the East or West Indies.

Some of the most interesting sights in this town are the establishments of those merchants who deal in fresh provisions, which they preserve by various curious devices. These men are known by the name of preserved fresh provision merchants. The preserved fresh provision trade is one which has been only established in Ireland during the last twenty years, and the art has lately been brought to an extraordinary degree of perfection, which out of Great Britain it could never have attained, since no other country has occasion to send all kinds of provisions to such distant regions of the globe. I went over the great establishment of Mr. Gamble, "Patent Preserved Fresh Provision Merchant to her Majesty's Navy, and to the Honourable the East India Company." In his warehouses I saw eatables of all imaginary kinds, so skilfully packed up in tin or

pewter cases, that they would keep quite fresh for years together. Even milk and cream are so skilfully prepared and packed, that if a traveller take a case with him on a voyage round the world, and open it in the Indian Ocean or the South Pacific, he will find its contents as fresh and sweet as if just drawn from the cow. The principal points to be observed are the closeness and imperviousness of the vessel, the choice of the best quality of every thing, and the keeping the provisions themselves, as well as the vessels in which they are contained, completely air-tight.

To what perfection this art of preserving has been carried is proved by the testimony of Captain Ross. In the year 1824 he bought different cases of vegetables to take with him on his northern expedition. Many of these cases remained behind in the stranded ship Fury, and were not found again till the month of August, 1833, that is, nine years afterwards. And although during this period they had been subjected to all the extremes of that northern climate,—in winter to a cold of fifty-two degrees below zero of Fahrenheit, and in summer to a heat of eighty degrees,—yet when the cases were opened their contents were found perfectly fresh and eatable.

Every thing about this branch of trade is beautifully complete. Some of the cases of cream are made to hold just enough for twelve cups, others for twenty-four or thirty-six cups. The captain, therefore, who provides himself at these places has only to give the number of his officers and passengers, and is supplied with cases containing the exact daily portion required for his ship. Thus by opening one case every day, as fresh and regular a supply is kept up as if there were cows on board. In the same way the portions of meat and vegetables in each case are calculated for a certain number of persons, and there is also this great advantage, that almost every thing is ready cooked, so as to spare both firing and trouble. Sauces and soups of all possible kinds are thus prepared according to the rules of the first culinary authorities, and require only to be warmed up by the inexperienced hand of a common seaman, to furnish forth the choicest delicacies on the barren ocean.

The harbour of Cork is rich in entertaining spectacles, and among these I must mention the embarkation of Irish pigs, cows, and oxen for exportation. The shipping of a cargo of pigs is a particularly amusing sight, and is always sure of having hundreds of spectators. It is an inexhaustible source of entertainment to him who spends a leisure hour in loitering about the harbour, to watch the humorous gesticulations, and listen to the noisy lamentations of poor Paddy, when he bids farewell, for the last time, to his rent-payers, the pigs, and sees them embark in the ship which is to bear them far away from the shores of old Erin. Then there are ships laden with butter-firkins. What a wealthy country poor Ireland must seem to those who, from her scarcity, shall enjoy this rich abundance! Another

ship exports grain, and the poor porters stagger under the weight of great sacks of corn, a little of which would make a feast in their hungry cabins, but not a grain of which they will ever taste! A third vessel is providing itself with stores of ship's biscuits, baked in the great steam-mill bakeries of Cork, and dried to keep for years. It seems strange that poor hungry Ireland, numbers of whose children die annually of hunger and its consequences, and in whose hospitals and bills of mortality, "starvation" forms as regular a heading as any other complaint, should yet have to feed from her own scarcity the population of many a richer country!

One of the most interesting and instructive places I visited at Cork, was the county-gaol, which contains both debtors and criminals. The governors of the English prisons are certainly the most obliging and liberal in the world towards visiters, and are so ready to assist and satisfy the inquisitive stranger, and to afford him every information in their power, that I cannot think without gratitude of the treatment I have experienced at their hands. They seem to have no professional secrets. They open to the visiter their books and reports, not only allowing, but encouraging and urging him, to put all sorts of questions to the prisoners; and they often even send him useful books, documents, and treatises, to his own house, to assist him in his investigations.

The most remarkable fact which I gathered from the reports so kindly lent me at Cork, was the extraordinary diminution of crime in Ireland, since the beginning of the temperance movement. As I do not think that this great change has been sufficiently made known, I will put together a few of those facts which tend to prove and illustrate it.

In the year 1839 the criminals of all kinds, brought to trial in Ireland, amounted to 26,392;

In the year 1840 to 23,833
" " 1841 " 20,790

Thus, in three years, the number of criminals has been diminished by 22 per cent. Of all the different crimes, that of murder, has happily experienced the greatest diminution.

In 1839 the convictions for murder amounted to 286
" 1840 " " " " 159
" 1841 " " " " 120

Three years, therefore, give us a reduction in the number of murders by more than one-half. Other causes may have contributed to this salutary change, but so considerable and sudden an improvement must be attributed chiefly to the operation of temperance.

A comparison of these Irish criminal statistics with those of England for the same dates, is any thing but to the advantage of the latter. In England the number of crimes has increased, almost as much as in Ireland it has diminished. In England—

In the year	1838	. .	23,094	criminals were brought	to trial.
,, ,,	1839	. .	24,443	,, ,,	,,
,, ,,	1840	. .	27,187	,, ,,	,,
,, ,,	1841	. .	27,760	,, ,,	,,

In spite of this, however, the proportion of criminals to the population is still greater in Ireland than in England. In 1841 Ireland had 8,000,000 inhabitants, and about 20,000 committals, therefore one person accused of crime for every 400 inhabitants; while in England, during the same year, the population amounted to about 15,000,000, and the number of committals to 27,800, which gives one accused to every 555 inhabitants. In order, however, to ascertain this fact to a certainty, it would be necessary to inquire first, whether the criminal statistics of England and Ireland are calculated quite in the same way.

The comparative number of murders in England and Ireland, is particularly remarkable. In England—

In the year	1839	. .	40	murders were	committed	or	attempted.
,, ,,	1840	. .	56	,, ,,	,,	,,	,,
,, ,,	1841	. .	63	,, ,,	,,	,,	,,

In Ireland, consequently, in the year 1839, five times as many murders were committed as in England; and in 1841, when the number of murders had increased in England and diminished in Ireland, only twice as many. Proportionably to the population, however, the Irish murders were eleven times as many in 1839, and four times as many in 1841.

If in Ireland, however, we include the cases of manslaughter and attempts to murder, the numbers become really terrific, although, thank God! a great improvement has taken place even there. Murder, shooting, stabbing, administering poison with intent to murder, assault with intent to murder, solicitation to murder, conspiracy to murder, manslaughter, all these offences put together, were committed—

898	times	in	1839
503	,,	,,	1840
502	,,	,,	1841

The most painful parts of criminal statistics in Great Britain are those relating to juvenile offenders, of whom such numbers are to be found in every English prison. On an average, among 100 criminals, eight will always be found who are under sixteen years of age; and in Ireland, in 1839, there were seven offenders under sixteen convicted of murder or manslaughter! It must not, however, be forgotten, that the English laws against youthful criminals are more severe than our own.

It is a melancholy truth, that the number of juvenile criminals has not decreased in Ireland, but has remained stationary, nay, in some places has even increased. The number of youthful criminals in Ireland—

In the year	1839	was	1516
,, ,,	1840	,,	1545
,, ,,	1841	,,	1576

This is probably to be explained by the fact that the temperance movement could not influence the juvenile as it had done the adult criminals, since intemperance could never have been one of the principal causes of their criminality. It is, however, a very melancholy and unaccountable fact, that the numerous new schools and educational institutions in Ireland, should not have produced a beneficial effect on the youthful population, correspondent to that of temperance on the adults. Strange to say, even the number of criminals under twelve years old exhibits an increase.

In 1839	the convicted criminals	under	twelve	were	322
,, 1840	,,	,,	,,	,,	323
,, 1841	,,	,,	,,	,,	342

This increase has chiefly taken place among the female children; for, in the year 1839, fifty-five girls under twelve years of age were convicted of various crimes; in 1840, sixty-three, and in 1841, seventy-six!

These little girls, under twelve years of age, appear, therefore, to be of all classes in Ireland, those whose moral condition is most painful to contemplate. The great increase of infant schools during the last three years, renders this juvenile depravity as astonishing as it is appalling. Are the children more severely dealt with since the foundation of these schools? Or do these schools themselves develop new and peculiar crimes? Or is the improvement in school education accompanied here, as in many parts of Europe, by a prevalence of domestic neglect? or by a precocious development, both of good and evil, in youthful minds?

The county gaol of Cork is a large and handsome building, and contains, as I have said, both criminals and debtors. I wonder that the modern spirit of reform has not yet led to the adoption of a more just and rational system of treatment for debtors, for it is plain that a man who *cannot* pay his debts, ought not to be regarded as sinning against society by *not* paying them. It is, therefore, unjust in the highest degree to disgrace poor debtors by confining them in a prison for criminals. Formerly the insane were also sent to these gaols, which were made to contain all those whose confinement was for any reason desirable. Society has at last learnt to distinguish between criminals and lunatics, and will, perhaps, in time be equally just to debtors.

A captain in the navy, who was governor here for some years, has introduced into this prison many improvements which might be copied with advantage in other places. Firstly he has, at least in parts of the prison, substituted hammocks for bedsteads, a great improvement both as regards cleanliness and the saving of room. He has also invented dining-tables without feet, which are let down

from the ceiling by a very simple mechanism when wanted, and drawn up again when done with, so as to leave the floor free. Round blocks of wood, neatly cut and prettily varnished, serve as seats, and, besides looking very well, last longer than any other kind of benches or stools, and can be stowed away in a corner, one upon another, when not wanted, so as to take up very little room.

The whole prison is built of stone and iron, and since Paddy's own cabin is generally of mud or clay, it may be said, without exaggeration, that a crime transports the poor Irish peasant from a den into a palace. His diet also is far better in prison than out of it. As an honest man he lives on potatoes and water, while in prison he daily receives two pounds of bread and fresh milk to drink with it. It would, indeed, puzzle a government to make poor Paddy worse off in prison than he is at home. Yet so precious is freedom, even to the hungry and naked, that in general there is no fear that, even to the poorest, the physical comforts of a prison life will prove an incentive to crime. There is, however, a certain degraded class of criminals who, finding themselves better off, in a physical point of view, in prison than out of it, make a regular habit of committing some trifling crime, the moment they are set free, in order to get into prison again. There are many of this class in England who spend their lives in prison, with short occasional intervals of freedom and crime.

Another interesting institution at Cork is the fever hospital. It is one of the best in Ireland, and the Cork people boast that fewer patients die there than in any other fever hospital. It contains on an average from 1500 to 2000 patients. The principal town of every Irish county contains a fever hospital. These generally receive only fever patients, but occasional exceptions are made in favour of those afflicted by other maladies. In the year 1839 the hospital at Cork contained 1970 patients in all, 1856 of whom were fever patients.

Fevers of all kinds are very prevalent in Ireland, particularly that worst form of nervous fever, the typhus fever. Indeed the typhus fever is so much the most frequent, that if "fever" is mentioned the typhus is always understood. The infectious nature of this disease, as well as its terrible prevalence, has led to the building of separate hospitals for those afflicted by it, not only in all considerable Irish towns, but in those English cities containing large colonies of poor Irish, such as Glasgow, Manchester, and London.

Want, hunger, bad diet, scarcity of fuel, and the damp climate, are probably the chief causes of this disease. The reports of the Cork fever hospital state that the greatest number of patients are received in April and May, and, next to these, in November and December. April and May are the months in which the distress of the Irish peasantry reaches its greatest height, and November and December are the dampest months in the year. It is also noticed

84682

that wet and hungry seasons are those in which typhus fever most prevails. A wet season has not only a direct influence upon the health of the people, but an indirect influence by preventing the preparation and drying of turf, and thus rendering fuel so dear that it is inaccessible to the poor. It often happens at such times that the poor Irish are obliged to burn up their tables, bedsteads, and other furniture, in order to keep up a little warmth in their comfortless cabins. In the year 1839 the inhabitants of the little island, called Cape Clear, suffered so much from want of fuel that they drew lots more than once who should first pull down his cabin and give up its materials to heat the dwellings of the rest. This proceeding, however, only augmented their misery, for as numbers were huddled together in small close huts, out of which they sedulously kept the fresh air, the typhus infection was generated and spread even more than usually. In cold and damp seasons, also, the poor Irish are often compelled to use all the clean straw they have, to mend their roofs and keep out the rain, and are thus obliged to sleep upon old straw, or often upon none at all. All the misery occasioned by a damp winter, in Ireland, contributes to spread infection and to fill the fever hospitals. As other countries thirst for rain, so Ireland thirsts for drought. The climate is naturally so damp, that a dry season never does any harm. The drier the weather the better prosper the potatoes and turf, and potatoes and turf form, in Ireland, the staff of life, the prime source of plenty, peace, and content.

Just outside the gates of Cork there are large barracks, which are more interesting than those of other Irish towns, because Cork is one of those seaports at which troops are shipped and provisioned for the colonies, and where they are again disembarked, when they return after three years, in order to pass in succession through Ireland, Scotland, and England, until after ten years they are again shipped for the colonies. This circulation of the army through the mother-country and its colonies, is continually going on, and renders the English army one of the most expensive in the world.

One of my first walks in Cork led me to these barracks. The great gate leading to the inner court was plastered all over with placards, inviting young men to enlist in her Majesty's service. These English recruiting-bills are very curious and amusing, and particularly so to us, since on the continent, where every one serves as a soldier in his turn, nothing of the kind is ever seen. They are drawn up just like puffing playbills. For instance, some of them are headed by a staring coloured print of a gay, dashing trooper at full gallop, and under him the words "God save the Queen?" Then follows an announcement that twelve of her Majesty's best regiments, of the first respectability and gentility, are open to the choice of the brave sons of Erin. It is declared to be the very best time of all others for active young men to enlist in the service of her

most gracious Majesty. Never was the service easier or the pay better. Those who bring recruits are promised seven and sixpence a-head, bounty money. Another bill runs thus:

"*East India Company's Forces!*

"Some spirited young men are still wanted for the service of the Honourable the East India Company.

"Bounty—Three pounds six shillings.

"Pay—One and sixpence a day.

"Reward to those who bring recruits—Seventeen shillings.

"No young man will be able to obtain a better price for his labour."

I had not leisure enough to read or note down the other placards, many of which were couched in far more flourishing and puffing terms than these. The recruiting sergeants sent round by the different regiments are generally tall and handsome men, and they go about with numbers of long, gay ribbons fluttering from their caps, and their belts, staffs, and sword-sheaths, stuck over with flowers and ribbons. Thus decorated, they go about the streets, market-places, and public-houses, to entrap by their various fascinations, as many spirited young men, and brave sons of Erin, as they can.

It is indeed surprising that any young Irish peasants can resist these attractions, or let slip any opportunity of exchanging their miserable cabins and dirty rags, for the smart, warm clothes and comfortable barracks of the soldiers. The native soil of Erin must have great attractions to the poor Irish, if they prefer it to the plenty and fertility of the colonies. The barracks of Cork are said to be the best in the British islands, and while we visited the sleeping-rooms and eating-rooms, the canteens and mess-rooms, of the place, and walked about the extensive quadrangles, we saw much to excite our interest and attention. The 10th regiment of hussars defiled before us on its return from a review. It contained none but the handomest men and the most splendid horses. The saddles were all covered with tiger-skins, most of them genuine. The equipments of the English soldiery are all of the very best quality, and are probably the most expensive in the world. The hussars' jackets, for instance, worn by the officers in the abovenamed regiment, cost forty pounds each. No imitation gold ever appears in the lace or epaulettes worn in the British army, and the red cloth worn by the officers costs forty shillings a yard. As the English army has to frequent such very different climates, the officers, at least, are occasionally allowed some slight deviations from the strict rule of the regimental uniform. Thus, for instance, those bound for North America are allowed, as far as is at all consistent with these rules, to line and edge their clothes with fur; and the officers of the regiments lately shipped for China, were allowed to wear white cotton instead of red woollen cloth, in a great many parts of their dress.

While walking through the barracks, one of the officers told me that the musical director of his regiment was a German. This is often

the case, both in the English and Russian regiments. The pay of these German musicians is very liberal; they receive twelve shillings a day, besides food and clothing. Of all foreigners Germans are found most frequently in the English army, and Frenchmen most rarely. In the navy, indeed, no Frenchman is allowed to serve. (Are there any English in the French marine?) In the kitchen department, however, exceptions are made in favour of the French, for in the mess-room of the 45th regiment I found a cook of that nation. A German tailor whom I also met there, and who had the kindness to relate many interesting particulars to me, assured me that this was the only Frenchman he had ever met with in the army; and he must have been acquainted with a large portion of it, since he had resided for some years in Cork as military tailor, and had seen a great many regiments pass through his hands.

The environs of Cork contain two places, of which the one is very famous and yet very little worth seeing, while the other, though less celebrated, is a great deal more interesting. The first is the ruined castle of Blarney, well known, owing to the legend, according to which, whoever climbs upon and kisses a certain great jutting stone in the ruin, is endowed by the fairies with an irresistible and mysterious power of attraction, particularly with respect to the fair sex. This legend has given birth to many caricatures, in which O'Connell is represented sitting on the Blarney-stone, in order to make himself irresistible. All this is very easily imagined, and very little worth personal inspection.

The second, however, namely the mouth of the river Lee, as it opens into the bay or harbour of Cork, opposite Cove, is very well worth the trouble of a visit. It was on a fine Sunday morning that I floated down the pretty river, on board of a small steamboat, in company with a number of the good people of Cork, sallying out for a holiday. The city of Cork lay grouped in picturesque beauty on both sides of the river, which unfortunately is rather shallow near the town. In order to obviate this inconvenience a great navigation-wall has been erected, to narrow, and thus to deepen the water. The seamen rejoice in this change, but many poor citizens of Cork lament it, and with good reason; for since this deepening of the river, it often overflows at high tide, and entering the houses close to the water-side, renders them uninhabitable.

The bay is full of islands, and has, therefore, the appearance of being divided into numerous arms. All these islands, as well as the shores of the bay, are richly cultivated, and many charming country-seats press close down to the water's edge, or else extend their wide parks and woods in picturesque succession along the shore. The water all alive with ships and boats, the elegant villas, the shady parks, with their stately woods, and rich green meadows, and dark groves, sweeping down to the bay, formed a succession of beautiful and variegated scenery.

Upon the largest of the islands, called Great Island, the principal

port of Cork, the well-known Cove, extends, in an amphitheatre of slate-covered houses, up the rising shores of the island. We landed, and climbed up to the top of these shores, behind the town, in order to look over the whole scene. We were met on our way by half the population of Cove, who came streaming down from the church, and at every step we had opportunities of admiring the symmetry of form and graceful appearance of the upper classes, as they are called, of this district.

From the heights behind Cove the spectator looks upon the deepest and broadest part of the bay, all studded with islands. Before the waters of the bay lose themselves in the ocean, they narrow between the projecting points of two peninsulas. Upon each of those points stands a fortress, which commands and defends the narrow opening of the harbour. Behind these lies the vast heaving expanse of the ocean, upon which the spectator recognises, in the shape of a few tiny black specks on the horizon, ships nearing the lighthouse of St. Roche, the first part of the Cork harbour, descried by approaching vessels. On clear nights, it is said, that this light can be seen twenty-five miles off at sea.

The city of Cork carries on a flourishing trade in the importation of timber, and all round the bay lay large timber wharfs full of planks and beams, many of which were even lying on the water. The timber is mostly American; for though that of the Baltic is much preferred, it is of course dearer than what is grown in the American colonies. It is said that the American timber decays much sooner than that of the Baltic, probably because the "go-ahead" young colonists of Canada, intent only on making a clearing and getting rid of their wood, do not treat the timber with as much care and foresight as the landowners of the Baltic Provinces do. The dry-rot of the American timber is a particular subject of complaint in England and Ireland, and was so, even more than it is now, a few years ago, when the outcry suddenly became loud and universal, and all the world took fright. Long articles about dry-rot filled all the newspapers, and those whose houses were built of American timber began to be afraid that the roofs and walls would fall in and bury them. Many people actually were so terrified by the alarm, that they pulled down their houses, and had them rebuilt with Baltic timber. Remedies were proposed against this formidable dry-rot, and at last an Anti-dry-rot Company was formed, which, after the discussion of various schemes and projects, presented a petition to parliament praying for the abolition of the tax on Baltic timber. This, indeed, was the object of the whole dry-rot bubble. There were probably a few jobbers and speculators in Baltic timber, who, by articles in the newspapers and by other means, raised the whole outcry. It is nothing unusual in England for such a storm to be raised against some inoffensive matter, by a few artful and designing men, who soon spread a dreadful panic through the country, ending in the most trivial and foolish results.

On my way to Cove I had noticed on the shore of the bay a large building, which I was informed was a convent, containing an educational establishment for young ladies. The next morning, provided with letters of introduction by the kindness of some lady patronesses at Cork, I drove over to the convent. Forty young daughters of the aristocracy are here instructed "in the usual branches of a polite education," and at the same time partake of a conventual course of life. The teachers are French nuns, and the abbess, a lady of great refinement and intelligence, had the goodness to show me over many parts of the institution, and to give me such information as I required. I should hardly have expected to find, in a country like Ireland, whose once famous and flourishing schools are everywhere falling into decay, such extensive, prosperous, and well-organized educational institutions as this. Many Irish families send their daughters over to France, to be educated in the convents of that country. Even in this Irish convent the system of education was half French, and the ladies, both teachers and pupils, spoke mostly in French, and betrayed a strong partiality for every thing connected with France. The French also have always a great partiality for Ireland and the Irish, not only on account of their catholicism, but on account of their Celtic origin, and of the oppression they have suffered from the Germanic races. No French book about Ireland ever appears which does not exalt O'Connell above the clouds, and which, while it teems with the most exaggerated praise of the Irish national character, does not boil over with hatred of England and "English tyranny." France always keeps her eye upon Ireland, coquetting and intriguing with her, and fomenting the wound which renders her such a thorn in the side of England, yet they have never produced much effect upon the island. Such intrigues and speculations may go on for centuries without coming to any thing.

There are more nunneries than monasteries in Ireland, but there are very few of either. All Ireland put together does not contain as many convents and monasteries as the single city of Prague. This fact will probably astonish my German readers. Knowing with what zeal and constancy the Irish have clung to their catholicism through all persecution and contumely, we generally think of the country as full of churches, abbeys, and convents, and swarming with nuns, monks, and priests, and expect to see crosses, images, and effigies of saints at every turn; in a word, we expect Ireland to look like Bohemia. Very different is the reality. The priests are seldom seen in the streets; monks and nuns still more rarely. None of the Irish cities contain handsome catholic churches, like those of Germany, France, and Belgium, and no venerable and picturesque old edifices, like those so abundant in all the catholic countries of the continent, occur to remind the traveller of the national religion of Ireland. The cathedrals of Dublin and Armagh are the only catholic churches of any celebrity in Ireland, and the first of these,

which I saw, was too uninteresting to awaken any curiosity as to the second.

On the continent, catholic villages and towns are always decorated with multitudes of little chapels, dependent on the principal churches; these are wanting in Ireland. Nor do stone crosses and images occur at short intervals along the road, inviting the passing wanderer to drop on his knees and pray ere he pass, as in other catholic countries. The old churches, monasteries, abbeys, and convents of the country, as well as its ancient crosses, images, and road-side chapels, have all long ago been swept away, and no new ones have taken their places!

If the Bohemians had a patron saint to boast of, so far-famed, so holy, and of so high a rank as St. Patrick, they would have erected thousands of chapels, crosses, and images in his honour, in all corners of the land, as they have actually done for their far less eminent St. Nepomucene. In Ireland scarcely any signs of St. Patrick are to be met with. In short, the catholicism of poor Erin has been stripped of all its fair and graceful blossoms, until nothing but the bare stump is left behind. The catholics of Ireland have not even the right to call their places of worship churches. They are only "catholic chapels," just as the protestants of Austria are only allowed to have houses of prayer. Yet in spite of the absence of all outward signs of catholicism, the Irish are the most genuine Roman catholics in the world, and are by no means more deficient than other catholic countries in that which we heretics call catholic bigotry and superstition.

In no country has protestantism so shamefully tyrannized over catholicism as in Ireland. Until very lately, the catholics were not allowed to have high steeples or bells to their churches. In no country have the protestants, while rejecting the outward forms of popery, retained so much of her domineering, persecuting *spirit*, of her proud, exclusive bigotry, as in Ireland. All these sins are far more natural and pardonable in the mother-church of Rome, than in protestants, who severed themselves from her communion in the name of Freedom of Conscience, and pledged themselves thereby to grant to others, the liberty demanded for themselves. Catholicism, regarding its own as the one true church, without whose pale salvation is impossible, has a natural tendency to intolerance, and a certain excuse for the bigotry it practises; but to a protestant church, the practice of tyranny is as unnatural and unbecoming, as to a liberal in politics.

The emancipation of the Irish catholics, has done away with a great many oppressive laws against them, and has much improved their condition. Not only are catholics now admitted into parliament, and into many offices, before inaccessible to them, but they occupy altogether a more independent and influential position, which cannot but afford satisfaction to every rightminded protestant. In some places indeed, as is often the case with a newly emancipated class, the catholics begin to exhibit some of the insolence of power, and affect to look down with haughty contempt upon their protestant brethren.

It is to be hoped that the political and social emancipation of the Irish catholics, will be soon followed up by an alteration in the present method of providing for their priests, which occasions those contemptible scenes so frequent at the doors of catholic churches in Ireland, I mean the collections for the priests, whose scanty incomes have led them to levy a tribute on church-goers, in a manner unheard-of in other catholic countries. I witnessed these collections in many places, among others at Cork. The tax is levied at two doors; at the great middle door, where the poor go in, each laying down a penny as he enters; and at the side door, for those better off, who pay what they please, over that sum. Over this door was inscribed, in large letters, "a silver collection is expected;" that is to say, nobody is to pay less than sixpence. A priest was present to take the money, and also, as I was told, with a view of making an impression, through their superstition, upon the purses of those present. He bowed his thanks for every coin dropped into his plate. The principal door was open, and in front of it, on the stone steps, were crowded numbers of poor catholics, who, unable to afford the required penny, were shut out from all participation in the service. With clasped hands and bowed heads, they knelt on the stones, listening eagerly to the sounds which reached them from the interior of the church. "They are satisfied if they can only hear the little bell, rung by the assistant of the priest, who officiates at the altar," said my companion. "If they do but so much as catch the sound of the little bell, as they bow and cross themselves, they go away satisfied that they have heard mass and done their duty."

Those who still regard the ancient Irish language as their mother-tongue, are even worse off. The great city of Cork, which lies in a district where much Irish is still spoken, contains only two churches where sermons are preached in Irish. A short time ago, the Irish prisoners in the Cork gaol petitioned their chaplain that he would sometimes preach his Sunday's sermon to them in Irish.

The Bishop of Cork has one of the most interesting collections of books that I have ever seen. This learned, industrious man, has turned his whole house into a library. Not only his sitting-rooms and dining-rooms are book-rooms, but even in his bedrooms every spare place is filled with books. His attendants, and even his maid-servants, sleep in little libraries. The walls of his staircases and the corridors of his rooms, are filled with books, up to the very garrets. His house contains the largest private collection of books in Ireland, and is rich in costly and interesting works. I mention this, because I believe it is not generally known, that among the catholic clergy of Ireland there are still men to be found so devoted to learned pursuits. There was a time indeed, when Ireland was looked up to by all Europe as the seat of learning and the isle of saints. While Germany yet lay buried in the night of heathenism, the clear light of the gospel shone bright over Erin. Foreigners flocked from far and near to study at her seminaries of learning, and she sent forth continually

new and zealous missionaries of Christianity, to publish the glad tidings of revelation to the heathen. St. Columb, and his disciple St. Gallus, whose name is still borne by one of the Swiss cantons, St. Livin the Belgian missionary, St. Kilian the apostle of the Franks, St. Wiro the confessor of Pepin, and innumerable other saints of note, were born Irishmen, and played a most important part in the history of Christianity. "Gaude, felix Hibernia, de qua proles alma progreditur!" (Rejoice, happy Ireland, from whom such sons proceed!) were the words inscribed on the tombstone of the famous Irishman, Cataldus, who died at Tarentum in Italy.

The times have changed since then for Ireland. "Felix Hibernia!" has become a phrase too inappropriate even for the poet's pen. All Irish poems have something melancholy in them, and Haydn, on hearing a national Irish melody for the first time, without knowing whence it came, exclaimed that such music could only belong to an oppressed and unfortunate race.

I have said that the catholics are now far more powerful and influential in Ireland than they were, and the protestants less so. Yet upon the whole, the old relation of rulers and dependants still exists between them, as I had many opportunities of observing. I was often exhorted not to pull off my hat so often, because that was like the poor catholics. The hotel at which I lodged in Cork was kept by a protestant and tory host, and was almost wholly frequented by protestants. There was another hotel in the town, patronised exclusively by catholics and whigs. Many towns in Ireland have separate inns for catholics and protestants; nay, I was even assured that there were protestant and catholic cars and stage-coaches.

FROM CORK TO KILKENNY.

One day, after receiving the congratulations of mine host of Cork upon the "*delightful day*," which said delightful day, however, I considered only just not very bad, I left Cork for Kilkenny, where I was informed that a great horse-race would that day be held. Indeed, in Ireland, every body I met always congratulated me upon the state of the weather, even when drizzling rains, sharp winds, and cold mists, were my principal meteorological advantages.

The district between Cork and Kilkenny contains many beautiful and interesting points. From Cork to Dublin, indeed, is considered the finest part of Ireland, and no other district is so rich in smiling landscapes, picturesque shores, fine harbours, handsome towns, and beautiful rivers. We drove for a little while along the sweet bay of Cove, and then turned inland into a fertile and thickly wooded valley. At Fermoy we reached the river Blackwater, which is highly picturesque, and abounds in fine scenery, from its mouth to its source. The last town in the county of Cork is Mitchelstown, and whoever

is obliged like me to pass it without stopping, had better seat himself on the south side of the car, in order that he may not be tantalized by a glimpse of the entrance to the far-famed Caverns of Mitchelstown, which he cannot spare time to visit. We next entered a level country, lying between the Galtee and the Knockmeledown mountains, whose lofty summits bound the view on both sides of the plain.

The town of Cahir is beautifully situated on the shores of the river Suir, and long before we entered it we saw the proud spire of its catholic church towering out of the plain, and appearing to look down with haughty contempt on the little steeple of the protestant church beside it. In many parts of Ireland the catholic churches are now beginning to tower above those of "the establishment," as the English often call their church; and all over the country the Irish catholics are vying with the English protestants in the zeal with which they build new churches and repair old ones. The present mania for church building in the United Kingdom surpasses any thing I have ever seen out of Russia.

As Fermoy looks up with tender veneration to its interesting neighbour, the ancient city of Lismore, so Cahir regards with affectionate reverence the old and famous ruins of Cashel, one of the holy spots of Ireland. We saw the hill of Cashel rising out of the plain at a distance, covered with the ruins of its old churches, and crowned with its round tower in a perfect state of preservation. These ruins are considered the most beautiful in Ireland.

Lord Glengall is the man upon whom, under Heaven, the turf and the potatoes, the happiness and prosperity of the entire district round Cahir depend. He has a beautiful castle close to the town, and, at present, resides there, in fulfilment of an old promise to his tenantry. On every estate the great question is that of residence and non-residence. Where the landlord resides upon his own estates the tenants are well treated, the land well cultivated, and the whole country prosperous and happy. Where he does not reside, the peasants have no redress from the tyranny of his subordinates; executions for non-payment of rent are frequent and cruel, and the money of the district is sent out of the country, without returning in any shape to those who lose it.

We had now entered the notorious county of Tipperary, in which more murders and assaults are committed in one year than in the whole kingdom of Saxony in five. As the Italians have their stilettoes, so the Irish, and particularly the Tipperary-men, have their formidable shilelaghs, a kind of hard, thick, heavy club, with which they perpetrate a great many of their atrocities. Shilelagh is a little village in the county of Wicklow, in the neighbourhood of which a great many of these clubs are made, and from which they derive their name. These clubs have a much more innocent and harmless appearance than might be expected. The Alpine mountaineers

carry long, thick, iron-bound staffs, which have a much more formidable appearance, but it is the use to which the shilelaghs are commonly put which renders them terrible.

I met a Tipperary-man in one of the streets of Cahir; he was leading his little donkey, which was harnessed to a small cart filled with turf. His clothes, hanging upon him in miserable tatters, gave him the appearance of having been beaten and buffeted about all his life; many of his rags hung but by a single thread. He was wretchedly thin and haggard looking, and every bone in his face was plainly distinguishable through his skin. This miserable and degraded exterior did not lead me to expect the fiery and quarrelsome impetuosity which it concealed. I approached the man, and, in order to enter into some conversation with him, I bade him good morning, and asked him in which direction his journey lay. "What? what?" "I asked whither you were going," I said. "What? what? Where I'm going?" "Yes." "What the devil does it concern you, I should like to know?" "Well, do not be angry, it does not much concern me, certainly. I am travelling to Clonmel, and asked you where you were going, in order to know whether you were going my way." He suddenly stopped his donkey, and stood as if rooted to the ground, staring fixedly at me, and shaking his shilelagh. "The devil take ye, go where ye will. What do I care? Why do you ask *me* where I am going? What's my road to the likes o' you? What? what? Where I am going? It's enough to drive a man mad to be asked such questions! D'ye take me for a highwayman? Eh? eh?" He then took up a very threatening posture, although I remained perfectly quiet and peaceable, he stamped his foot and brandished his shilelagh, and screamed out in such a perfect torrent of passion, "Where am I going? Eh? Where am I going?" that my travelling companions heard the noise and approached us, asking me the cause of the disturbance. I repeated to them the innocent question by which I had drawn down upon myself this torrent of wrath, and, as I walked away, I saw that the Tipperary-man was with great difficulty restrained from following me and making me pay for my temerity. Every hair on his head stood on end, and every rag on his body shook with the intensity of his passion.

"Do not on that account condemn all the men of Tipperary, sir!" began one of my travelling companions, when we remounted the car to proceed on our journey. "There are, certainly, many queer characters among them, and upon the whole they, perhaps, deserve the bad reputation they enjoy in Ireland; but I am well acquainted with this county, I may say I know every corner of it, I have been for years in the habit of travelling day and night in it, and have never come to any harm. Nay, the Tipperary people are particularly friendly and hospitable towards strangers whose conduct does not jar against their customs and prejudices. It is their unfortunate relation to their landlords which is the source of half their

crimes. I did not hear how you worded your question to this man, but had you begun with a 'God bless you kindly!' or a 'God speed you on your way!' and come gradually and gently to your question, it would probably have been quietly and politely answered. In your country it may be, as you say, a general custom, nay, a common civility, for two persons meeting to inquire each other's roads; but here it is, as you see, unusual and, therefore, suspicious."

"Since temperance," as the people say, these quarrelsome men of Tipperary have much improved, and although their unfortunate position must always give them a certain tendency to rebellion, yet even riots and insurrections are much less frequent among them than they were. "Since temperance" so many changes have taken place in Ireland, that it ought to make quite a new era in Irish history.

Clonmel is the largest town in the county of Tipperary. It contains 16,000 inhabitants, and its thriving aspect, and the animated bustle of its streets, bear testimony to its importance and prosperity. As we dismounted before the inn at Clonmel a number of old beggarwomen surrounded our car as usual. I gave one of them a penny. She spat upon it, and at first I imagined she did so to show her contempt, because I had given her so small a coin. Afterwards, however, I found that it is a regular custom of the beggars in Ireland (and also in some parts of England), to spit upon the money given them, "for good luck," as they say.

The beggarwomen were many of them too old and infirm to follow us; but a crowd of little flaxen-haired children ran after the car a long way, when it had driven off. The word "ha'penny" seems to have become so natural to their tongues, that it drops out spontaneously the moment they open their lips. They do not care what you say to them, but keep up one incessant cry of "ha'penny! ha'penny!" until a piece of copper is thrown towards them, when the whole troop fall to grubbing in the dirt, and scrambling for it. On the whole way from Limerick to Cork, and from Cork to Kilkenny, a distance of some hundred miles in length, our car was never a moment free from swarms of noisy little beggars, and as soon as one troop gave up the pursuit in despair, another ragged little throng came shouting and galloping over the moor, to supply its place. The Bianconi-cars are very favourable to beggars, because the travellers sit perpetually facing the poor supplicants, and close to them. I spoke of flaxen-haired children, but in some western districts the Irish are all black-haired. The most remarkable thing about it is, that whereas in other countries blue eyes are always found with light hair, and dark eyes with dark hair, the Irish are without exception blue eyed, and eyes of the clearest azure tint gleam continually beneath hair black as the raven's wing.

THE KILKENNY RACES.

We arrived at Kilkenny towards dusk, and, after a hasty dinner, I sallied forth to see how an Irish town would look on the eve of a horse-race. The place contains 25,000 inhabitants, and is, in point of importance, the eighth town in Ireland. During the three days of the races, however, the population falls little short of 40,000. What struck me most in the streets were the ballad-singers, of whom Ireland contains more, I think, than any country in the world, and of whom I saw literally twice as many in the streets of Kilkenny as there were lamp-posts. Yet they were none of them without auditors, and some were surrounded by a regular mob of tattered admirers.

The following day the races began, and though the course was three miles from the town, the races might be said to begin within the streets of Kilkenny; I mean those of the cars, omnibuses, vans, and other equipages of every imaginable description, in which thousands hastened to the ground, that they might share in the excitement of the day. For my part, I took an outside place on a stage-coach, and thus secured not only a conveyance, but also a convenient place from which to witness the spectacle.

Our road lay through an uninterrupted cloud of dust, from which we issued only on our arrival at the verdant course. It is not always easy to find, in the vicinity of a large town, a piece of ground that unites all the desiderata of a good race-course, which must be dry, elastic, and level. In the United Kingdom there are no less than 120 race-courses, one of the best of which is the Curragh of Kildare, said to owe its elasticity, so much prized by racing men, to the worms that are continually piercing it.

The field was covered with thousands of spectators. The Grand Stand was full to overflowing, and so were two or three other scaffoldings erected only for the day. The equipages drawn up on the edge of the course formed a complete intrenchment, while hundreds on horseback, or in small tilburies, galloped about in the intermediate space, according as any object attracted their attention.

Many preparatory movements preceded the commencement of the more important business of the day. The horses were paraded upon the course to be admired by the delighted spectators. Then there was the ceremony of adjusting the weight of the jockeys, and that of saddling, mounting, and assembling at the starting-post.

Suddenly we heard the cry, "They're off!" and six race-horses, stretched to their utmost length, rushed by us at full speed. The excitement was general. "Beautiful! splendid! beautiful!" "Go it, Nimrod!" "That's right, Charley; reserve yourself, and the race is yours!" "It's Nimrod's race, all the world to nothing!" were the sounds on every side of me. For my own part, I see nothing

very picturesque in a group of English race-horses dashing by at full speed. The beauties prized by the connoisseur are often defects in the eye of the uninitiated, and the jockeys are obliged to crouch into a position the very reverse of what a painter would wish to delineate. The real pleasure of the spectators, indeed, depends less upon the race than upon the associations connected with it; the money known to be at stake, the high rank of those present, the fame of the horses, and the excitement to which a large assemblage is sure to give rise, all these contribute to inspire an interest in the great question of which horse's nose shall be the first to reach the winning-post.

Neither Nimrod nor Charley won the race, but Lucifer, a new horse, that made its first appearance on the turf that day. The people pressed eagerly round the victor, stroked his neck, his back, and caressed him in every possible way, while incessant shouts and cheers greeted him wherever he passed. Some took hold of the reins to lead him to the weighing house, and many, I am sure, would have lent him their legs with pleasure, if he could have used them. The jockey was lifted from his horse with the utmost tenderness, and being found full weight, was declared to have won his race "fairly and no mistake."

Next followed a hurdle-race, but it proved a disappointment. One jockey fell, another broke out of the course, and several others disqualified themselves for reasons unknown to me, until only one remained, when it was said, "Mr. Soloway's Countess walks over the course."

A race of farmers' horses followed, and this was to me the best part of the sport; for these horses, I had at least the satisfaction of supposing, were fit for something else than betting upon. It is strange that this passion of horse-racing, like so many English habits, should of late years have established itself so generally on the continent; yet I doubt whether we shall ever see at any of our races scenes like some of those which I witnessed from my "outside place." I looked down into the interior of an elegant equipage, in which was seated the young and handsome wife of Sir Frederick ——. She had an elegant pocket-book in her hand, and noted, evidently in a state of much excitement, every thing that occurred on the course. I was told she was passionately fond of races and most other sports, and carefully kept a record of every event connected with them.

A little away from the course was a complete city of tents fitted up for dancing and refreshment. The fitting up was the same in all of them. In front was a kind of bar, and behind a large space, with benches around, and in the centre something like a door laid on the ground for the dancers to display their agility upon. This door, to make it more elastic, was placed over a hole dug in the sand, and the dancers, of whom there were four in each tent, stood on the edge of their little stage till they began, when they stepped

upon the boards, and jumped away to their hearts' 'content.' The same scene was going on in at least fifty tents at the same time. In about half of these tents spirits were sold, in the other half only tea.

Not wishing to return through the same cloud of dust through which I had come, I left the ground early and walked back to Kilkenny, having the road nearly to myself. Indeed, along the whole way I passed only one old man, who, like myself, had left the race early, to escape the dust and bustle of a crowd. He was old, lame, and infirm, and had been so, he said, for the last ten years, yet he told me he never missed seeing the races, for they made him feel young and vigorous again!

On the following morning I went in search of other sights. A round tower, in perfect preservation, stands on an elevation about 100 feet high, just outside of the town, and on the same elevation stands the cathedral, a building of great interest, and at a little distance are the ruins of some old abbeys. On this spot the first ecclesiastical establishment in Ireland is said to have been formed by a holy missionary who came over about thirty years before St. Patrick.

FROM KILKENNY TO WATERFORD.

From Kilkenny to Waterford the traveller rolls down hill along with all the waters of the country. The Suir, the Nore, and the Barrow, the three most considerable rivers of Ireland, flow in this direction. They all unite near Waterford, bearing limpid waves and verdant meadows in their train, and combine to form a multitude of charms in the vicinity of that city.

At six in the morning we mounted our diligence cars. It was still somewhat dark, yet light enough to recognise a group of gloomy figures that had gathered round the carriage. They were poor women, whom hunger had driven thus early from their beds. Their plaintive chorus was truly heartrending. They begged us, if we would not each give something, to make up a sixpence between us, and they would divide it among themselves in halfpennies. When they saw that our hearts continued unmoved, they led forward a blind old woman, and brought her so close to the side of the car that we could see the hollow cavities of her eyes. "There, your honours, there's misery for you. Give her a trifle, your honours, if it's only a penny, that you may prosper on your journey; that God may guard your precious eyesight, and bring you back safe to your homes." The poor blind woman received some tokens of our compassion, and the others thereupon became less importunate on their own account. I have often noticed among the Irish beggars, that the wretched would modestly step back and make room for those more wretched than themselves. Travellers in Ireland cannot speak too often of the extreme misery of the Irish poor, if it be

only to confute those among the English who will not believe in the existence of this misery, and who even ridicule those who speak of it on the evidence of their own eyes. Decay, rags, beggary, and want, stare one in the face everywhere in Ireland.

In the wilds of Clare, Donegal, Mayo, and Kerry, it is true, wretchedness presents itself in its most hideous forms; but it is not only there that abject poverty forces itself upon our attention. We meet with it even in the most beautiful and fruitful regions, for Irish poverty is none of Nature's making; it is the work of men; the work partly of cruel laws enacted by Englishmen, and partly of the natural indolence of the Irish themselves. In the beautiful district that we traversed on our way to Waterford, poverty, want, and destitution presented themselves in their accustomed abundance.

I walked the last few miles to Waterford, a gentleman of the party offering to show me the way along some by-paths. We stopped to look at some workmen employed on a new road, visited a few poor farmhouses, and inspected the ruins of Dunkit, a small Danish castle, between whose walls some blackberry-bushes were still in bloom, at this advanced period of the season. The climate of Ireland is not calculated to accelerate either the unfolding of the blossom or the ripening of the fruit. The corn grows so slowly that, though the summer seed may be put into the ground six weeks sooner than in those parts of the European continent that lie under the same latitude, yet the harvest is usually gathered in nearly six weeks later. In the north, we have countries where the life of Nature may be said to blaze up into flames for a few weeks in summer, and then to sink again into dust and ashes. In Ireland, Nature never bursts into a flame, nor ever becomes dust and ashes, but continues to glimmer away, all the year round, like a lighted sod of turf.

WATERFORD.

Waterford and Wexford are cities founded by the Danes, and were retained by them longer than any other part of the country. Hence their Saxon names. Irish geography is full of these Saxon names, received either from the Danes or the English. Nor are these foreign denominations confined to towns, or to the works of human hands. We have the Blackwater river; the Hungry hills, near Bantry; the Keeper mountain, near Limerick; and many others. The islands and promontories bear mostly English names; but many of these are, in reality, mere corruptions of the original Celtic; and, after all, the Celtic names are those which everywhere prevail, even within that part of the country which long constituted what was termed the English pale. The names of English origin are generally known by the terminations—ford, town, borough, &c. Those of Celtic origin may be known by the syllables—Bally, Dun, Rath, Glen, Kil, Ennis, &c.

Bally means a town, and occurs in Ballynasloe, Ballyporeen, Ballyshannon, Ballymahon, and others.

Dun is the old famous Celtic word for hill, and occurs in many continental names, from Dunkirk to the confines of Italy. In Ireland we have Dundrum, Dundalk, Dunmore, Dunkerrin, Dungarvon, &c.

Rath means nearly the same as *Dun*, and *Glen* signifies a valley.

Kil is the ancient word for church, and innumerable places in Ireland begin with this syllable, as Kilkenny, Killarney, Killaloe, Kildare, Killala, Kilbegs, &c.

Waterford is the sixth city in Ireland, with about 30,000 inhabitants. Twenty years ago it contained 28,700, and may therefore be considered to have remained stationary, as has been the case with most of the towns in the south of Ireland. Even in Cork, from 1821 to 1831, the population increased only from 100,658, to 107,016 inhabitants; whereas, in Belfast, during the same period, the augmentation was no less than forty-two per cent., in Galway twenty, in Londonderry sixteen, and in Newry thirty per cent.

If Waterford has not, however, increased much in population during the last twenty years, it has increased vastly in the amount of its exports, which, according to official returns, have more than doubled. The same number of men, it would therefore seem, must have twice as much employment as formerly. The chief article of export from Waterford is grain to England, and this branch of trade has gone on constantly increasing, till it amounts now to five times what it was forty years ago.

In 1802 the export of grain to England, from all Ireland, amounted to 461,000 quarters, and remained nearly at this point till 1808, when it reached 656,000 quarters. There was a slow increase till 1818, when the amount was 1,200,000 quarters. In 1825 it was two millions, in 1837 three millions, and in 1838 it reached its maximum, or 3,474,000 quarters. Since then there has been a falling off, but the amount is still upwards of two millions, chiefly oats.

Waterford has two great commercial advantages: an admirable quay, and one of the finest harbours in Ireland. The quay along the river-side is a mile in length, and so broad and convenient that it must be invaluable to merchants and seamen. Nor less so to painters, on account of the fine buildings that border it, and the picturesque views that present themselves on the other side of the river, here about half a mile broad. The harbour, formed by the mouth of the Suir, is broad, deep, and unincumbered by islands or sandbanks, and is not without some resemblance to the bay of Cove, near Cork. The estuary of the Suir runs ten or fifteen miles into the land, and then divides into two arms, the Suir to the west, and to the North the Barrow, which, at New Ross receives the waters of the Nore. The country traversed by these rivers belongs to the most beautiful districts of Ireland.

I took my tea that evening at an inn where a room had been fitted up expressly for the use of repealers. From the street you could read the inscription "Repeal Rooms" on the windows. These repeal-rooms are found in many Irish towns, and are generally attended by the advocates of repeal, busily engaged in the perusal of the Irish and English opposition papers. Most of the provincial papers of Ireland, are, of course, opposition papers. In Waterford alone three of them are published. The leading tory paper in Ireland is the *Dublin Evening Mail*, which I never saw in any one of the repeal rooms I visited. Now we, in Germany, if we were ever such zealous repealers, we should sometimes read the *Mail*, were it only to know what our opponents said of us; but in England, the several parties are so engrossed by their own interests, that they read only what is said on their own side of the question, scarcely troubling themselves, apparently, about the arguments of their opponents, and taking on trust what their own advocates tell them of the "treasonable and infamous machinations" of those on the other side.

At Waterford the eastern districts of Ireland may be said to commence. In the south-west,—in Bantry, in Kerry, and in Clare,—the southern nations, the Phœnicians, the Spaniards, and the French, have effected their several landings; at Waterford, on the other hand, begins the line of coast which has always been easiest of access to those coming from the east,—to the Danes, the Welsh, and the English. Waterford and Wexford were the first and the last points occupied by the Danes. It was between Waterford and Wexford that the celebrated Strongbow landed. Henry the Second landed at Waterford, and thence effected his conquest of the island, and there too Cromwell landed, and, advancing into the heart of the country, conquered Ireland once more. The city is full of reminiscences of Cromwell. The rock whence he cannonaded Waterford is still shown to strangers, and a ruined tower at the end of the quay still bears marks of Cromwell's bullets; nor is this the only piece of Irish masonry from which no attempt has since been made to obliterate the traces or repair the breaches left by Cromwell's soldiers. In the political condition of Ireland also, he has left wounds, which time has not yet been able to heal. Cromwell's time coincided with our Thirty Years' War, and in many respects the two would admit of a close comparison; but the wounds inflicted on Germany by that war are almost forgotten, the ruins it left have disappeared. In Ireland, wounds neither heal nor are forgotten. The country bleeds from a thousand sores, many of them of old standing. Yet Ireland has too much tenacity of life to die away entirely, though she has never had energy enough to rouse herself into a healthy condition.

FROM WATERFORD TO WEXFORD.

When I came to the river-side, on the following morning, it was low water. Several vessels were lying on their broadsides in the mud, and above the beautiful bridge of Waterford almost all the water seemed to have run out of the Suir. As the tide rose, however, the sandbanks and the mud were covered, the ships floated again, the landscape was again reflected in its watery mirror, and our steamer was able to rush forth on her noisy path. This steamer was called the *Repealer*, and being patronized by all the repealers was, sometimes, called the People's Steamer. On the flag was inscribed, "Hurrah for the Repeal of the Union!" O'Connell may therefore boast at his meetings that the cause of repeal is now progressing by steam. Not that upon this occasion it could be said to go far, for the steamer was only bound to New Ross, and an opposition boat was panting and splashing along by the side of ours.

If I had not sailed down the Firth of Clyde, I should have been ready to admit this trip along the arms of Waterford harbour to be one of the finest in the United Kingdom. The waters flow through the deep and convenient bays more rapidly than through a lake, yet as the projecting hills completely conceal the sea, the traveller is tempted to believe himself on a lake, and looks with wonder at the mighty vessels ascending the river towards Waterford. Sometimes the banks rise into gentle elevations, studded with country-seats and parks, at other times they rise abruptly into lofty rocks crowned with trees.

Not far below Waterford are seen the extensive ruins of Dunbrody Abbey, among the most celebrated ruins of all Ireland, where they hold nearly the same rank as those of Melrose do in Scotland. They lay far from our view, like the days of Dunbrody's greatness, and the *Repealer*, with the opposition boat treading on her heels, had no time to stop and contemplate picturesque objects. To be sure it was not long before we had the pleasure of seeing the oppositionist run herself aground on a sandbank, where, our captain drily remarked, she must lie till the tide raised her; nevertheless the *Repealer* could not afford to be behind her time at New Ross, so we turned our back upon Dunbrody and began to ascend the stream of the beautiful Barrow.

On board of an Irish steamer entertainment is seldom wanting. Even on the quarter-deck there is twice as much conversation as on board of an English steamer, and on the forecastle we had not only music but also dancing. Paddy, to whom an old door suffices for the flooring of a ball-room, finds it, of course, difficult to resist the temptation of a spacious deck, on which some room remains, in spite of all the butter-casks, meal-sacks, and hencoops, to say nothing of pigs and cattle. He lays his stick and his sorrows aside, and, with a

merrier face than the man of five thousand a year can generally boast of, snatches the hand of some half-resisting girl, and, in a joyous jig or reel, shakes his rags as briskly as though they were the jingling lappets of a motley garb. The paddle-wheels beat time to the dance, and the lovely banks of the Barrow enclose the spectacle with a decoration such as the stars of the ballet might sigh for in vain at Drury Lane or the Opera.

Beautiful seats belonging to the families of Power, Asmond, and others, lay scattered along the banks; and near Castle Ennis, in a large open meadow, I saw one of the finest, largest, and most picturesque oaks I had ever seen in my life. It was doubly interesting to me to look upon these châteaux, for I had by my side an Irish priest who was sketching to me the histories of the several families that resided in them. In one, he told me, lived an old lady, the widow of a distinguished rebel, who was beheaded during the last great rebellion.

In passing a rock we fired off our guns in compliment to the memory of a sailor, who, some months previously, had fallen overboard there, and been drowned. The sound was echoed back from the rocks, and the manes of the deceased, I have no doubt, were highly gratified by the honour shown them.

At New Ross we anchored, and, as this point is esteemed the most beautiful along the whole Barrow navigation, it would have been well worth while to have halted there, if only to view the upper banks of the Barrow, which are said to surpass the lower ones in beauty, but my travelling companion wished to avail himself of the fine night, and accordingly, at eleven o'clock, we started in a jaunting-car for Wexford, a distance of about twenty miles. The country between New Ross and Wexford is tolerably level, and of great fertility, and this is the character of nearly the whole of the county of Wexford, one of the districts of Ireland that has many claims upon the attention of a stranger. From the official returns it would appear to be the county in which public morality stood highest, for it is that in which the fewest crimes occur; and I found, in looking over the returns, that, though the murders for all Ireland ranged between 160 and 300, yet there were frequently years in which no crime of the kind was committed in the county of Wexford. The people of Wexford I found, moreover, considered themselves much more intelligent and enlightened than their countrymen to the west, and the Barony of Forth, the south-eastern peninsula, cut off from the rest of the county by the hills of Forth, is said to contain the most orderly people in all Ireland. It was originally a Welsh colony, planted by Strongbow, and during seven centuries these colonists have kept themselves apart from the rest of the population. They still marry only among themselves, and in the last century they still understood Welsh. The most remarkable characteristic of the barony, however, is, that it contains no beggars. It is as difficult, in Ireland, to imagine a district without beggars, as, in other

countries, to believe in the existence of a whole nation of them. In short, the barony of Forth is to the county of Wexford, what the latter is to Ireland. In Wexford, the land is divided into a number of small estates, instead of being concentrated in a few hands. There are no large proprietors, but all the more persons of moderate wealth, and absenteeism is almost unknown. All this prevails to a still greater extent in the barony of Forth, where the peasants are generally the owners of the soil they till, dwell in clean and orderly houses, and seem to feel that rags are, at all events, a deformity. Their cottages are surrounded by flower-gardens, they mingle not in the political squabbles by which the rest of Ireland is kept in hot water, and protestants and catholics dwell among them in peace and goodwill. In a word, the barony of Forth presents a moral picture that naturally awakens the inquiry, "And why is it not even so throughout the rest of Ireland?"

At the halfway house we took a fresh horse, and stepped into the public room to recruit ourselves with a glass of whisky. We found there a number of temperance men, all decorated with their medals, and who, though constantly in the vicinity of the spirit-bottles, never—so the hostess assured us—dreamed of calling for "a drop." They told us they had most of them been formerly habitual drunkards, but felt themselves more happy than they could describe in their altered condition. These men appeared to me like wild beasts, that, of their own accord, had bound themselves in chains, and now displayed their chains with pride and satisfaction. When one thinks of the charms that the poisonous fire-water must have, in a damp, cool climate, for a poor, thinly clad man, whose mind is seldom otherwise than dejected, it is difficult to imagine that the constant sight of the whisky-bottle should not subject them to the tortures of Tantalus.

Father Mathew formed the subject of their conversation, and in their hands they had large printed bills announcing an impending visit of the apostle's to Wexford. Perhaps my German readers may not be displeased to see a literal translation of one of these bills. Here it is. At the top, in letters of enormous size, was printed: "FATHER MATHEW IN WEXFORD!" and then the document proceeded thus:—"The teetotalers and the friends of the temperance cause are hereby informed that it is in contemplation to form a public procession, to consist of the Total Abstinence Societies of Wexford, and of all the Teetotalers who may be willing to join in doing honour to one so well deserving of it; and this procession, it is intended, shall proceed as far as Arkandrish, to meet the Very Reverend Theobald Mathew, on his way from New Ross to Wexford. Each society will be accompanied by its own band, and the members are invited to muster on Wexford Quay precisely at half-past nine o'clock."

As we were approaching the city of Wexford, we again passed several country-seats, and my companion was wicked enough to

initiate me into the family affairs of many of the occupiers, then buried in profound sleep, and little aware of the scandalous chronicle in which many of them were made to figure. One of them he described to me as a great sporting man; another as a young man who, in his time, had been distinguished in London for his achievements in breaking lamps, knocking down watchmen, and kicking up riots, but who had since got married, and lived very quietly in the happy county of Wexford. A third was described as a reading man, of whose books and studies I was told many wonderful things. These reading men, sporting men, and kicking-up-riots young men, are standing figures in England, and are met with in all parts of the country.

A few miles before reaching Wexford the road runs along the sea-shore, where my attention was directed to a little natural curiosity, consisting of several small islands running in a straight line into the sea. They are connected by a narrow sandbank, which is dry at low water, and then presents the appearance of a long tongue of land, along which a carriage may drive to the extreme point. This strip of land is called St. Patrick's Bridge. Many other natural curiosities in Ireland have, in a similar way, been made the property of the patron saint. It is matter of wonder to me that the Giant's Causeway should not also have been given to him rather than to Fingal; but with this giant the saint has often been obliged to go shares, and at times even with the Devil.

WEXFORD.

Wexford, which I viewed on the following morning, is an old town, full of narrow streets and small buildings. The only broad and handsome thoroughfare is the Quay, which runs along the side of Wexford Haven. The harbour of Wexford is distinguished as possessing more ships of its own than any other in Ireland. Many vessels are built here, and American and Baltic timber, and Irish oak, are goods seen everywhere. Here, for the first time, I saw an interesting piece of machinery called Perkins's Patent Slip, by means of which vessels in the course of building are raised and lowered according as the state of the tide requires. Such machines are found in so small a place as Wexford, and are not found even in the largest of our German seaport towns!

A gentleman to whom this machine belonged, and who had daily to attend to the raising and lowering of it, told me that the tide generally rose only four feet, and that spring tides rarely exceeded six feet and a half. At Waterford the common tides rise ten feet, and extraordinary ones sixteen. At Tuskar Rock, on which a lighthouse stands, a few miles from Carnsore Point, the tides sometimes rise as much as twenty-two feet, and here appears to be the limit between the high tides of the Atlantic, and the low ones of the Irish

Sea. Local causes, however, such as the multitude of sandbanks in Wexford Haven, may contribute to make the tide so insignificant at Wexford. The irregularity in the recurrence of the tides is another anomaly at this place, and one which I can in no way explain to myself. There is another place in Ireland where a similar irregularity is remarked, and I will therefore reserve, for a future time, a few remarks which suggest themselves to me on the subject.

In Wexford I had an opportunity of admiring what I had before admired, in many Irish seaport towns,—namely, the way in which an Irish porter carries a sack of flour. A porter in Germany generally bends down, grasps the sack in his arms, and swings it upon his shoulder. In England, the heaviest loads are carried on the head, or rather on the back of the neck. For this purpose, the men have a peculiar kind of cushion, which is fastened to the back of the head, by a broad band that passes round over the forehead. This cushion is made to fit to the neck, is broad and flat at the top, and upon this, resting partly on the head, but chiefly on the nape of the neck, astonishing weights are sometimes carried. These "knots," as they are called, are seen in Ireland likewise, and as porters in England are generally Irishmen, the knot may be an Irish invention for aught I know. Sacks of flour, however, are not carried in Ireland on knots. The porters place the burden on their backs, and then bring their arms, not over their shoulders, but round below to support the sacks. No manner of carrying, it appears to me, can be more unsuitable to the whole construction of our bodies, and I am disposed to set this invention down among Paddy's practical blunders.

We often see in a small place what we have neglected at a large one, and so it happened that at Wexford I visited one of the many hundreds of infant schools, now established in all parts of England and Ireland. These schools are particularly interesting in Ireland, on account of the mixture of protestant and catholic children that takes place there, and may even be taken as a proof of the advancing spirit of toleration. In the school which I visited at Wexford, and which, like most infant schools in Ireland, had existed for five years, there were ninety-one catholic and thirty protestant children. They generally remain there till their 12th year, but even after that age the catholics continue to send their daughters to the infant schools, because, as the teachers told me, the parish schools were inferior to these elementary establishments. The protestant children, on the contrary, being better provided for, do not remain at the infant schools beyond the usual time.

The instruction at English infant schools is conveyed in a poetical form, the little pupils learning short verses, which they repeat or sing in chorus, accompanying it sometimes even with pantomimic gesticulation. Indeed, almost every general movement of the school is ushered in by song. When coming to the school, for instance, the children sing a verse like the following:—

"We'll go to our places, and make no wry faces,
And say all our lessons distinctly and slow;
For if we don't do it, our mistress will know it,
And into the corner we surely shall go."

When I reached the school, all the little things were in the garden. When summoned by their mistress's bell, they immediately joined hands, and marched in a long procession into the school-room, chanting a poem, of which the above lines formed the first verse. The melody I recognised immediately, as the "Infant's March," an old British national melody, which I had often heard in Ireland. The children all looked cheerful, and sung out as loud and lustily as they could; even the little three-year-old things, that could not join in the song, opened their mouths to a full stretch, as if they expected cherries to fall into them. All the regular school lessons are in a similar manner put into verse, and to learn and repeat these verses constitutes the chief instruction of the children. They have the multiplication table in rhyme, as well as an alphabet, and a course of natural history. The teacher, while repeating her metrical lesson, shows the letter, or a picture of the animal referred to, and the pictures used in the English infant schools for this purpose, are really excellent in their kind. To each lion, ox, or elephant, or to each A, X, or Z, the children have some suitable verse which they sing in chorus. They have also a little pantomime performance, accompanied by a song, in which the little things imitate all imaginable actions with their hands and feet. The sowing and reaping of the husbandman, the planing of the carpenter, the hammering of the smith, and the churning of the dairymaid, are imitated by all the children at once, accompanying their little gesticulations with some simple ditty, beginning: "This is the way the carpenter planes;" "This is the way we snuff the candle;" "This is the way we churn our butter," &c. Each subject is followed by some instructive remarks relative to the carpenter's object in planing his board, to the good effects of snuffing the candle, or to the excellence of butter when put upon bread, with an injunction to those who have more bread-and-butter than they want, to give of their superfluity to those who have none. I never saw any of these verses except in manuscript, and the teachers told me they had either made them themselves, or copied them from the collections of others.

Many objects are attained at once by this pantomime and song. The children are made attentive to a multitude of little occurrences witnessed by them daily. Moreover, when they grow up, they are all of them, more or less, to be smiths, labourers, semstresses, and butter-churners, and it can hardly fail in after-life to enliven the more serious hours of mechanical occupation, to look back on the days of infancy, when the busy movement was mimicked in concert by a hundred little arms, and the sportive labour was cheered by a merry song. Then, in performing their little pantomime, the children leave their places, take some exercise, and interrupt the tedium

of long sitting; and, lastly, the voice and ear are thus kept in constant practice. The wonder to me was how the little ones first began to learn these verses. The teacher, of course, has not time to teach them separately to each child, and they are learned, in consequence, in a great measure without teaching. The smallest children begin by imitating the movement of the hands; then they open their mouths, and catch a word here and there. The rhyming words gradually impress themselves on the memory, and thus, by adding word to word, a whole verse is learned at length, and the verse, in turn, gives birth to the clear and fruitful idea. This system of conveying instruction by means of little metrical tasks intended to be committed to memory, is much in favour in England, and prevails at Eton as well as in the infant schools. As many very young children visit these infant schools, to whom it might scarcely be possible to keep their attention awake for several hours, a bedstead, for the accommodation of these juvenile students when overtaken by slumber, is among the customary furniture of the school-room.

We cannot expect, at the end of only five years, to see a very visible effect produced upon the present generation by these infant schools. Yet the effect must be an important one. Thousands of children that would otherwise have run wild about the streets, or have grown up in idleness in wretched hovels, enjoy now the advantage of a rational superintendence, and of a temporary asylum far better than the parental roof can offer them. There is a great desire for instruction among the Irish, and such being the case, it is difficult not to rest sanguine hopes on the host of new schools that are starting up in all parts of the country. I do not remember to have passed through any Irish town, in which I did not see a spick and span new school-house, and a distillery either shut up or going evidently to decay. In Wexford there were formerly seven breweries, of which only one is now in a prosperous condition. In New Ross, whence we came, and in Enniscorthy, whither we were going, the principal distilleries had all been closed. These are the facts to make a man cry "Hear, hear!" and "One cheer more!" These are things that to a traveller whose heart is in the right place, convey more real enjoyment, than the contemplation of the finest scenery or the most magnificent monuments.

I have already spoken of the new catholic churches and steeples that present themselves in almost every large Irish town. In Wexford, we saw another new catholic building, namely a handsome catholic college. "Our young priests," the Irish say, "have no longer occasion to go to Rome or Paris, if they wish to learn something." —Add to these the newly-erected poor-houses that are scattered over all Ireland, and we shall have named, pretty nearly all the new buildings of the country, and shall have indicated, at the same time, the principal points from which the moral destitution of the country is to be attacked; the poor-houses will direct their assaults against the widely-spread evils of mendicancy; the school-houses against

opular ignorance, and the new catholic churches and college gainst the odious system of religious servitude.

Upon the whole a very fair idea may be formed of an Irish town f the present day, by imagining it to consist of the following elenents: a number of handsome buildings, and about an equal number of ruinous dwellings, a quantity of wretched suburban huts, ome new and well-built national and infant schools, some old and ome new catholic churches, a fever hospital, an extensive workouse that looks like a fortress, and perhaps a barrack or two for oldiers. The workhouses, I say, look like fortresses. They generally lie on a height outside the town, probably for the benefit of fresh air. They are built of a firm gray stone, are surrounded by high walls, and are generally decorated by little turrets and other castellated appendages. They are visible at a great distance, and are the terror of all Irish beggars, who infinitely prefer a vagabond independence to the constraint and comfort of one of these establishments. In some places, no workhouses have yet been erected, and in such districts it is that the Irish beggars swarm in greater masses than elsewhere. Formerly the poor of the country were maintained exclusively by private benevolence, which, in no part of the United Kingdom was exercised more freely than in Ireland. This private charity is now in some measure brought into collision with the system of order attempted to be introduced by the state. The Irish, full of the spirit of kindness, do not like to have limits placed to the exercise of their private benevolence, and are, in consequence, doubly taxed by the imposition of a poor-rate; so that, on the whole, they are any thing but friendly to the reform lately introduced among them. Not only the beggars, therefore, but the habitual almsgivers also, look with an unfriendly eye upon poor-rates and workhouses, which they imagine will never be able to hold their ground in the country. It is to be hoped that their wishes and expectations in this respect may never be realized, for whatever inconveniences may be inseparable from a transition from the maintenance of the poor by private charity, to their maintenance by the state, there cannot be a doubt that the latter is the preferable system.

Wexford, during the last great rebellion, was the scene of almost unexampled atrocity. There is a bridge built over a narrow part of the bay. To this bridge the rebels, then in possession of the town, brought their English and protestant prisoners, and flung them into the water. Mulgrave, in his celebrated "Memoirs of the Irish Rebellion," now rarely to be met with, says that the prisoners were speared at the same moment from before and behind, and then lifted up on the pikes and thrown over the parapet of the bridge. These are matters yet fresh in the memory of many living men, and when we think how rich in atrocities is the history of Irish insurrections, a man scarcely ventures to rely much on the present tranquillity, or to feel much confidence that similar scenes may not be acted again at no great distance of time.

ENNISCORTHY AND THE IRISH CLERGY.

Enniscorthy is an ancient town. "An old town, a very old town, sir," said my companion on the road, a gentleman in the *commercial line:* "for you see, sir, my grandfather lived there before me." I do not know that I ever met with such laughers anywhere as in Ireland. They will make bull after bull, and you can often not tell whether intentionally or otherwise, but they seldom fail to laugh heartily at the emanations of their own wit. My present companion was an immoderate laugher. He told me we should soon be at Enniscorthy, and thereupon he laughed aloud; this he followed up by a remark, that we might, possibly, go on to Dublin together, and this again brought on a fit of boisterous merriment.

Having time in the evening, before sunset, my laughing companion and I ascended Vinegar Hill, a place of some celebrity in Irish revolutionary history, and lying close to Enniscorthy. Here a decisive battle was fought in 1798 between the English troops and the Irish rebels, and of the latter many were hanged, by way of retaliation for the murders at Wexford bridge.

All these incidents afforded matter of mirth to my companion, and as I thought he might have some recollection, from his younger days, of the details of the war, I began to question him about the origin and causes of the rebellion, but all I could gather from him was, that the people "began by burning houses," and "ended by knocking every thing to pieces." These incidents of rebellion and civil war are full of significance even at the present day, for O'Connell takes care to keep alive the echo of their din, and avails himself of the artillery of a former century in his wordy war against the England of the present day.

Enniscorthy, as my companion expressed himself, is "a capital place for the wool trade." It enjoys greater celebrity, however, as the metropolis of Irish Quakers, who hold a great annual assembly in a meeting-house here. I was assured here, and in many other places in Ireland, that the Quakers were relaxing very much in the strictness of their principles, as well as in the singularity of their costume. Unbecoming, however, as is their dress, particularly that of the women, it is not to be denied that many lovely faces may be seen peeping out from under their hideous bonnets. "There are some of the finest girls in the country among them," said my companion; "one in particular I know, so beautiful that I can never think of her without laughing." Whereupon he laughed heartily again.

At Enniscorthy lies one of Strongbow's castles. Another I had seen on my way from Wexford. That at Enniscorthy lies on an elevation within the town, is flanked by four turrets, and not only in perfect preservation, but even affords a very comfortable residence to an ecclesiastic of the established church. These dwellings of a

remote antiquity are not often found in English towns, but in the country frequently. With this ecclesiastic, a polished and well-informed man, and an excellent specimen of a Tory gentleman, I spent a most agreeable and instructive evening, seated at an oaken table three hundred years old, and the tree from which it was made must have stood at least six hundred years in the forest.

Since the last "clipping" of the revenues of the Irish protestant clergy, the rector of Enniscorthy had been reduced from 2100*l.* to about 1000*l.* a year; but it must not be supposed that every protestant clergyman has been reduced to the same extent. The bishops and archbishops are those from whom the least has been taken, and the necessity of a further clipping is sufficiently shown by a reference to the table of the revenues of the Irish dignitaries. There are in all twenty-two Anglican bishops and archbishops in Ireland, only five less than in England.* Upon the whole, the Irish bishops are better paid than those of England; for the average income of the former is 7000*l.* a year, and of the latter 6000*l.* Four English bishops have less than 2000*l.* a year; in Ireland there is not one whose income falls below that amount. The two richest sees in England are those of Canterbury and Durham, each exceeding 19,000*l.* a year. The richest in Ireland is that of Armagh, with a yearly revenue of 15,000*l.* The general body of the Irish protestant clergy is also better off than that of England. In the latter country the average value of a living is 285*l.* a year, whereas in Ireland it is 372*l.* The gross income of the bishops and archbishops of Ireland is 151,127*l.*, while those of England have a revenue of 181,631*l.* Eight millions of Irishmen, therefore, of whom six millions are catholics, pay nearly as much to their protestant bishops as fifteen millions of Englishmen, who are mostly protestants. This may serve as a standard by which to estimate the extent of the injustice to which the Irish are subjected by existing laws and institutions.

The name that prevails in and about Enniscorthy is Murphy, and at the château of one gentleman of this name, the crown is still preserved, which his ancestors are said to have worn as kings of Munster. How many are the rusty, dusty crowns still preserved in different parts of Europe! and of many the present possessors still cherish the hope that a day will come when they may burnish up their baubles again.

FROM ENNISCORTHY TO THE VALE OF AVOCA.

On the road from Enniscorthy to Arklow we passed the ruins of Ferns, the ancient residence of Mac Morough, the last king of Leinster, who invited Strongbow and the English over to Ireland, and by so doing transferred his own regal power to the stranger.

* Mr. Kohl appears not to have been aware of the extent to which the episcopal establishment in Ireland was reduced by the Church Temporalities Bill of 1833.—*Tr.*

From the battlements of the ruined castle of Ferns an iron basket is suspended, to be used for illuminations on the recurrence of certain great national holidays. I have remarked similar iron baskets on other ruined castles in Ireland.

From one end of the county of Wexford to the other the landscape retained its pleasing and cultivated character. The hedges with which the fields were enclosed consisted generally of furze, and these being in blossom, produced a highly pleasing effect with their yellow flowers. Here and there a field was enclosed by young fir-trees—"a nice fancy taste," as was observed by one of our fellow-passengers, of whom the coachman had taken care to inform me, that he was a *play-actor* from Dublin. Pleonasms of this kind are "genuine Irish."

With a fine road before us, and an opposition coach behind us, we rolled at a rapid pace into the county of Wicklow. We did not even allow ourselves time, when passing through small places, to hand over in an orderly manner the letters and parcels intended for the people whose houses we passed. They were merely thrown out towards the houses for which they were directed. This is a common practice in England. Generally, indeed, some one is waiting to catch the parcel or mail-bag thrown from the coach as it passes along; but if nobody present himself for that purpose, the coachman simply throws the article intrusted to him in at the house-door, or over the garden-wall, after first lifting the object high in the air, or otherwise calling the attention of the inmates of the dwelling. In a similar way the coachman, without stopping his horses, catches the parcels which he is to forward to their places of destination. On the English railways the carriages for the conveyance of letters and parcels have often large nets to catch up parcels thrown from the stations at which the trains do not stop.

We passed the neighbourhood where a few years ago a landed proprietor, of the name of O'Brien, was murdered in open day, and in a field where several labourers were at work; and yet the murderer still continues unknown. So difficult is it to carry the law into force in Ireland, where so large a portion of the population, even where they do not lend a hand to the murder, at all events sympathize with the murderer. In Ireland, not one-half of the committals for crimes lead to conviction, whereas more than two-thirds of the committals in England and Scotland are followed by convictions. In looking over the tables of criminal statistics, I find, that in one year there were in England 24,443 committals, and 17,832 convictions, being in the proportion of eight to five and four-fifths; in the same year, the committals in Ireland were 26,392, and the convictions 12,049, or in the ratio of eight to three and two-thirds. In another year I find, in Ireland, 23,822 committals, and 11,194 convictions; and in England, in the same year, 27,187 committals, and 19,927 convictions. From this it would appear to

be twice as difficult to bring a criminal to justice in Ireland compared to England.

In all the small places through which we passed, we heard heavy complaints of the swarms of beggars by which they were inundated, in consequence of the poor having been driven out of the larger towns, by the erection of the new workhouses. The last of these small places was Gorey, a few miles beyond which we entered the highly-prized county of Wicklow, whose pyramidal hills had been beckoning to us for some time. The whole of this county is mountainous, and nearly on every side it is surrounded by plains. The mountains have all an elegant pointed form, and the highest among them, the Lugnagilla, the Kippure, and the Douce, rise to a height of 3000 feet, nearly the highest elevation that occurs in Ireland. The greater part of the waters that flow down from their several glens are united in the little river of Avoca, that falls into the sea at Arklow.

THE VALE OF AVOCA AND MOORE'S POEMS.

Interesting and romantic points abound in all parts of the county, but the most celebrated of these is the Vale of Avoca, and particularly the spot where the tributary waters meet together. The Vale of Avoca is as fondly prized in Ireland, as the Vale of Vaucluse is in southern France. To beautiful objects beautiful names often unite themselves. Avoca has quite an Italian sound. Many names with an Italian sound occur in Ireland. Portumna, on the Shannon; Liscanor Bay, on the coast of Clare; Garomna, Castello, and Connemara, in Connaught; Marino and Matilla, near Dublin. Are these names all of Celtic origin, or are not some of them importations from Italy?

Beautifully picturesque groups of oaks and beeches, everywhere hung with ivy, constitute one of the main beauties of the Vale of Avoca. This, to some extent, is the character of all the valleys of Wicklow, through which rivers flow, while the summits of the mountains, and the unwatered vales, remain completely bare. The Irish oak differs materially in appearance from the English oak, yet this difference, so striking that you notice it at the first glance, is difficult to describe. The branches are less knotted and spreading. There seem to me to be more straight lines and fewer crooked ones, more length and less breadth in the Irish oak. On the other hand, the Irish assure us, the wood of their oaks is harder and more lasting, though the trees may be smaller than those found in England, and Irish oak, I was told, was preferred in England for superior kinds of carve work. The carved roof in Westminster Hall, for instance, is said to consist of Irish oak. In the Vale of Avoca, however, the chief beauty of the oaks consists in the rich drapery of ivy by which they are surrounded. Not a tree in the whole valley is

without the decoration, and it is highly interesting to examine the varied and numberless forms, in which the dependent plant winds itself around the noble columns of the sylvan temple. Here a solitary parasite is stealing up the rugged bark of some sturdy forester, while a little farther on hundreds have attached themselves to one stem, and by its side a wasted lifeless trunk is made rich in verdure to the extreme summits of its withered branches. At the autumnal season, when I visited the place, the leaves of the oaks were already faded and falling, and contrasted beautifully with the fresh green of the ivy. Spring and autumn seemed to join in an embrace. The luxuriant growth of the Irish ivy is really wonderful; but beautiful as it may be to a painter's eye, to the growth of the trees the parasitical plant must be highly detrimental, and the abundance of ivy may be among the principle causes of the scarcity of wood in Ireland.

The small town of Arklow lies at the mouth of the Avoca, close to the sea, and thence the road ascends the wooded valley, passing through the Forest of Glenart, in which are situated Glenart Castle and Shelton Abbey, two highly picturesque buildings that face each other. The whole way from Arklow to Rathdrum, a small town about twelve miles up the valley, abounds in the loveliest scenes. The most celebrated part, however, is that where the Avonbeg and the Aughrim unite their waters with those of the Avoca, though Moore has not told us, whether, in celebrating the "meeting of the waters," he alluded to the first meeting or the second. The Irish say the first is the one he meant, and they even point out the tree under which he drew his first inspiration of the well-known lines:

> "There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
> As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet."

Such are the poet's words, and the Irish take them literally. There is nothing out of character in a little exaggeration when a young poet celebrates a beautiful landscape, and calls it the "sweetest valley in the world;" but such things must not be said in plain prose. The natives of a country entertain for it the feelings of a lover, whose ideas of the divinity of human nature, and the loveliness of a woman, are all concentrated upon a single object. He devotes himself to this individual object, in which he studies the numberless beauties of the human soul and the human body; and every charm that he discovers, he looks upon as the personal merit of the beloved one, on whom he bestows the whole of that affection, which he ought to have given to the human race in general. The English call this "falling in love," and it is a condition in which a man may be said to have fallen into so deep a hole, that he can only see one star of the thousands that glitter on the horizon. Something like this is the feeling of the Irish for the Vale of Avoca. Its beauties have been celebrated by their poets and journalists, till all Ireland has fallen in love with the place, as if it were the only lovely valley on the world's great round. The oft repeated lines—

"There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh, the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart"—

have probably contributed more than any thing else to give birth to that general affection, so universally expressed in Ireland, for the far-famed spot, even by those who have never visited it.

There occur in every literature short striking passages that captivate the imagination with a force for which we find it difficult, oft impossible, to account. Millions of fine sentences may be expended in vain, while two or three words may thrill for centuries on the hearts of a nation. This is a power which Moore often exercises in a high degree, and to many a sequestered vale and ruined castle his verses have given a fame that will probably outlive monuments of bronze or granite. In this way he has sung to us of the "gloomy shore" of the enchanting lake of Glendalough, which I visited on the following day, and thus too he celebrates the beautiful isle of Innisfallen at Killarney, and Arranmore, the largest of the Arran isles, whose inhabitants are to this day convinced that from their shore they can descry Hy Brysail, the enchanted island, the Paradise of the Heathen Irish.

We commit a great mistake when we look on Moore as an English poet. He is essentially an Irish genius, though he clothes his thoughts, feelings, and sentiments in the English language. The English may enjoy his versification, but they only half understand him, whereas the Irish idolize him. In his patriotic effusions Moore is animated by a spirit essentially anti-English. His is the sanguinary motto which O'Connell has prefixed to his pamphlet on Ireland:

"But onward! the green banner rearing,
Go, flesh ev'ry sword to the hilt!
On our side is virtue and Erin,
On theirs is the Saxon and guilt!"

O'Connell's interminable speeches will long have been forgotten, when the Melodies of Moore will still keep the flame of patriotism alive in the hearts of succeeding generations. Moore indeed may be deemed the worse agitator of the two. He stirs the *better* affections of his countrymen against England. He excites them to tears, to sighs, to blessings, to curses. O'Connell marches as a warrior to the field, and Moore walks by his side, the representative of Ireland's ancient bards. Thomas Moore, Father Mathew, and Daniel O'Connell form the great triumvirate that preside at present over every moral movement in Ireland.

After all, the greatest fault of the Vale of Avoca is that it is so short. How gladly would the eye feast on more of those beautiful meadows, those bold crags, those ivy-mantled oaks!

On leaving the Avoca, we enter the Vale of Avon, in which lies the little town of Rathdrum, where my host, who likewise keeps a

shop for the sale of a great variety of articles, provides the traveller with clean and comfortable rooms, and excellent accommodation. This reminds me that I have not yet spoken a word of all the neat and comfortable rooms that I met with everywhere on my journey through Ireland. I never troubled myself much about the choice of my inn, and yet I soon felt the most perfect conviction that even in the smallest town I should be able to lie down at night in a clean and comfortable bed. A clean and comfortable bed, however, must be with every traveller the main consideration, for the attendance is generally slow, and the cookery not to every man's taste. The beds are usually large, so large that they occupy nearly the whole room, leaving only space enough to walk round and seek a convenient spot whence to climb upon the mountain of feathers. The refreshments consist usually of mutton chops, potatoes, and tea. The tea is almost always good, the potatoes half raw, and the mutton chops often so tough that you attack them with imminent risk to your teeth. Of this description were the mutton chops placed before me at Rathdrum, so I treated them as the Irish sometimes do their herrings; I rubbed my potatoes against the brown and savoury sides of the mutton, and thus imparted to them a delicate *rôti* flavour. It was a new variety of "potatoes and point."

Not far from Rathdrum, in the vale of Avonmore, are some copper-mines that threaten destruction to the beautiful trees. The motto says, indeed, *utile cum dulci*, but unfortunately we often find the *utile* and the *dulci* engaged in an irreconcilable feud. Even the salmon, that formerly abounded in the Avonmore, have been banished by these copper-mines. The water, impregnated with sulphur, thrown up from the copper-works, is the cause of this. When the salmon enter the Avonmore now, they either turn about again immediately, or jump upon the bank and "die dead." This is another of the many pleonasms that I have heard in Ireland, and that so frequently, that I am tempted to believe there is something nationally characteristic about them.

THE LAKES AND RUINS OF GLENDALOUGH.

I had heard so much of the Seven Churches and the Round Tower of the Vale of Glendalough, that I spent only a few hours in Rathdrum, and then hastened into the mountains on a small one-horse car; had I known what an incomparable spot of earth it is that is known by the name of Glendalough, the hours I spent at Rathdrum should have been reduced to as many minutes. The road passes through the Vale of Clara, watered by the Avonmore, and then runs ten miles in a sideward direction, to the sources of some tributary streams of that river. The country is very little inhabited. Along the whole of these ten miles I saw but one village. The mountains to the north of these valleys, however, are still more

thinly peopled; so much so, that they have received the name of the "uninhabited mountains," and are in this respect quite a phenomenon, considering their vicinity to Dublin. They occupy an extent of country nearly fifteen miles in length, and ten in breadth; and within this space, not only the mountains, but even the valleys, are almost untenanted by man. The soil is everywhere a thin covering of grass over a rocky bottom, and destitute of every other vegetation. Goats graze upon these mountains, and wander about there in the same half-wild condition as over the mountains of Kerry. Sometimes, indeed, they are said to become so wild, that the herdsman is forced to turn hunter, and, instead of catching his goats, to shoot them. In the last rebellion, one of the insurgent chiefs kept his ground in these uninhabited mountains long after the rest of the country had been tranquillized.

It remains incomprehensible to me, however, that so close to the metropolis of Ireland, so wild a district can exist. There are within the British dominions large districts of greater natural fertility than any of which we can boast, but there are likewise districts much wilder than any to be found in our less populous Germany, with all her forests and mountains. Have we a province in which goats or sheep live in a half-wild state? Even on our loftiest Alps, the cattle is everywhere tended and kept within some sort of enclosure. Nowhere do I remember in Germany to have seen a country so utterly wild, so thinly peopled, and that by a race living in such apparent wretchedness, as is the case with this Irish district, and with some I have seen in Scotland. These things form a part of the physiognomy of a country, and are characteristic of its social condition.

A military road has been run through the wilderness, with barracks, now occupied as police stations, at certain distances from each other. At the Laragh barracks three wild glens meet: Glen Avon, Glennalnass, and that into which we now entered, Glendalough. We had scarcely done so, when we observed a man in a purple coat standing in front of a door, who, as soon as he observed us, jumped upon the car, and said to me without further ceremony, "Your honour will allow me to ride with you, I hope. I am the well-known guide of Glendalough. My name's George Irwin, with your honour's leave." But I ought to describe the man before I allow him to speak. He had a long, shaggy, ragged beard, that hung in patches about his chin and cheek. His features were strongly marked, his cheeks weatherbeaten and meager, his forehead high and wrinkled. A pair of sparkling eyes glowed from under these wrinkles, and from amid all these facial ruins there arose a boldly-curved aquiline nose. His voice was rude and wild, and his words came bubbling over his tongue, like the wild waters of an Irish bog, over dirty rocks and mossy stones; it seemed as though his throat had suffered by a struggle of many years against the effects of wind, weather, and whiskey.

"I'm George Irwin, your honour, the guide of Glendalough.

I've lived in this wilderness from a boy, and know every corner of it by heart. I know every legend that has come down from our ancestors, from generation to generation, and there's no man living can tell you what I can. I've shown all the wonders of the place to Sir Walter Scott, and his friend the famous Miss Edgeworth, and it's I was the guide of Her Most Gracious Majesty, when she came here as princess with her royal lady mother the Duchess of Kent. There are lots of guides here to be sure, but there's none of them can boast of what I can. Now, your honour, if you'll get down from the car and follow me, it's I alone can show you properly all the fine things that lie hid in yonder valley. This way, your honour; this way." And thus, almost by force, but with constant demonstrations of politeness, he led me to the lakes of Glendalough, the Glen of the Two Lakes.

I must own, I never met with a more intelligent or entertaining guide than George Irwin, and I only regret that it was impossible for me to understand all the speeches and narrations that poured almost incessantly from his lips. "Sir Walter Scott, the great poet of Scotland, told me, your honour, he had never seen a spot in the world equal for beauty to our lakes of Glendalough; and of the Round Tower, which your honour shall see presently, he told me it was quite unique, and that in all Scotland there were only just the remains of two such towers, when we've more than a hundred in Ireland,—and what beautiful and perfect ones among them! And then there's our own famous poet Thomas Moore; we call him plain 'Tommy,' as we allow ourselves to say 'Dan' when we speak of the great O'Connell. Well, I've known Tommy these forty years, and he knows me well too, and he's written a poem about our lakes,—

> 'By that lake whose gloomy shore
> Skylark never warbles o'er,
> Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
> Young St. Kevin stole to sleep.'

Oh, your honour, I know every word of it, but I dare say your honour knows it too. The young princess too, her gracious majesty that is, was delighted with the wild charms of the scene, and I dare say it's the recollection of Glendalough that has determined her majesty to visit us again next year. Well, I hope, when she does, I shall have the honour of showing her over the ground again. When she was here last, she had to skip after me and her mother, to whom I was obliged to tell every thing, but when she comes next she'll come as the mistress of all of us. But only look now, your honour. Here the wood becomes thinner; and now, as we step out of it, you have a view of the whole famous scene. There are the ruins of the Seven Churches, with the Round Tower in the middle, and the lakes and the mountains behind."

The scene was indeed wonderful, and so peculiar in its kind, that I nowhere remember to have seen any thing like it. Wild, naked, dark, rocky mountains projected so as to form a sharp promontory,

To the right of this promontory runs Glendassan, to the left Glendalough. You look into the two Glens at once through the broad rocky gates. In the amphitheatre in front lie the lowly ruins of the seven churches, and amid them, forming a central point to the whole scene, rises the slender tower, standing there in complete preservation in the wilderness, like Pompey's Pillar in the desert of Alexandria. Behind this antique temple lie the two far-famed lakes, like mirrors laid there to reflect the scene. The whole view was one of ruins. There were the ruins of nature and the ruins of art. Not the least vestige of cultivation was to be seen. At a distance some smoke rose to mark the dwelling of a mountaineer, and here and there lay scattered in the valley the cabins of a few professional guides, and of some peasants who made a wretched subsistence by selling refreshments to visiters.

"It's a melancholy condition in which your honour sees it now," began Irwin again; "but when Dublin itself was only a turf-bog, there stood here a flourishing town, and a great theological university, to which students came from France and Germany, ay and from Italy too. This was in the first ages of Christianity. There was a college here, a convent, buildings for the students and professors, and no less than seven churches. The number seven, as your honour knows, has always been a holy number, in the east as in the west. There were the seven wise men of Greece, the seven wonders of the world, the seven councils of the bishops of Asia Minor, and in our blessed religion we have seven sacraments and seven deadly sins. Therefore it was that our Irish ancestors always built seven churches together, upon some of the most glorious spots in Erin. Most of these seven churches lie on our beautiful Shannon, the king of all British rivers. There are four sets of them there. First on Inchclorin, an island of Lough Ree; then there are the seven churches of Clanmacnoise, near Athlone; then there are those of Inniscaltra in Lough Derg, and those at Scattery Island, at the mouth of the Shannon. The most westerly seven churches are those at Arranmore, where the people think they can see Paradise in clear weather.

'Oh, Arranmore, loved Arranmore,
How oft I dream of thee!'

Oh, I've been there, your honour, and could tell you a deal of the islands, if I had not now to show you Glendalough. All these seven churches that you see before you are from the earliest times of Christianity in Ireland; but God was worshipped in these valleys even before St. Patrick's time, in the days when Fionnualla, the daughter of Lir, was wandering over the lakes and rivers of Ireland, and sighing for the first sound of the mass bell, that was to be the signal of her release. On the promontory there I shall show your honour some remains of Druidical temples, but here before you stands the lofty round tower built in our country by the eastern fire-worshippers. I know there are some great scholars, your honour, who deny

this, and say the round towers were built for other purposes by the Christians; but it's not true, for all the travellers that have been here have told me that nothing like these towers is to be seen in any part of Europe, or anywhere but in the East. And that, sure, we Irish know well enough who it was that built these towers, and what they did it for. At daybreak, the priests of the fire-worshippers used to mount to the top of the tower, and cry 'Baal, Baal, Baal!' to the four quarters of the compass, by way of announcing the arrival of the sun, and summoning the faithful to prayer. All this we know well enough, for it has been handed down to us from generation to generation. If it wasn't so cloudy there behind us, I could even show your honour a mountain which is called Baal's Mountain to this day, and over the summit of which the sun becomes visible every morning from the Round Tower."

I repeat these words of George Irwin's, because they express a tradition generally current among the lower Irish, and if there be not some truth in the tradition, we must believe in a wonder quite as great,—namely, in the existence of an illusion, almost amounting to a monomania, to which the great mass of a nation has abandoned itself.

The Round Tower of Glendalough is one of the loftiest and most complete in all Ireland. It is 110 feet high, and 51 feet in circumference. The door is not so high up that it may not be easily reached by climbing. Near the summit are the four customary small windows or openings, and two others somewhat lower down. The building has been erected of two descriptions of stone,—granite and clay-slate. It is difficult to look on these magnificent, extraordinary, and enigmatical buildings, without participating in the passion with which Irishmen speak of them. So great is this, that almost every literary man has put his opinions about them to paper, and almost every studious ecclesiastic residing in a secluded part of the country is sure to have a theory respecting the round towers, which he intends to give to the world, whenever his affairs allow him leisure.

The remains of the Seven Churches at Glendalough, lie scattered about the Round Tower, much in the same way as at Scattery Island, and the whole site is still used as a cemetery by the inhabitants of the neighbouring glen. Close to the foot of the Round Tower was the recent grave of a young girl. The wooden cross erected over it was decorated with cuttings of paper that were playing in the wind, while some had already been scattered around to a considerable distance. A small portion of the site, called the Sacristy, is set apart as a burying-ground for priests. St. Kevin, the patron of the Glen, is said to have prayed to Heaven that all buried within the compass of the Seven Churches, should be saved, or at least leniently dealt with, on the Day of Judgment. On this account, the people of the surrounding country flock hither on some day in June, to decorate the graves and crosses of their friends with flowers,

wreaths, and cuttings of paper, in commemoration of the goodness of St. Kevin, and in honour of the dead.

"Oh, then it's a beautiful festival, your honour, and the whole churchyard is full of people singing and praying, that have come from twenty and thirty miles round Glendalough. As they are tolerably easy about the souls of their friends, who have every hope of being saved, the festival is not a very melancholy one, but on the contrary, so gay often, that I might be tempted to call the churchyard 'Erin's Pleasure-ground.'"

Here also popular tradition points to certain graves as those of ancient Irish kings. The entrance to the enclosure is through an old half-ruinous Saxon gate, now thickly clothed in ivy. Among the stones that lie scattered about, are many of which extraordinary tales are told. Thus, one has a hole to kneel in, and prayers said on this stone are supposed to have a more than ordinary efficacy. There is also a stone cross which women embrace who long for the joys of maternity. Yet to speak truth, this cross must be a very superfluous piece of furniture in a country where families seem to be everywhere blessed with such an abundance of offspring.

Next to the ruins lies the smaller of the two lakes.—"It is also called the Lake of Serpents, your honour, or Lough Napeastia; for into this lake it was, your honour, that St. Patrick banished all the snakes of Ireland. The snakes, naturally enough, were little pleased with such damp lodgings, and one big one, in particular, used often to put up its head and pray the saint to grant it a little more liberty. So St. Patrick in his good nature, drew a circle on the ground, and told the serpent to consider that as its own ground. Now, when they began to build the Seven Churches, the serpent was very angry at what it considered as an invasion of its own territory; and at night it used to come out of the water, and destroy what the workpeople had built during the day. At last St. Patrick prayed to God to dispense him from the promise he had made to the snake, and God allowed the saint to banish the reptile into the lake again, and then the workmen got on fast enough with the building."

Irwin went on to tell me the reason why for 1300 years no skylark had ever warbled o'er the gloomy shore of the larger lake.

"When the seven churches were building, your honour, it was the skylarks that used every morning to call the men to their work. They had no watches in those days, and the song of the lark served as a signal that it was time to begin their labour. Well, when the holy work was at an end, St. Kevin declared that no lark was worthy to succeed those pious birds that had helped in the building of the churches. For it was St. Kevin that built the seven churches, and it was he was the first Bishop of Glendalough. In time, however, these seven churches, and every seven churches in Ireland, fell into the power of the English, and every thing here went to ruin and decay, and the see of Glendalough was merged in that of Dublin.

But old as these churches are, we Irishmen know the names of every one of them. That heap of stones there, your honour, is Trinity church, that bit of wall there belonged to Our Lady's chapel, and that other was part of St. Kevin's church. We shall remember these names as long as there's a stone remaining."

On the narrow isthmus between the two lakes are some traces of ancient circumvallation. One, seventeen paces in diameter, and in perfect preservation, was at once declared by Irwin to be a temple of the Druids. Other antiquarians pretend that it was only an enclosure for cattle. I am disposed to reject both suppositions. For a temple the wall is scarcely large enough, and for an enclosure for cattle it is built with too much care and solidity.

On St. Kevin's day, of the preceding year, this isthmus had been the scene of a great temperance festival. Father Mathew had chosen that day for holding a great meeting on a spot so dear to the recollection of every Irishman.

"It was upon that wall, your honour, that the heaven-gifted man stood to address the people. There they were from Glenmacnass, and Glenavonmore, and the Vale of Avoca, and from Glenmalure, and the goatherds from the uninhabited mountains, and people from all the country round, twenty or thirty thousand of them at least, and a great many nobility and gentry among them. Through the village of Rathdrum alone, twenty-four temperance societies marched with their bands of music. Faith, I don't believe since the days of St. Kevin there ever were so many people assembled here on a pious errand. Some thousands took the pledge that day; and I believe, your honour, that those who took it here, between the Lake of the Serpents and the lake o'er whose gloomy shore skylark never warbles, within view of St. Kevin's bed, and of the seven churches, and of the venerable old pillar temple, and on the ground that was held to be holy by our ancestors, even in the times of the Druids—no, I don't believe those who took the pledge here that day will be so easily persuaded to break it."

On the second lake a boat was awaiting us, and we rowed out to enjoy the view of the overhanging rocks. The great wonder of these rocks is St. Kevin's bed, a little cavern, hollowed out apparently by the hand of man, and just large enough for one person to lie down and stretch himself out in it. It is situated forty feet above the lake, but a narrow path leads up to it, and every woman who lies down there may expect plenty of children and an easy delivery. As we were rowing along the lake, we observed, winding up this path, our tail of women and girls, who thus far had followed us at every step. I had forgotten to mention this tail. It consisted of women, maidens, lads, and children, who attached themselves to us immediately on our entrance into the glen. Every stranger in Ireland must expect to carry a tail of this sort behind him, and will find it as impossible to divest himself of it, as O'Connell finds it to dispense with his tail. You may pray or you may scold, but leave

you they will not. They run along by your side, and it is hard but they will find an opportunity, now and then, to put in a word, by way of lending a helping hand to your regular guide. These would-be attendants of ours were now on their way to St. Kevin's bed, and seemed all desirous of entering it; but an old woman drove them all away, declaring it was her privilege to show strangers the position of a woman in the saint's bed. This is the bed whence poor Kathleen was hurled down the beetling rock by the pious Kevin. Irwin told me the legend somewhat more fully than Moore tells it, and added that the saint prayed to Heaven that no one might ever again be drowned in that lake. "And that's now 1300 years ago, your honour, and no man, woman, or child, has ever been drowned in the lake since. That's the reason people are so fond of bathing here; but no man would set foot in the other lake, the Lake of Serpents. Now, what I tell your honour is true; and if it stands otherwise in books, it's the books that are wrong. Sure, we've better authority than books, for we have it all handed down from generation to generation."

I lingered fondly about the lovely scene I was about to quit. I passed all its details once more in review: the beautiful lakes, the gloomy rocks, the Druidical isthmus, the crosses, the churches, the graves, and the round tower. What abundance of interesting objects was here! At length I passed out through the old, half-ruined ivy-mantled gate, and by the side of a thorn-bush of extreme old age, which Irwin told me marked the boundary of the city that once stood here; I mounted my car, and rolled away, for once blessing the Irish for their invention of the jaunting car, which allowed me, instead of keeping my looks fixed on the horse, to turn them towards Glendalough, as long as a glance could be caught of its beauties.

FROM GLENDALOUGH TO DUBLIN.

At Rathdrum I was told, though there were several hundreds of protestants in the place, not one of them had taken the pledge. The same remark had been made to me in several towns of the south. In the north, on the contrary, many protestants have taken the pledge. The protestants in the south, being the smaller number, are probably jealous of a movement which originated with the catholics.

Near Rathdrum are some copper-mines, the property of Cornwall gentlemen of the name of Williams, who, I was told, were likewise the owners of some mines in America. No less than two thousand workmen are employed in the mines of the vales of Avonmore and Avoca. The managers are Englishmen, the workmen Irishmen. Some lead-mines are also worked in the neighbourhood, under the direction of the Irish Mining Company.

In the workhouse at Rathdrum I found 300 paupers. Three months before they told me there had been 350 inmates; but it was

now the potato-harvest, so there was plenty of work, and potatoes were cheap. At that period of the year numbers were sure to demand their discharge, whereas in spring they crowded to the house.

I know not whether the protestants of Rathdrum are particularly zealous, or whether their views prevail generally among the protestants of Ireland, but I was told very few protestants would send their children to the national school at Rathdrum. The great dispute between the catholics and protestants rests on the question whether the whole bible, or only extracts, shall be given to the children to read. The catholics are for giving only extracts, and they have carried their point, they and their friends being in a majority at the Board of Education in Dublin.

Twenty or thirty years ago there was not one good house in Rathdrum; at present it is a very neat and orderly little town. The question whether Ireland is an improving country must be answered, in many respects, in the affirmative. The external appearance of the towns seems to have improved everywhere within the last twenty years; the roads, canals, and other means of transport, are every day becoming better; agriculture and arboriculture are followed with more intelligence, as you may convince yourself while passing along the highway. The increase of schools is extraordinary, and so is the diminution of crime. Party spirit, particularly in religious matters, appears also to have lost much of its former asperity. One giant evil, however, remains,—namely, the poverty of the masses, and amid all the other improvements, this evil remains undiminished, nay, appears even to be on the increase.

It was on a Sunday that I again mounted a car to visit a few more of the beauties of the county of Wicklow—the Devil's Glen, the Glen of the Downs, the Rock of Glencarrig, &c. I have already mentioned the peculiar grouping of Irish mountains, which often lie side by side in the plain, leaving broad, open, and convenient passes between them. A mountain pass generally rises to a culminating point, and then descends again. In Ireland you often pass along quite level ground between two hills, and continue so to do till you emerge into the plain again, which produces a most pleasing effect.

By ascending the valley of the little river Vartry, which falls into the sea at Wicklow, you arrive at the Devil's Glen, a wild narrow pass, through which the river rushes, after having just fallen in a magnificent cascade from the wild marshy summit. This Devil's Glen, profane though its name may be, seems to be very pious in its observance of the Sunday, for the iron gate at the entrance had been closed in honour of the day, and to keep out the vulgar mob of Sunday sight-seers. I had met many things of the kind before, both in England and Ireland, but that a wild mountain glen was to be closed against a traveller on a Sunday seemed to me to be something new. Being a foreigner, however, an exception was made in my favour, and I was admitted by a side gate.

Compared to what he has done in other parts of the world, it must

be owned the devil had easy work of it in this glen. The rocks, to be sure, are wild, lofty, and rugged enough; still the work to be done was not so hard that they need have called in the great and powerful spirit, who in his time had to build devil's bridges, and to scoop out devil's caverns, of a very different character.

I would fain have returned by another and wilder path on the other side of the river, but was told that Mr. S., to whom that side of the valley belonged, allowed no one to pass along that road on a Sunday. The Devil's Glen, on the whole, afforded me much less enjoyment than the park of the Cunningham family at Mount Kennedy. The situation and soil of this park are particularly favourable to the growth of evergreens, and here, amid an inconceivable profusion of laurels and hollies, I beheld, on a meadow, the largest arbutus in Ireland. The main trunk, or the "master tree," as the gardener expressed himself, had been cut down, for what reason I have forgotten; but no less than twenty-five large branches had sprung up on all sides from the root, I walked round the extreme points of the branches, and found the circumference to be eighty-three paces. Another colossal arbutus, of about the same size, existed a few years ago at Rogerstown, near Dublin, but was blown down by a storm in 1839. The old and massive trees which we now admire so much were planted for us in a remote antiquity. Daily their number is lessened by the blast of the hurricane, or the more destructive hand of man. Are we planting trees that will be equally venerable to our posterity, some five or six centuries hence? or are these vegetable Methusalems to be altogether eradicated from our globe?

Cypresses also were growing here in the open air, in fifty-three degrees north latitude. Indeed there cannot be a doubt that Ireland is the most northerly country in which the cypress will grow. Of rose-trees in full bearing at this advanced season I make no mention, for I found them in the farthest north of Ireland, and sometimes high enough to overshadow the roof of a cottage.

Leaving Mount Kennedy House we passed the Glen of the Downs, a beautiful corridor of rocks, richly decorated with oaks, ivy, and bushes. It contains some magnificent points of view, but you never quit the plain, and after a few minutes you emerge again into the open country, with the Great Sugar-loaf to your left, and the Little Sugar-loaf to your right. These are the most remarkable mountains in the whole county of Wicklow, for they taper upward in as regular a form as the Egyptian pyramids. Their names, however, famous as they have become in Ireland, cannot have been borne by them very long, for it is only during the last three hundred years that it has been the practice to make sugar into the conical loaves in which we now see it. Both mountains are perfectly naked from the base to the summit.

Not far from the Sugar-loaves lies the celebrated Killonderry park and the little town of Bray, and a little farther on, the park and mansion of Powerscourt, and the little town of Enniskerry. Thence

follows a constant succession of small towns and villages, parks, castles, houses, cottages, and other descriptions of country-seats, all more or less beautiful, either on account of their situation, or of the grounds about them. Hence to Dublin is a densely-peopled district, which is to Ireland what the county of Kent is to England. Of the old, Celtic, turfy, wild Ireland, not a trace is here to be seen. Every thing becomes more and more English, till we arrive at Kingstown, whence a convenient railway conveys us back to Dublin.

DUBLIN.—O'CONNELL AND THE REPEAL ASSOCIATION.

On my return to Dublin, my first visit was made to the man whom every stranger must be as curious to see in the Irish metropolis, as the Pope in Rome. I mean the man who at that time was lord mayor of Dublin, and who throughout Ireland is spoken of as the "Great," the "Immortal," but for whom in London they have names of a very different signification. It is unquestionably a great pleasure to spend a quarter of an hour in conversation with so able, so experienced, so distinguished a man; and one who, within the walls of his own house, exercises hospitality so agreeably. But of O'Connell as a private man I mean to make as little mention as of any other private man with whom in the course of my travels I may have become acquainted.

Some men remain, throughout life, confined within their private circle, and such may be said to have an exclusive property in themselves; but others, as actors, authors, and statesmen, in stepping out upon the stage of public life, abandon to public examination and criticism a part of that exclusive property which they possessed in their own persons. Such men, as long as they retain the vestment of the part they are playing, may be freely and openly judged and spoken of, without the slightest breach of delicacy. Nay, one may attack them, in their public character with asperity and even hostility, and yet retain a feeling of friendship and good will for them as private men. Now of all men in England none has retained so little exclusive right to himself as O'Connell. No other has made himself so completely public property. His life is one of incessant publicity. Even his domestic and family relations he makes the subject of discussion at public meetings: a thing the less wonderful, as his house and family depend, in a great measure, on the public for support. In Germany, and, indeed, in most countries, a stranger who travels to study the geography of the country and the character of the people, has no need to inquire about the personal particulars of distinguished men. To travel in Ireland and ignore O'Connell is impossible. He is himself an ethnographical phenomenon; partly because, during thirty years, he has exercised so extraordinary an influence over the character and circumstances of his countrymen;

partly, because he and his influence form in themselves a phenomenon to be explained only by reference to Irish nationality.

The Irish are a people after the old cut, a people to whom we nowhere else see any thing similar. With us, people have become too reasonable, too enlightened, and much too self-dependent to make it possible for an individual to step from among us and grow up into such overwhelming dimensions. We deride those who announce themselves as prophets, but among the Irish the old faith in saints and miracles is as fresh as ever. They are patriotic, blind, credulous, childlike, and enthusiastic enough to abandon themselves to the most entire admiration of an individual; and, in their eagerness to be relieved from the many real grievances under which they suffer, they are ready to overload with applause every one who shows sympathy in their sufferings or a devotion to their cause.

In a well-regulated state, and with an intelligent well-informed people, among whom all, or nearly all, have the means of subsistence, the apparition and success of a popular tribune like O'Connell would be impossible. It was only in proportion as the *infima plebs* of Rome sunk to a lower and more degraded condition, that the tribunes became more prominent. Ireland is a country in which there are a larger number of individuals without rights or property than in any other in the world; this it is that makes it the soil in which talented, active, and eloquent men like O'Connell are sure to thrive. O'Connell for thirty years has been the vigorous and indefatigable arm of Ireland, that has recovered for her, one by one, many of her plundered rights from among the glowing embers of an English parliament.

I am not about to attempt a complete picture of this man, a task for which I am by no means certain that I am qualified, but I will invite my readers, at least, to accompany me to a meeting of the *Emerald Legion*, as O'Connell somewhat poetically denominates his Repealers, where I will introduce them to a few of those men with whose names they have probably become familiar through the medium of the newspapers. It was one of the ordinary repeal meetings, and was held in a large hall of a place called the Corn Exchange. I arrived before the hour indicated, but the room was already crowded to suffocation. To judge from their outward appearance, the assembly was almost wholly composed of such Kerry and county of Clare men as I had seen in the national costume in the interior of the land. To my great astonishment, I found that very few of those present had whole coats to their backs, and that the number of those whom we should look upon as reputable citizens was very small indeed. They sat or stood on benches ranged in an amphitheatrical form around the walls, and in the centre stood a table, at which were sitting some secretaries and newspaper reporters. A gallery overhead was filled with women and children.

Observing there was still some room at the table, I endeavoured to make my way thither, and found plenty of willing arms to assist

me forward over the railing. I was then enabled to take up a more central position at the table. Everywhere from the railing hung rags; for torn clothes it was evident constituted the general uniform of the Emerald Legion, I do not mean to say any thing offensive in making this remark, but simply state it as a fact that most of O'Connell's Repeal friends were arrayed in rags. On the following morning, to be sure, I found it stated, in the several Dublin papers, that the meeting in question had been "very respectably attended." The whole assembly, on the contrary, bore an appearance, such as could have been presented in France and Germany, only after the lowest strata of society had been thrown to the surface by the agitation of a political hurricane.

At the end of the table stood a high chair for the chairman, and another, by the side of it, for O'Connell. Over the chairman's seat was suspended a green flag, with the words "Repeal! Repeal! Repeal!" embroidered on it in gold letters. Along the walls, as is often done in England on similar occasions, were seen mottoes something like the following:

"A people that does not desire to make its own laws, desires slavery, and merits slavery."

"He who commits a crime strengthens our enemies."

"Repeal is Erin's right and God's decree."

It is one of the most remarkable characteristics of the British constitution and of the national character, and one not sufficiently estimated by foreigners, that a course of agitation so nearly approaching to insurrection can be tolerated, without any serious mischief following. O'Connell's career of thirty years, as the popular tribune, the great agitator of Ireland, much as it may be to the credit of the man's tact, who, always verging on the extreme limits of the law, appears never to have actually overstepped them, is, at the same time, still more creditable to the political liberty and to the national character of the British people, not excepting the government. I will not stop to ask whether a man like O'Connell could, either in France or Germany, have run the career he *has* run, without passing through a prison or under the guillotine, but even in the freest republics of Greece or Rome we meet with no example of a man assuming with impunity, and for a lengthened period, a position of such uncompromising hostility against the great aristocracy of the state as O'Connell has assumed against the aristocracy of England and Ireland.

Loud cheers and vociferations in the street, accompanying the rolling of a carriage, announced the arrival of the Lord Mayor. He entered along with the chairman. I was certainly without any feeling of prejudice against O'Connell, but I must own he looked more ludicrous than dignified in his official costume as Lord Mayor. The splendid red robe lined with fur, and the long double gold chain, did not become him, and yet I had seen the Lord Mayor of London

in his official finery, without receiving any similar impression. If, however, my impression was correct, it conveys no blame on O'Connell, for many commanding spirits are little at their ease under the trammels of a uniform. The cheers with which he was received were enthusiastic, and each of the leaders of the Emerald Legion, on entering the room, was likewise received with enthusiastic cheers. Men, women, and children, all screamed and cheered as loud as they could. Among these leaders none excited my interest more than Tom Steele, who, in his character of O'Connell's satellite, is almost as celebrated in Ireland as O'Connell himself, though, without O'Connell, Steele would probably be as little known as Jupiter's satellites if there were no Jupiter. Mr. Steele, I was assured, had run through a handsome fortune "in agitating;" and, though now reduced in his circumstances, was only the more warmly attached to the cause for which he had sacrificed himself. His appearance reminds one of Shakspeare's description of Bardolph. He has the long meager figure of a corporal, with a genuine red Bardolph nose. His face, to be sure, bears deeper traces of care and melancholy than can be supposed of Bardolph. Steele, to all appearance, is a man very deficient in point of education, and when he speaks it is difficult to conceive how he can have obtained any popular influence, unless in consideration of the money he has expended. He may have merits unknown to me, but in describing his outward appearance I have not gone one hair's breadth too far. Falstaff blames Prince Henry for the bad company in which he finds him, and I must own Tom's physiognomy was one in whose society I would rather not have seen O'Connell.

Renewed cheers ushered in John O'Connell, the "amiable son of the Liberator," as he was repeatedly called in the course of the speeches that followed. All O'Connell's sons and sons-in-law stand by their father. They are all agitators and repealers. Even his grandsons aid in the cause; for it is not long since O'Connell, on the birth of his twenty-first or twenty-second grandson, had him immediately inscribed among the members of the Repeal Association. John O'Connell, said to be, after his father, one of the most distinguished members of the family, bears but little personal resemblance to the patriarch of agitation. John is smaller and more handsomely made than his father.

A short speech from the chairman opened the meeting. The minutes of the previous meeting were read. Some contributions to the repeal rent were handed in and deposited in a box on the table, and some letters were read from individuals of more than ordinary importance, who expressed themselves friendly to the repeal cause.

John O'Connell then rose, rendered an account of a journey through the interior of Ireland, whence he had just returned, and spoke of the magnificent meetings he had attended at Balliwatobber, Ballinmormagh, Kilkerrin, Kilbiny, and other equally obscure places. All the respectable people, he said, were heart and soul against the

Union, many priests had promised their support, and, at the different meetings in question, at least 50,000 persons had pledged themselves to repeal.

"Dan" himself rose next, and adjusted his wig. This is a favourite trick with him, and occurs frequently in the course of an animated speech. On one occasion even he took off his wig at a public meeting, and displayed his bald head, in reply to some personal remarks from an antagonist. In addition to this little manœuvre of the wig, he has various little tricks or habits. For instance, he frequently moves about on his heels, and turns now to the right, now to the left; and in this occasional change of position, there seemed to me to be more habit than design. He also makes great use of his hands when speaking, and, to give more emphasis, strikes with some force upon the table or other object that happens to stand before him. At the meeting in question, he had chosen for this purpose the arm of the presidential chair, and the chairman leaned over to the other side for the evident purpose of abandoning one of his lateral supports to the orator's gesticulations.

O'Connell's delivery is clear and firm, yet less fluent than his son; he frequently hesitates, and repeats his sentences, except in the more animated parts of his address. I was surprised to find that he spoke with so strong an Irish accent, or brogue. Not that he talked of *repale*, like Tom Steele, and many others who were present, but still I was struck by many peculiarities of dialect which I should feel it difficult to describe. The theme of his discourse was the theme of all the political discourses of his life—the oppression of Ireland by the English. To have heard one of his speeches is to have heard them all, for not only the theme, but also the main thoughts and expressions are the same. He has certain telling words and short sentences, which he knows his audiences are never tired of applauding. "Erin," "Poor Erin," the "Emerald Isle," when spoken in a certain tone, are sure to be followed by peals of "bravo," and "hurrah." The "Saxons," honourable as the name is in itself, has become a term of abuse among the Irish, to designate the English; and this word, pronounced by O'Connell, with a peculiar lengthened emphasis on the "a," never fails to draw down applause. The word "repeal," too, from the lips of O'Connell, is certain to receive the customary honours. At other times he assumes a particularly devout tone, and speaks of the "Almighty," and the "blood of the Redeemer," when all present uncover themselves, for I had forgotten to say that the assembly kept their hats and ragged caps on their heads. Tom Steele had a little low cap on, which did not, however, prevent me from noticing a faculty he possesses of moving the whole skin of his head, together with hair, cap, and all. In speaking, I also noticed that he had a habit of constantly licking his lips with his tongue—the result, probably, of embarrassment.

Certain thoughts and expressions recur continually in O'Connell's speeches, like the white horse of Wouvermanns, and the cascade of

Ruysdael, and, in the same way, certain little incidents are repeated, at the repeal meetings, with unvarying regularity. Letters are read; facts from Irish history, calculated to inspire hatred of the English, are diligently sought for, reports of provincial meetings are pompously communicated, and the contributions to the repeal fund are handed in, accompanied by many expressions of gratitude and esteem towards the givers. As often as possible strangers from the wilds of America, or from some other remote country, are introduced, and made to deliver a speech, or at least a few words, expressive of their sympathy for the cause. O'Connell, meanwhile, leads every thing, and accompanies every incident by a few suitable remarks, or by some pointed attack upon England.

"England," he exclaimed at the meeting in question, "has everywhere been for slavery. Whithersoever we look, England has reduced mankind to servitude. In Asia she has converted one hundred millions of freemen into slaves. In Africa there are English slaves. In Australia, round every island she has thrown her chains. It is the very nature of England to subdue and to make slaves of all nations, whether adjacent or remote, that have it not in their power to resist her. Even Ireland, our beautiful, our unhappy Ireland, our holy island—(loud cheers)—affords the most striking example of England's love for despotism and tyranny. For 600 years the Saxons —('Bravo')—have directed all their efforts to our entire oppression; all their endeavours have been to make their profit of us at our expense, to annihilate our nationality, and to convert us into the willing agents of their despotic behests.—Who, I ask, is to blame, if we are poor, and cannot clothe and feed ourselves better than we do? ('The Saxons!' exclaimed a loud voice from one of the back rows.) Ay, the Saxons are to blame! Whose fault is it that in our country, so blessed with fertility by Providence, so many human beings,—I shudder to say it,—die annually of hunger? ('The Saxons!' repeated the same voice.) Ay, the Saxons! Who has destroyed our manufactures and our industry? The Saxons! Who has prevented the development of that intellectual culture, in which we were once so far in advance of all the rest of Europe? The Normans and their brothers the Saxons! Who has hitherto prevented us from assuming that rank among the nations of the world, to which our natural resources and the talents given us by God so justly entitle us? And who is it that has made the word Irishman to sound less proudly than Frenchman, Spaniard, or German? ('The Saxons!' responded the voice that had twice before been heard.) Yes, the Saxons! the English! despotic England is to blame! There was a time when America too was in a condition of servitude, but the Americans have thrown off the yoke, and are now, to the mortification of England, a free and powerful nation. I do not say that I would have you imitate the example of America in its fullest extent. Our object may be attained by the pacific means of a legal opposition. I declare myself altogether opposed to

every kind of physical force. There are some among us, I know, who have recommended an appeal to force; but I hope that on due reflection they will agree with me, that were we to recur to physical force, we should completely ruin our cause. For my own part, I would rather retire from the theatre of public life altogether, and spend the remainder of my days in utter solitude, than league myself with men who would persist in recommending such illegitimate and ill-judged means for the attainment of so righteous a cause. (No applause followed.) I therefore wish not to be misunderstood, when I direct attention to the example of America. I would have you emulate the Americans, in their love of liberty and of their native land, in their persevering opposition to the tyranny of England, and in their manly resistance to attacks made upon their rights as citizens and men; but I do not recommend you to imitate the manner of their resistance, which was a sanguinary and an armed one. We can attain our aim, only by maintaining a menacing position; by keeping attention constantly fixed on our interests: by continually exciting animosity against England, tyrannical England; and by warming our breasts with the love of Ireland, our beautiful, much to be pitied Ireland! The more men we can animate with enthusiasm for our cause, the more we can demonstrate to ourselves, and to Englishmen, and to the whole world, the revolting injustice that England has done us, and under which we still suffer, the more hope is there that we may at last have a majority in parliament, and obtain justice for Erin. Be active and vigilant. Associate, agitate, and stand by me. For forty years I have striven and fought against despotism, against bigotry, against the Tories, against England, and all for Ireland, (cheers,) and every true-hearted Irishman loves me the better for it. (Cheers.) For forty years I have had but one object in view: justice to Ireland, and the abolition of English tyranny. And has the struggle of so many years been carried on in vain? Have we not obtained the abrogation of the atrocious penal laws? Has not our religion been emancipated? Have we not seat and voice in parliament? Do we not now participate in the municipal administration of our own towns? Let what is past inspire you with confidence in the future. Repeal will, must be obtained, as a crown to the whole great work. When we have obtained repeal, then only as an independent nation shall we stand on an equal footing with England. Then only can Ireland flourish, then only can we hope to enjoy all the blessings with which the Almighty (here they all pulled off their caps) has gifted our beautiful Erin, our holy isle. ('Hear, hear,' from Tom Steele, O'Connell's most diligent crier of 'hear, hear.') There is but one thing can save Ireland, and that is repeal! The wellbeing of all of you depends on repeal! With repeal you will be happy and rich, and obtain all you wish and strive for. As long as I live, therefore, I shall cry out for repeal, and you too must shout repeal to the end of your days. ('Bravo, bravo! hurrah! repeal!') You ask me who will obtain repeal for you. I

will. I offer the people of Ireland repeal,—('Bravo!') and I promise you that if you are but resolved on it, you shall have it. I have often been deceived by England. Often have I had the promise of the English ministry and the English parliament, that the demands of Ireland should be heard, and that her wrongs should be redressed. On the faith of those promises I preached patience to you, and begged you to await the fulfilment of England's promises. And you followed my injunctions. You were tranquil and silent, and Ireland was ready to receive from England, as an act of grace, what she might have demanded as her own good right. But England never availed herself of the opportunity I afforded her, to act greatly and nobly. When I and Ireland were silent, England forgot her promises, and the old injustice continued unredressed."

After continuing for some time longer in this strain of bitter animosity against England, he concluded, amid vociferous applause, by telling his hearers that if they were but united they would yet be a nation again. A bunch of grapes was then handed him by way of refreshment; but he rose again repeatedly in the course of the meeting, to make a few brief remarks upon the incidents that happened to arise. Thus, for instance, he spoke with much apparent feeling, when a little boy, about eight years old, stepped forward, and handed in 4*l.* as the contribution of his schoolfellows to the repeal rent. O'Connell gave his hand to the child, after having first taken his hat off to him, and asked his name, which was loudly proclaimed to the assembly. It was a curious spectacle to see the handsome innocent child by the side of the veteran fox—for every one must own that there is a remarkable expression of fox-like cunning in the countenance of O'Connell.

Next followed a subscription from the women of Limerick, which called forth from O'Connell some complimentary remarks to the fair inhabitants of that city, who, on the motion of Tom Steele, were greeted with three loud and ringing cheers. A contribution from Galway called O'Connell again on his legs. There were no truer Irish hearts anywhere, he said, than in Connaught, but he was aware that the large graziers there dreaded a repeal of the union, as likely to lead in England to the imposition of an import duty on Irish cattle.

"I look upon every apprehension of the kind," he continued, "as entirely unfounded. Do you believe the English will be less hungry after the repeal of the union than they are now? I believe they will have as much appetite then as ever they had. They like our cattle now better than what they get from abroad, and hereafter, when we are independent again, our meadows and our cornfields will be better cultivated, and we shall be able to offer them better cattle than we can now. And should they then refuse to take it because it was not union cattle, why, I believe that our independence would awaken us to increased industry, and we should soon be able to buy the Connaught cattle for our own consumption, without being at all beholden to England for taking it off our hands. Besides, we know that the

union affords no protection to our graziers, for the English will certainly be deterred by no consideration for us from getting their cattle elsewhere, if they can buy it cheaper and better than they can from us. On this point the new tariff has sufficiently enlightened us, in drawing up which, not the least consideration was shown for our interests, and if that tariff has had no greater influence on our cattle trade than it has, the reason is that they can get supplied by us with a better and a comparatively cheaper article than by the foreigner."

A letter was then read from a Lord French, who, as O'Connell observed, was the first lord that had declared in favour of reform.

From the town of Drogheda came 50*l.*, and this donation was received with great demonstrations of satisfaction, and O'Connell called on every town in Ireland to imitate so glorious an example; in doing so, he drew so animated and affecting a picture of the goodness, patriotism, and genuine Irish spirit by which the people of Drogheda were animated, of whom nine out of every ten were repealers, that he almost burst into tears. Once indeed he really did shed tears, when, speaking of the present character of the judicial bench, he made some allusions to a former judge, a deceased friend, of whom he spoke in the warmest terms of eulogy and affection. O'Connell stopped short in the middle of his speech, and wept.—*C'est impossible, mais je l'ai vu.*

The smaller donations were, in my eyes, however, more remarkable than these larger ones. There were many of a shilling, eightpence, sixpence, and one even of twopence, the contribution, probably, of a beggar. Among those present many were induced by the reading of the list to contribute trifling sums. One man on a back bench cried out he would give all he had about him, and sent down fourpence, which were duly allowed to fall into the money box. O'Connell himself handed in a number of shillings wrapped in paper, and laid them on the big box. The sums thus made up of the pence and shillings of the poor, and sent to O'Connell and his friends, to be applied to the promotion of repeal, are very considerable. So large an amount was named to me that I am afraid to repeat it.

By way of conclusion to the spectacle, a German was brought into the fire. He had just arrived from America, and had, I believe, brought with him letters of introduction to O'Connell. This German assured the assembly, that on the other side of the Atlantic no one doubted of the eventual success of the repeal movement; and then he went on to compare O'Connell with Washington, and said that the name of Irishman, which had formerly been a stigma in America, had come to be a title of honour since O'Connell had so gallantly devoted himself to the repeal of the union, and since Father Mathew had so triumphantly advocated the cause of temperance.

All these proceedings occupied several hours, and it was growing

dusk when the meeting broke up; yet I did not see one individual withdraw, though of course most of them were merely spectators, and could take no part in the business of the day, beyond occasionally joining in the cry of "hear, hear!" They all retained their places, however, even when O'Connell spoke of the international relations of the continental powers of Europe; matters which, I am certain, were far above the comprehension of those he addressed. At last, when all the letters had been read, and all the contributions gathered in, and the big money-box tolerably well filled, the meeting was declared to be at an end. By way of finale, however, Tom Steele jumped upon the table, and called for three cheers for the queen, three cheers for Ireland, three cheers for repeal, and three cheers for the noble German from America. Thus ended the affair, and, accompanied by loud applause, the lord mayor walked out of the room. Amid the loud hurrahs of those in the street, I saw him enter a very stately and magnificent coach, in which he returned home in state, drawn by two handsome dapple-gray horses.

While through the window I was contemplating his departure, I suddenly heard the clatter of money behind me, and, on turning round, perceived that some one had been careless enough to overturn the great box, and that several persons were busily engaged in collecting the pennies and shillings and sovereigns that had been sent spinning and rolling about. O'Connell's son stood close by, and watched the whole scene.

This money-box, I must own, offended me more than any other part of the spectacle. I cannot forgive O'Connell, and I do not believe posterity will forgive him, for making his patriotic endeavours a source of pecuniary profit to himself, and that openly, and without the least apparent sense of shame. Indeed, he has quite reconciled his delicacy to the proceeding, and intrenches himself behind arguments like the following: "I was a barrister in excellent practice, and my income was more likely to increase than fall off. I threw up this practice and devoted myself entirely to the cause of Ireland. This cause is a very expensive one to me, for I have not only my own family to maintain, but likewise many of those who help me into parliament, and enable me to act there with efficacy. Nothing is more reasonable than that Ireland should remunerate me for these expenses, and indemnify me for the loss I have sustained in giving up my practice. I can, therefore, accept the O'Connell tribute from my countrymen with the best conscience in the world."

In most of his speeches he reiterates his demands for money, or vindicates his claim to the support of his countrymen, and an indemnification for his sacrifices. By so doing he places powerful weapons in the hands of his enemies, who make no hesitation to designate him as a "regular mendicant," a "false prophet," a "knave in politics, and a hypocrite in religion." The bitterest reproaches are addressed to him, for coaxing the pennies out of the pockets of the poor, in order that he and his may live in luxury. His friends, on

the other hand, many of whom contribute a part of the money, tell us that O'Connell cannot do otherwise than he does; that if he is to devote all his energies to the country, he must take the money, and that if the people cease to give their money, they must abandon all hope of repeal.

What, however, shall an impartial stranger say? Perhaps it may be difficult for him to decide, without such an insight into the heart and the private circumstances of O'Connell, as God alone can possess. The following facts, however, are indisputable:—In consequence of O'Connell's patriotic and inflammatory endeavours, he is in the enjoyment of a very large income (more than £10,000 a year, it is said), and upon this income he and his family live in luxury, better clothed and better fed than the thousands from whom this income is derived. O'Connell and his relatives have no idea of saying, "We will go in rags, and eat potatoes and salt, like the millions of our countrymen for whose welfare we are labouring. We will set aside every worldly advantage, and all the money intrusted to us shall be devoted to the great cause, and none of it to our individual profit." No, their song sounds thus: "If we were all lawyers in good practice, how comfortably could we live! and that we may not be too forcibly reminded of this, do you secure us against the want of money." With the disinterested Fabricius, with Cincinnatus labouring at the plough, with the barefooted caliph, with the apostles, and prophets, and the great patriots and philanthropists, whom posterity has so justly prized for keeping their souls and thoughts above the atmosphere of money, with all these noble and exalted beings, the O'Connells must not for a moment be placed on the same line. In making these remarks, I do not mean to say, O'Connell, in every thing he does, is actuated by sordid motives, or that all his zeal, eloquence and patriotism spring from a thirst for pecuniary gain. To say that, would be to designate him at once as a liar and hypocrite. There are mixed characters in the world, men who, with unaffected zeal for a public cause, combine a sharp sense of what is to their own interest. His zeal for his country may originally have been entirely pure, and his hatred of the Tories wholly unaffected; the pecuniary advantages of agitation may have developed themselves in the course of his career, and he may simply receive a benefit which chance has thrown in his way. There are prophetic spirits who hold a midway place between angels and devils, and are not the less prophets, though the world may call them false prophets. Such men are extraordinary men still, and even while they are serving Mammon, maintain their souls in a youthful elasticity, and keep the flame of enthusiasm alive, not allowing the one half of the character to corrupt the other half. Are there not men who devote themselves with enthusiasm to a faith in which they do not believe? Had not Mahomet his inspirations, and will any one deny his enthusiasm for a religion which he

was, nevertheless, cunning enough to make, on all occasions, subservient to his interest?

In considering the character of O'Connell, moreover, we must consider the character of the age he lives in. Had he lived by the plough, like Cincinnatus, or clad himself in rags, like his poor countrymen, he might never have exercised his present influence. Modern heroes must be well lodged, and dress like gentlemen, and O'Connell's admirers may admire him all the more for the ability with which he extracts from them such large voluntary contributions, by the mere effect of eloquence and zeal. In short, in judging him, we must consider him as an extraordinary man, but as a man of the nineteenth century—the money century. By means never before attempted he has risen to power, influence, and wealth; without any exercise of physical force, he has for more than thirty years braved the most powerful aristocracy in Europe, and all the time, he has had none to support him but a few millions of paupers.

THE WORKHOUSE.

It had long been the wish of the British government to introduce the English system of poor-laws into Ireland, and a few years ago this design was really carried into execution. A poor-rate has been imposed upon all Ireland, and with the proceeds of this rate, and of some large parliamentary grants, workhouses have been erected all over Ireland. The number to be erected is 150. Of these, 100 had been finished in the autumn of last year. When the remaining 50 are finished, and put into activity, it is in contemplation to pass a vagrancy act for the prevention of mendicancy. Hitherto, it has been impossible to do this in Ireland, because there did not exist a sufficient number of charitable institutions supported by the state. I was even told that there existed till lately only six such institutions in all Ireland. There are indeed innumerable institutions of the kind supported by voluntary gifts, and in Dublin alone, including asylums, hospitals, charity-schools, &c., there are 50 such. Of all these establishments, in Dublin, only one, the House of Industry, was maintained by the state. It was the largest of all, for it afforded lodging and food to no less than 2000 paupers, beggars, cripples, orphans, lunatics, &c. This was the only house of charity that I was able to visit during my stay in Dublin.

Since the adoption of the English poor-laws, all Ireland, like England, has been divided into a certain number of districts, called unions. Every house in such a district is estimated at a certain annual value, and the poor-rate imposed upon each householder, is a certain per centage on the supposed value. The tax thus raised is then applied to the maintenance of the workhouse. Dublin and its environs are divided into two unions: the North Union and the South

Union. The houses in the former are estimated at 394,000*l.* a year, and in the latter at 561,000*l.* The poor-rate collected in the North Union somewhat exceeds 8000*l.*, and in the South Union is somewhat less than 12,000*l.*

For the North Union, the abovementioned house of industry has been fitted up as a workhouse. There is a rate-book, in which all the rated houses are entered. I was surprised to find houses entered there at astonishingly low rents. Many were valued at 20*s.* (and some as low as 15*s.*) a year. The occupier of a house rated at 20*s.*, had to pay a yearly tax of 5*d.* Surely the tenant of such a dwelling might pass for a poor man himself! A line ought to have been drawn that would have exempted such wretched huts from the imposition of a poor-tax. Some cabins in Ireland, to be sure, would defy all estimate. What rate can be imposed on the miserable being who creeps for shelter behind a mud wall or under a shed of tattered thatch.

At the head of the poor-law system for England and Ireland are three poor-law commissioners, who reside in London. Under them are assistant poor-law commissioners, who live in the country, each having under his care and inspection a district composed of several unions, respecting which he addresses periodical reports to the central commission. The reports are printed, and so are the annual reports of the central commission. The reports of the commissions of inquiry, appointed previously to the adoption of the present system, have also been printed; and all these reports together form a little library, which he who would know Great Britain properly ought not to leave unstudied. They are full of excellent remarks, and of highly interesting evidence, respecting the country, the people, and their condition.

The guiding principle of the workhouse system, according to Mr. George Nicholls, is this, that the maintenance offered at the public cost shall, on the whole, be less desirable than the condition of the man who maintains himself by his own labour. To carry this principle into execution, he goes on to say, it might seem necessary, at the first glance, that the inmates of a workhouse should be worse clothed, worse fed, and worse lodged, than the independent labourers of the district. In point of fact, however, those residing in a workhouse in England are much better off in this respect than the family of an agricultural labourer; and yet the constrained labour, the discipline, the confinement, and the exclusion of certain amusements within reach of the labourer who maintains himself, engender such an aversion to the workhouse, that experience warrants our saying, that no one, not wholly without means, or not really in urgent distress, will apply for admission to the workhouse, and that those whom distress has induced to enter there, will leave it as soon as they believe themselves in a condition to gain their own living. The result of all this, Mr. Nicholls adds, will be, increased exertion on the part of the labourer, to maintain himself in independence.

To make the clothing, lodging, and food of the poor in a workhouse worse than those of the majority of Irish peasants would be impossible, and were it possible it would be wholly inexpedient. The Irish are by nature and habit a migratory people, and fond of change. An Irishman would rather travel over the whole world in search of employment than submit to the discipline of a workhouse while in the possession of health and vigour. Confinement to an Irishman is more intolerable even than to an Englishman; and, however better the accommodation of a workhouse may be than what a mud cabin can afford, nothing but extreme need will drive an Irishman into the former, nor will he remain there one moment longer than the necessity continues. Under these circumstances the question may be raised whether the contrary principle might not be applied in Irish workhouses,—namely, to make the condition of the inmates better than that which they could procure for themselves. By such means the people might be induced to give up their wild wandering misery, which they drag about the world with them, and might be taught to submit themselves to the order and discipline of a workhouse, for the sake of enjoying a better, a more decent, a more human existence. The object of a poor-house ought not to be merely to act as an auxiliary for the enforcement of a vagrancy act. We ought to have views beyond the mere suppression of mendicancy, and to aim at the permanent improvement of the condition of those whom misfortune, ignorance, or prejudice, may have reduced to destitution. It may be doubted whether any such object is kept in view in the organization of the Irish workhouses, in which a system of terror may, in some measure, be said to prevail. As in the English houses, so here, the discipline seems to me to be rude, severe, and unmitigated by kindness. The governors, as they are called, certainly did not appear to me in the light of "guardians," or "fathers," to the poor, as we are wont to designate in Germany those to whom functions somewhat similar are intrusted. These governors have always great power over the poor, and may even inflict severe punishments upon them. All these arrangements are made with a view to the object proposed. The workhouses are not intended as places of retreat for the poor; they are rather meant to be houses of correction, in which the poor shall be taught to value more highly their personal liberty, accustom themselves to work, and learn to abstain from mendicancy.

The food and clothing within an Irish workhouse is certainly better than the pauper could enjoy out of it, for of course the inmates of such a house are not allowed to go about half-naked and half-starved, the usual condition of the poor in Ireland. The food consists generally of potatoes, oatmeal, and milk, particularly buttermilk. Bread is given only to the children and the sick. The diet tables and other regulations of public institutions are of interest to the inquiring traveller, for they often afford him a convenient insight into the manner of life of a whole nation. When, therefore, I detail

to my readers the fare of a pauper in an Irish workhouse, I give them a picture of the style of living of the great mass of the Irish people, of those at least among them who have it in their power to eat their daily fill.

As among most classes in Ireland and England, the day is divided into three acts or meals, breakfast, lunch, and dinner. By the last is not to be understood the noonday meal, but the chief meal of the day. The lunch is participated in only by the children and invalids. The healthy and full-grown are excluded from it. The hours at which these meals are taken are later than with us in Germany. Nine o'clock is the hour for breakfast, and four in the afternoon for dinner. The breakfast, as in most parts of Ireland, among those who have the means of decent maintenance, consists of new milk and *stirabout*, a kind of porridge of oatmeal; the dinner is composed of potatoes and buttermilk. The children, for their lunch, receive bread and milk. On Sundays, holidays, and on every Thursday, a little brose, or soup, is given, in addition to the customary diet. An adult receives seven ounces of oatmeal and half a pint of new milk for breakfast, and four pounds of potatoes and a pint of buttermilk for dinner. The board of an adult is calculated to cost one shilling and fourpence three-farthings weekly. That of the children is more expensive, on account of the bread, and the more liberal supply of milk. The most costly of all is the board of the children under two years old, who cost one shilling and sixpence three-farthings a week, for which they receive one pint of new milk and a pound of bread daily. There is therefore a potato diet for adults, a bread diet for children, a rice and meat diet for the sick, and lastly, a fever diet for the class of patients always most numerous in an Irish workhouse.

The clothing of each pauper has been calculated at a halfpenny a day, or threepence-halfpenny a week, so that the food and clothing amount to somewhat under two shillings a week. With the cost of the house, the salaries of officers, and incidental expenses, the maintenance of each pauper may entail on the community an outlay of three shillings weekly, or seven pounds sixteen shillings a year. The expenses have been on the decline for the last few years, in consequence of the decline in the prices of provisions. In some workhouses, also, the cost may differ from others, but these calculations I have given may be taken as a fair average.

I was astonished by the appearance of the potato-kettle at this house. No less than 1670 pounds of potatoes are boiled at once. This enormous quantity is all divided into portions of three and a half and four pounds, and each portion is enclosed in a small net. All these nets are laid together in a large basket, and this basket, with its nets and potatoes, is deposited in the boiler. When the potatoes are supposed to have been sufficiently boiled, the basket is wound up again by a machinery, constructed for the purpose, and the poor are then marched up in military order, when each receives his net and marches away with it.

In the school, belonging to this house, the Chinese-Russian calculating board, or numerical frame, had already been introduced, but only a fortnight before my arrival.

Most of the people were employed picking oakum, the occupation assigned to the inmates of most of the prisons and workhouses of England, who are thus made to prepare lint for the wounds of the British men of war. This article is indispensable in the dockyards, where it is used for calking ships. Hundreds of thousands of hands are daily occupied in the workhouses, and houses of correction, in untwining old rope ends for this purpose.

One of the most interesting parts of the establishment is the old clothes store, in which the variegated rags that the paupers bring with them are carefully preserved, to be returned to them on their departure. A pauper, on entering the house, receives in exchange for his motley drapery, the gray uniform of the house, with N.D.U.W.H. (North Dublin Union Workhouse) embroidered upon it in large letters. His liberty rags, together with hat, stockings, shoes, &c., are first carefully fumigated, and then, having been folded together, are marked with the name of their owner, and deposited in the old clothes store. The pauper may at any time have his discharge, by simply intimating a wish to that effect to the governor, but to allow him to take with him the clothes worn in the workhouse would never do, or many would enter one day and go away again the next, merely for the sake of a new suit of apparel. Their old rags are therefore restored to them, and their ingenuity is again taxed to discover the right entrance to their distorted sleeves. It happens almost every day that among the 2000 inmates of the house, one or other, weary of discipline and confinement, and longing for his former liberty, gives the governor notice to quit, and demands the restitution of his wardrobe. It so happened that, at the period of my visit, such an application had just been made, and the clothes store was, in consequence, open. All the theatres in Europe could not have matched, in point of variety, the wardrobe here displayed to me. It must cost the poor a painful struggle when they waver between the servile N.D.U.W.H. costume, and the ragged sansculotte drapery of freedom. Most of them prefer the latter, with all the privations that accompany it. The liberty, even of a beggar, has something sweet about it, and the free, wild, nomadic life of the Irish mendicant, has become as much a thing of habit to him, as the hunting, fishing, pastoral life has to the wandering tribes of Russia.

If a man remains twelve months in the house, conducts himself well, and holds out the hope that he will in future maintain himself by his own exertions, a suit of clothes is given him, to help him forward on the new and thorny path of life on which he is about to enter.

Dublin is, or at least was, not long ago, the main place of rendezvous for all the beggars of Ireland. The great wealth and population of the town, according to Mr. Nicholls's report, hold out to

beggars the hope of a richer harvest at Dublin than in any other part of the country. This harvest is increased by the gift of accidental visiters, who are drawn to Dublin by business and pleasure, and who are often more accessible to the mendicant than are the regular residents. The many charities in Dublin act also as a great attraction to beggars; and it often happens that Irish labourers, when they go to England in search of work, leave the whole or part of their families at Dublin, to subsist by beggary till their return. The Irish paupers, too, passed from English parishes, are generally landed, in the first instance, in Dublin, where they often accumulate rapidly. And thus, Mr. Nicholls concludes, "numerous streams of vagrancy concentrate in this city as in a reservoir."

When these circumstances are considered, and the fact that for a long time there existed in Ireland no public institutions for the relief of the poor, except in the large towns, and that Dublin was the only place where the destitute and starving pauper could be certain of relief, that therefore Dublin could not fail to be the point towards which all the want and misery of the country would tend to flow; when all these facts are considered, I say, it is no wonder there should be so many beggars in Dublin; the wonder is that their number should not be much greater. The fearful picture painted by former travellers of the condition of the Dublin poor has, however, already ceased to be applicable. The horrible yet customary salutation of the Dublin beggar,—"Sir, I am very hungry,"—I heard much less frequently than I had expected. The new workhouses have, probably, already begun to exercise a beneficial influence; but whether it will be possible to carry out the enactments of the expected Vagrancy Act, is a question to which time only will enable us to return a reply. With 150 workhouses in the country, each capable of accommodating 500 paupers, provision will only have been made for 75,000 destitute persons. Before, therefore, the state can prohibit mendicancy, it must have been ascertained that Ireland does not contain more than 75,000 individuals unable to maintain themselves by their own labour. We do not, however, require any official return to assure us that the real number of destitute poor is very far beyond 75,000, and then the question is,—what right the state can have to prohibit begging, to those to whom it has not the shelter of a roof to offer.

MUSEUMS OF DUBLIN.

The museums and literary societies of Dublin are not a little indebted to Germany. The foundation of the Museum of the Royal Dublin Society was laid by the purchase of the Leskean Museum, the property of Professor Leske: at a later period the collections of Giesecke, a mineralogist of Göttingen, were added to the museum; the library of Baron Fagel, a Dutchman, was incorporated with the

library of the university; the anatomical models in wax of Professor Rau, a German residing at Paris, were bought by Lord Shelburne, for the university; and Professor Finnagel,—here called von Feinagle,—originated a society, by which, under his direction, was established an academy for children of the upper classes, the only establishment of the kind in Ireland.

For strangers, the most interesting collections are those of the University, or Trinity College; of the Royal Dublin Society, and of the Royal Irish Academy. Next to the Germans, the bogs of Ireland have contributed most to the enriching of the two last of these institutions. These bogs are the very best preservers of antiquities that any country can wish for, and almost every information that Ireland desires to have respecting her ancient condition, she must be content to look for at the bottom of her marshes. Not only the beads of gold and amber, worn in remote antiquity by the ladies of Ireland; not only the bodies of men, but their very clothes, and the butter that they eat, and samples of the weed which they smoked, before they made the acquaintance of tobacco; even the bodies of extinct races of animals,—all have been covered by the turf-bogs with a preservative matter, which, among the relics of a remote antiquity, has even kept unchanged the furrows drawn by the plough centuries and centuries ago.

All these collections of Irish antiquities, the care taken to preserve them, and the studious examination of them, are of very recent date. The zeal that at present prevails for draining the bogs leads daily to the discovery of new specimens of antiquity, and much will no doubt continue to be found, and will contribute to make these collections yet more interesting than they are. Among the objects hitherto obtained from the bogs, are, in the first place, complete human bodies, of which a specimen is to be seen at Dublin, with the skin dried and tanned brown indeed, but with all the features distinctly to be traced. From the costume in which this man was found arrayed, it is concluded that he must have lain at least 500 years in the bog in Galway, where he was discovered. For the preservation of animal matter, the Irish bogs, it would appear, might compare with the great icy masses of Siberia; but the latter, it must be allowed, possess yet greater powers, since they preserve, not only the bones and skin, but the flesh also.

Different parts of the buffalo, that formerly existed in Ireland, have also been discovered. According to a treatise published in the Proceedings of the Irish Academy, this Irish buffalo differs from all the *ossemens fossiles* described by Cuvier, and is remarkable on account of the great convexity of the forehead, the length of the body, and the shortness of the horns, which are bent downward.

Of all, the fossil deer of Ireland most deserves our admiration and attention, on account of its enormous size and peculiar construction. Of this animal so many specimens have been found in all parts of Ireland, that there are few peasants in the country who are not

acquainted, either by hearsay or as eyewitnesses, with the horns of the old deer, as they are called. Nay, in some parts of the country, these horns have been found in such quantities, that they are thrown aside, as undeserving of any consideration, or are applied to agricultural purposes. Some of these enormous antlers, for instance, have been used as gates for fields, and others for bridges over small brooks. In the same way, in Siberia, the bones of the mammoth are found in such quantities, that they have become an article of trade, and are bought and sold to be applied to agricultural purposes. In the Isle of Man also, the fossil deer has been found, and in several museums of England, have, of late years, been placed specimens complete in all their smallest anatomical details. The name given to them is *Cervus Megacerus*.

In the construction of its horns, the fossil deer bears some resemblance to the elk, but they are much larger than those of the latter, whereas the animal itself is much smaller. The finest specimen is to be seen at the museum of the Royal Dublin Society. The principal dimensions, according to a small pamphlet, published by a member of the Irish Academy, are the following:

Length of body	1	foot	8½	inches.
Length of lower jaw	1	,,	5½	,,
Distance between the extreme points of the antlers, measured over the skull	11	,,	10	,,
The same measured in a straight line	9	,,	2	,,
Length of each antler	5	,,	9	,,
Circumference of the antler at the base	1	,,	0¾	,,
Length of backbone	10	,,	10	,,
Height of animal's back	6	,,	6	,,
Breadth of the antler	2	,,	10	,,

It may easily be imagined what a magnificent animal these relative dimensions must have formed. Antlers each as long as a tolerably tall man, and as broad as a moderate-sized table. An animal at the same time standing higher than the largest ox, and yet as lightly and beautifully built as the slenderest stag. This one object so far surpasses all the other specimens of natural history in the collection of the Dublin Society, that one's whole attention is engrossed by it. It is unquestionably the finest animal of its kind that has yet been placed in any museum in Dublin, and is, perhaps, next to the great fossil mammoth in St. Petersburg, the finest fossil skeleton that has ever been exposed to the gaze of the curious.

In Yorkshire also, on the coast of Essex, in the forest of Bondi, near Paris, in several parts of Germany, and, according to Cuvier, in the neighbourhood of the Po, parts of the Cervus Megacerus have at times been found. In Edinburgh, at Cambridge, and in two or three other English museums, specimens of the animal, nearly complete, have been set up. All these, however, are far surpassed by the Dublin specimen, in beauty, size, and completeness.

We may reckon it as another of the peculiarities of Ireland, that this fossil animal should be found there so much more abundantly than in any other part of Europe. How many questions are raised by this single fact? It often seems as if Ireland must have formed a world of itself. One might be tempted to believe it a remnant of the great continent Atlantis, which may be supposed not to have participated in every respect with Europe, but in some measure to have formed a distinct portion of the globe.

Many amber ornaments have been found in the bogs. This would imply either that amber had at one time been found in Ireland, or that the Phœnicians, or some other maritime people, must have brought it thither as an article of trade.

A necklace of shells has also been found, of so rude a workmanship that it looks as if it had been taken from the neck of some queen of the South Sea islands. Such an ornament can only have been worn in very remote ages of European barbarism. Of golden ornaments, rings, rows of beads, and some curious little instruments, the use and purport of which it is not easy to determine, considerable quantities have been found. The golden beads, made of a thin plate of metal, are astonishingly large. If these are of Irish workmanship, and of a period prior to the introduction of Christianity, as is generally supposed, on account of the absence of all religious emblems and decorations, it follows that the old Pagan Irish were very nearly as good goldsmiths as those of the Greek colonists, and of the Bosphoran kings of Tauria on the Black Sea, of whose relics many have of late years been found and deposited in the museums of St. Petersburg. According to the poet Moore, gold-mines are believed to have been discovered by Tighernmas, an ancient king of Ireland, who reigned 200 years before the Christian era. In one bog in the county of Tipperary, so many golden articles have been found at different times, that it bears the name of the golden bog; and tradition says, that in that place the workshop of a goldsmith was one day overwhelmed by the sudden irruption of the marshy matter.

Among these golden articles is a semicircular half-ring with a kind of flat stamp at each end, and large enough to be conveniently handled in the centre. The Dublin scholars suppose it to have been a kind of talisman made use of on the conclusion of treaties of peace. There exist, however, many similar half-closed rings, some of copper and some of silver, which are supposed to have been current as coin. A most remarkable fact is, that an article nearly similar is at present made in Birmingham, of iron, with the view of being employed among the Ashantees and other negro nations, for the purchase of commodities. These African ring-coins bear so strong a resemblance in form to the ancient Irish half-ring that I have endeavoured to describe, that some of the African coins manufactured at Birmingham have been placed by its side. It appears a strange form into which to fashion money, and yet, in countries so remote

from each other, the inhabitants would seem to have hit upon the same idea. In studying the history of nature and of man, it is impossible for us to extend our inquiries over too great a surface. Perhaps the Phœnicians traded on the African coast with the nations referred to, at the same time as with the Irish. If so, the Phœnicians may have conveyed the idea of so strange a coinage, from the Africans to the Irish or from the Irish to the Africans. The Phœnicians may have done then, what the English do now at Birmingham. Do we not find the round towers of Ireland again in Persia? and even in China monuments have been discovered precisely similar to the cairns and cromlechs of Ireland. Not long ago, a report on some similar Cyclopean monuments discovered near Bombay, was inserted in the proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy.

Considering the immense number of buildings and monuments ascribed to the Eastmen and Northmen (the Danes), the number of articles of bronze discovered in the country is remarkably small. There are incomparably fewer in the museums of Dublin, than in those of Copenhagen or Livonia. There are indeed a few swords of bronze, similar to those at Copenhagen, a large quantity of Celts, and a few bronze battle-axes. The most remarkable of these figures are the little bronze pigs, which are found in great numbers. The form of the animal is generally well imitated. Perhaps the hog may have been a sacred animal among the Pagan Irish, as were several sorts of beetles among the Egyptians. As this thought crossed my mind, I recalled to my memory the ancient legend, that the old necromancers, the Tuatha-de-Danaans, on the arrival of a large number of colonists from Spain, converted the whole island into the form of a hog. Even to the present day, the hog is the most important animal in the island, and the one most respected by the sons of Erin; they exist upon the blood and fat of the hog, as the Egyptians on the water of the Nile; and, were the subjects of her Most Gracious Majesty in Ireland not good Christians, who knows whether they would not worship Apis under the form of a good fat pig, as the Egyptians did under the form of an ox?

Some distaffs have been found of a singularly primitive construction,—namely, a round stone with a hole, through which a shaft was passed. On this shaft the thread was wound, and the heavy stone served to put the simple machinery in movement. It was reserved for the Irish of modern times to invent a distaff yet more simple, a large potato being made to supply the place of the stone, the preparation of which would require a greater expenditure of labour and ingenuity than they are willing to bestow on it. This invention must be one of modern date, for the ancient Irish had no knowledge of the valuable root which Drake transplanted from America.

Considerable quantities are found of a substance of which I have already made mention, under the name of bog-butter. In pieces of eight or ten pounds this substance is often found. The largest piece is said to have weighed seventeen pounds. Bog cheese has also

been found preserved in the bogs, and put up into forms entirely different from any known at the present day.

Iron, I was told, was generally wholly destroyed in the turf-bogs. The only instances in which iron has been preserved, has been when it has been imbedded in greasy animal substances. Many have also assured me that the limy portions of animals, including their bones, decay soon, and that the skin and fat only remain. Even in the specimen of a bog-man, of which I have made mention, it was said that all the internal bones had been destroyed by the humidity that had found its way into the body. If this be so, the assurance given me by many, and which is repeated in a scientific treatise, of which I have made mention, that the bones of the fossil elk are frequently dug out of the bogs, must be understood to apply, not to the bogs themselves, but to the strata of marl which lie under the bogs.

Many manuscripts, crosiers, and other articles belonging to the period of Christianity are likewise found, and the peculiar fashion of their ornaments shows that the arts in Ireland had even then a character peculiar to the country. All the ideas of the painters, transcribers, and workers in metal, appear to have been entirely different from those of which we discover traces in other countries.

Some highly interesting specimens of Irish antiquity are also found in the collections of Trinity College, the University of Dublin, founded by Queen Elizabeth. Among other articles to be seen there is an old harp, beautifully worked, and said to have belonged to the Irish king O'Neil. Here then is palpable to our feeling as to sight, one of those musical instruments that have to us an almost fabulous air, when seen in paintings representing the gathering of the Ossianic heroes.

All the buildings of Trinity College are large, handsome, and convenient, and every thing is kept in the best condition. The hall of the library is the room most admired, and is said to be the largest of its kind in the British empire. In 1842 the books amounted to 96,100 volumes. Of all the works I saw there, none interested me more than the new map of Ireland, which, as far as it is completed, is really a colossal undertaking, and certainly the most magnificent and best thing of the kind ever executed under the direction of the British government. The same engineers under whose auspices the last large map of England was executed, are also engaged upon the map of Ireland, and as they have now the full advantage of all the experience which they gathered in England, it is thought that their survey of Ireland will be even more perfect than that of England, and that the geography of Ireland, hitherto in a more unsatisfactory condition than that of any other European country, will now, all at once, possess the most accurate and detailed maps in the world. It is difficult to believe, and yet I have been assured it is perfectly true, that all the maps of Ireland published in the last century, were based upon an old map of Sir William Petty's, drawn up in the seventeenth century. Of course, none of these maps were at all to

be relied on, and this at a time when the British government had caused astronomical and trigonometrical surveys to be made in remote countries. Parts of Russia had already been surveyed and measured, long before a general trigonometrical survey of Ireland seems to have been thought of. At the end of the last century a map of Ireland was drawn up by a clergyman of the name of Beaufort; and this map, though the author had very unsatisfactory data to proceed on, continued for a long time to be looked on as the most accurate that existed.

Beaufort's map was on the scale of six miles to an inch; that undertaken at the expense of the state, is on a scale of six inches to a mile. This is as much as to say that the government map is a thousand times as large as the most accurate and most detailed map that Ireland possessed forty years ago. For twelve years, sixty persons have been employed on the work. Each of the thirty-two counties of the kingdom is drawn, on an average, on fifty or sixty large sheets. According to their extent, some counties have a greater and some a smaller number of sheets. Twenty-seven counties are already complete; and when the whole is finished, the map will consist of 1500 sheets, and will constitute the most magnificent geographical work possessed by any country.

The attelier for this map is in Phœnix Park, near Dublin. What surprised me most was the low stage of education and intelligence of some of the individuals employed on the work. In similar undertakings with us in Germany, all the assistants would be taken from the educated classes. I might instance the great map of Saxony, which has been in hand at Dresden for several years. Here, on the contrary, those engaged in a subordinate capacity are mere common workmen, who can understand but little of the nature of the work on which they are employed. Their deficiencies, in this respect, I have no doubt, are amply compensated by the scientific attainments of those by whom they are superintended. The work may not the less be a distinguished and complete one when finished, though the inferior workmen may not comprehend any part of it beyond what passes immediately through their hands.

What most interests a stranger in an English library are the splendid and colossal works, which English perseverance, English art, and English money, have brought to maturity, and which we have seldom an opportunity of seeing in any of our continental libraries. Among the colossal works of this kind that I had an opportunity of seeing at Trinity College, was one on Mexican Antiquities, the publication of which is said to have cost the author, Lord Kingsborough, more than 30,000*l*. A work almost as complete as nature herself, is Lambert's description and pictorial representations of the Genus Pinus. This Lambert devoted his talents, his life, and his fortune, to the completion of this splendid work. It is characteristic of England to produce men who possess all these qualifications in a high degree, and are willing to devote them to the execution of

one work, or the attainment of one end. In Germany we never concentrate our means upon one point. Lambert kept a number of excellent artists in his employment, and made them repeat their work till he was quite satisfied with what they produced. Never were pine-trees glorified by the hand of man as they have been in Lambert's work, which, however, with all its splendour, remains incomplete as compared with nature. There are said to exist very few copies of this rare and magnificent work.

The great work of Gough, ("Sepulchral Monuments of Great Britain,"), and that by Dugdale, ("Monasticon Anglicanum,") which contains views and a detailed history of all the churches and abbeys of England, occupied my attention for some time. It is astonishing with what elaborate care England has been illustrated and described by its authors and artists. Every department appears to be subdivided into innumerable subordinate branches, and for each branch there exists generally some standard work which passes for a classical and recognised authority.

Trinity College is decidedly the largest building in Dublin, and the largest college in the United Kingdom. To give some idea of what has been done for this establishment, I will mention a few of the pecuniary donations it has received from private individuals and from the nation. In 1758 the provost, Dr. Baldwin, left 80,000*l.* to the college. Parliament voted 40,000*l.*, for the erection of a square, with apartments for fellows and students, and the square was not inappropriately named Parliament Square. In 1787 parliament voted 12,000*l.* for the erection of a chapel, the cost of which, however, far exceeded that sum. Considering the sums that this college has had the distribution of, it ought to take a more prominent position than it does. The English universities are apt to speak of Trinity College as their Silent Sister.

Men of a European reputation are not wanting, who received their education at Trinity College. Among others are named, Young, Goldsmith, Swift, Hamilton, Congreve, Burke, Dodwell, Grattan, Coulter, &c. The English generally complete their education at one and the same college, and each college is constantly engaged in counting up the eminent men that have received their education within its walls, and in instituting comparisons between itself and other colleges. In our German universities, of which every student generally visits several, this can never be the case. The German universities pride themselves upon the celebrity of their teachers, the English upon the celebrity of their pupils.

Trinity College Chapel is a very elegant building, though far inferior to the college chapels of Oxford. I noticed here an amusing instance of the manner in which the gradations of rank are marked in an English university, and of the strictness with which the distinctions are enforced. The prayer-books in this chapel differed in form, size, and binding, according to the academical rank of those who were to use them. Thus the prayer-book of the provost was an elegantly-bound folio, with gilt edges, and the leather on the sides

enriched with a profusion of gilt stars. The vice-provost had no stars to his book, and the senior fellows, of whom there are seven, had no gilding at all. The junior fellows, eighteen in number, had to content themselves with quarto volumes, and the scholars and students were reduced to octavos. The scholars, of whom there are seventy, form, with the fellows, the body of the university, and elect the two members by whom the university is represented in parliament. The students are divided into three classes: fellow-commoners, who dine at the college table, and pay the most for their education; pensioners, who pay less; and sizars, who pay nothing.

As with the prayer-books, so with the pleasure-grounds attached to the college, marked distinctions are kept up with regard to the different ranks. The students have their park, and the fellows theirs; to the latter, however, the masters and fellow-commoners have access. After duly inspecting all these matters, I passed out again through a small door in the garden wall. This door is called the Doctors' gate, because none but doctors are authorized to have a key. By courtesy, however, this valuable privilege is also enjoyed by the masters.

THE SQUARES OF DUBLIN.

Dublin is celebrated in England for its squares. Merrion Square is said to be the handsomest and Stephen's Green the largest in the kingdom. On passing out of the little Doctors' gate, I found I had not far to go to visit both squares.

Merrion Square is a handsome green parrallelogram, with magnificent lawns, and surrounded by the handsomest private buildings in the town. The latter presented a somewhat melancholy spectacle to me as I was strolling along the walks of the garden. The majority of the houses had their windows closed, a sign that their owners were absent. I counted ten adjoining houses that were veiled in this manner. During the summer, and a great part of the winter, the nobility and gentry of the country must not be sought for in Dublin; and their absence at that period is not atoned for, as in London, by a season all the brisker in spring.

Dublin has naturally suffered most by the union of Ireland with England. To the end of the last century, when Ireland still had her own parliament, Dublin was the customary residence of two hundred and seventy-one spiritual and temporal peers, and of three hundred members of the house of commons. In 1820 only thirty-four peers, thirteen baronets, and five members of the house of commons, resided in Dublin. It was calculated, as early as 1782, that not less than two millions sterling were annually carried away from Ireland, to be expended out of the country. Since then, it may safely be assumed that this sum has at least doubled. Ireland is not like many other countries, indemnified, in some measure, by the visits of strangers, and it may therefore be easily imagined how acutely the effects of

this absenteeism are felt by the trading classes of the metropolis. Ireland is probably the country in all Europe, whence the greatest number of wealthy individuals permanently absent themselves, and to which the smallest number of wealthy strangers resort.

As in London there are more elegant clubs than elegant coffee-houses, so in Dublin there are more squares than public gardens. The wealthy and privileged classes have reserved to themselves the exclusive enjoyment of the square gardens. In general it is only the inhabitants of the square, and a few privileged subscribers, who are admitted into the garden, for the garden is surrounded by a high iron railing, and the gates are always kept locked, each subscriber having a key. It would even seem that the *confrérie* of a square is able to obtain peculiar legislative privileges, for it is nothing uncommon to see a board put up, announcing that any person venturing to imitate a square key, is liable to a penalty of five pounds.

Merrion-square, together with all the houses that surround it, belong to a lord whose name I have forgotten. The occupiers of these houses pay to this lord a higher rent, in consideration of his not building upon the central piece of ground. It is to be hoped, however, the city has some better security against his lordship's building over the garden in question. The lawns of Merrion-square, like those of most English squares, are always admirably neat, and though the garden contains only twelve acres, the gardener, who has his cottage in a corner of it, has enough to do, with his two assistants, to keep the grass and the paths in the wished-for order. Some handsome clumps of trees are distributed over the garden, and immediately inside of the iron railing runs a thick shrubbery, in order that those who walk in the garden may enjoy the greater privacy.

In my opinion the enjoyment of these miniature parks is a very insipid one, consisting of nothing else than walking formally up and down the place, to breathe a little fresh air. Some nursery-maids and a few young children are generally the only occupants of the garden. In Germany we should probably authorize the gardener to establish a little dairy for the sale of milk and cakes, and then, perhaps, a much larger number of the occupiers of the houses would come out in a morning to enjoy their coffee and other refreshments, in the open air.

Nothing of this kind is to be seen here, and these beautiful spots, which might in so many ways be made to contribute to the use and enjoyment of the public, are generally all but empty. In spring, sometimes, a band of music plays in the square, and then all the inhabitants and subscribers, with their families and friends, assemble in Merrion-square, as the gardener assured me, to the number of three or four thousand. The public, even on these high festivals, is excluded, policemen being placed at the gates to prevent the entrance of the unprivileged. "And it's very necessary," said the gardener; "for if we did not do so, the many ruffians that we have in the town would destroy every thing."

Stephen's Green, the other square, is nearly an English mile in circumference. It is the property of the city of Dublin, but has been secured to the inhabitants, as a fee farm, by act of parliament. They pay to the city 300*l.* a year, and here we have another example of the variety of relations in which the inhabitants of English towns stand to their squares. In the centre of the handsome ground stands an equestrian statue of George II. Another monument was offered to the inhabitants of the two squares, but was declined by them, on the ground of the bad taste of the design. It was in consequence erected in Phœnix Park, where it is known as the Wellington Testimonial. Of this park, the Irish likewise maintain, that no public town park in the United Kingdom is equal to it in beauty. For my own part, however, I must own, that I am at a loss to guess what it is the Irish find fault with in the magnificent parks of London, surrounded by buildings so much superior in magnificence. The access to Phœnix Park is detestable, the buildings about it, not excepting the lodge of the lord lieutenant, are all very insignificant, and the lawns are certainly less carefully attended to than in the London parks. Phœnix Park, moreover, lies completely outside of Dublin, and having thus brought my reader into the fresh air again, I will not take him back to the close and smoky streets of the metropolis, much as we might still find to interest us there; at least, I will not take him farther back than is necessary to enable us to mount the car, by the aid of which we are to roll away together to the north of Ireland.

FROM DUBLIN TO DROGHEDA.

With us, in Germany, we sometimes take the liberty of asking a stranger what his name is. In England, in a similar situation, it is better to ask a man how he spells his name, or the interrogator may chance to receive only a few half-articulated, and, to a foreigner, utterly unintelligible sounds in reply. Such a question I addressed to a man who, having thrown his baggage into the well, placed himself by the side of me on the car. He rattled out a series of letters, but I found immediately that my ear was not yet sufficiently familiarized with English spelling, and I was little wiser on the subject than I had been before. I made out only that his Christian name was *John*, and that his surname ended in *pen*, whence, judging by an old adage I had heard in England, I concluded that my fellow-traveller was probably a Cornish man. He was a thorough trader, and had no taste for any thing out of the commercial line. When I told him I had lately been in Saxony, "Ah, that's a fine wool country," was his immediate reply. When I told him I was sorry the bad weather would allow us to see but little of the fine country we were about to pass through, his answer was that he would care little for the bad weather if business would but improve a little. "Nevertheless," I resumed, "it would be some consolation to me to enter on

a better cultivated part of Ireland, and to find the cultivation of the land, and the intelligence of the people, improving more and more as I advanced." This immediately called from him the remark that the linen manufacture and flax dressing also improved and grew finer the farther we advanced northward. In Drogheda they were inferior to Newry, and farther north were many places that surpassed Newry.

All this conversation passed while we were endeavouring to make ourselves as comfortable as we could. At last the moment of departure arrived. The crowd of poor cripples and beggars, unnecessary assistants, and hawkers of newspapers and picture-books, cleared away from about us, and our car, with its sixteen outside passengers, rolled along with its mountain of luggage, through the suburbs of Dublin, where I again noticed the great number of houses that were covered with ivy, much as I had seen it on the walls of all the ruins of Ireland. Erin may be called the land of ivy, and Dublin the ivied city.

Amid a downpour of hail, rain, and snow, a kind of weather which the English call sleet, and which is of very frequent occurrence in Ireland, we drove past the ruins of the cathedral of Swords. Close to these stands a round tower, nearly perfect, and many magnificent old trees. The name of Swords has an English sound, but it reminds one of the old Irish battles fought under the famed monarch Brian Boru.

A little farther on we passed another ruin, the old castle of Balruddery; but immediately beyond Balruddery, at Balbriggan, my eyes rested on a spectacle quite new to me in Ireland,—namely, a large manufactory. Balbriggan was the first place in Ireland in which I beheld a large cotton-mill, and Balbriggan stockings, I found, enjoyed a reputation even in England. Here, then, the north-eastern manufacturing district of Ireland may be said to commence. Ruins cease to be the objects of chief interest, and splendid piles of them, such as those of Kilkenny, Glendalough, and Cashel, are no longer heard of.

We held a short siesta at Balbriggan, where we changed horses, and on reascending our car, were immediately surrounded by the customary swarm of wretched-looking creatures, praying us, for Heaven's sake, to give them a halfpenny. "There's still time, good gentlemen! the car 'll be off directly," they exclaimed in chorus, as the driver raised his whip. "There's still time, your honours! Oh, sure, your honours won't drive away without leaving a trifle for us and our poor families! I don't beg for my own sake, but for my poor dying children! Oh! Oh! there the car goes, and not a halfpenny your honours leave for us!"

Night had, meanwhile, come on. This is any thing but agreeable on an Irish car, if the night, as was now the case, come on unaccompanied by moon or stars. To sleep is scarcely possible without exposing oneself to the almost certain contingency of being pitched

off. A portly dame, who sat on the other side of me, began to sing, and told me she did so to keep herself awake. Her song and our silence continued nearly all the way to Drogheda, and so did the downfal of the meteorological compound, already described under the name of sleet, and, thus accompanied, we made our entry into the ancient town watered by the Boyne.

The linen trade forms the staple trade of Drogheda; but some branches, particularly the spinning of yarn, have been much depressed of late by the erection of large spinning-factories at Leeds. The manufacturing of linen is a new branch of industry; whereas, in Ireland, it is one of the oldest that exists. The Irish linen trade has occupied the legislatures of Ireland and England for more than two hundred years. In England the subject has excited attention only since the beginning of the present century, when the trade acquired some importance, in consequence of the introduction of large spinning-machines. In Ireland, also, these large machines have been introduced, and have effected quite a revolution in the trade. Some places have suffered and others have gained by the change. It is a singular fact that the exportation of Irish linen, to England and to foreign countries, has not undergone any material change in amount since the beginning of this century. The quantity, during that time, has always fluctuated between thirty-five and fifty-five millions of ells; if then there be any foundation for the complaint of the manufacturers, that their trade has been declining, it must lie in the increase of population, and the increased number of hands pressing forward for employment. The population of Ireland, since 1800, has nearly doubled, and, therefore, for the linen traders to have no subject of complaint, the consumption and exportation of their merchandise ought to have increased in the same ratio.

DROGHEDA AND ITS VICINITY.

Drogheda is an ancient Irish town, yet it is built nearly in the style of English towns. It is the only town in the north of Ireland of which the population is on the decline. In 1821 it contained 18,118 inhabitants, and in 1831, 17,365. Its river, the Boyne, has become less famous for the dark bog-died water that it bears to the sea—one of its tributaries is even called the Blackwater—than for the blood once so freely poured into the stream, at the battle between William III. and James II., which led to the expulsion of the latter, and the entire re-establishment of English influence in Ireland. This battle is to the Irish what the battle of the White Mountain was to the Bohemians, the battle of Culloden to the Scots.

A few miles from Drogheda, near the river, lies the field of battle; and, as the valley in which it lies has natural beauties of its own, besides some interesting Druidical remains, and, above all, the celebrated sepulchral monument of New Grange, I sallied forth on

the following day to make a little pilgrimage up the river, in company with an obliging and well-informed Drogheda patriot. Where the valley narrows, on the spot where one of the most decisive incidents of the battle occurred, an obelisk has been erected on a large stone, or rock, by the side of the river. My companion, who had spent nearly all his life in the vicinity, told me that all the details of the battle were still fresh in the memory of the people of the surrounding country, and that not only these incidents, but that even the family circumstances and genealogies of those who distinguished themselves in the battle, were carefully preserved from generation to generation. Irish traditions have still the peculiar character of those of nations among whom printed books do not exist. Every thing is described in its minutest details—localities, physiognomies, and even the speeches delivered—just as if the narrators had been spectators of the scenes they describe.

Among those who perished at the battle of the Boyne, were several Germans, whom William had brought over with him from Holland. One of these was the Duke of Schomberg, who commanded a part of William's army at the battle. The people say that the German troops had committed an outrage on an Irish girl, and that her lover, unable to discover the real offender among the Germans, gratified his vengeance by slaying their leader.

James II. displayed but little courage in this memorable battle, which was fought on the 1st of July, 1690. He abandoned the field even before the battle was decided, and made a ride of unexampled rapidity through Ireland. In a few hours he reached the Castle of Dublin, and on the following day he rode to Waterford, a distance of 100 English miles. Nevertheless, James sought to throw the blame of the whole defeat on the Irish. On arriving at the Castle of Dublin, he met the Lady Tyrconnel, a woman of ready wit, to whom he exclaimed, "Your countrymen, the Irish, madam, can run very fast, it must be owned."—"In this, as in every other respect, your majesty surpasses them, for you have won the race;" was the merited rebuke of the lady. At Waterford, James embarked for France. As he was proceeding to the vessel, the wind blew his hat into the sea, and as it was evening, and the hat could not be immediately recovered, one of his companions, General O'Farrell, presented his own hat to the king, that the latter might not catch cold. James accepted the offer, and observed, as he was mounting the side of the vessel, that if, through the fault of the Irish, he had lost a crown, he had now gained a hat in its stead. James's calumnies against Irish courage have passed into oblivion, but his own precipitate flight from the Boyne still lives in fresh remembrance throughout Ireland, where all parties are alike unreserved in their expressions of contempt. By this battle, William III. set the seal to Henry II.'s conquest of Ireland, and to the subjection of the country; a subjection which, since then, has had to be confirmed once or twice every century. On this occasion it was,

that, in honour of William and his consort, two new central counties received the names of King's County and Queen's County.

All the way from Drogheda to Navan, the valley of the Boyne displays traces of Druidical monuments. On one height we inspected the remains of a cromlech or circular temple, of which only four large stones remained standing, forming the segment of a circle. A part of the hill had been dug away for agricultural purposes, and this had caused the sinking of two other stones. A little farther up the river we came to several tumuli, and one of these is the farfamed hill of New Grange. This hill is composed of an enormous mass of of flint-stones, is about fifty or sixty feet high, and about 200 paces in circumference. The number of stones of which it consists is, therefore, incalculably great, particularly as the majority, at the summit at least, are not larger than common paving-stones. Round the base of the hill, in the form of a circle, stand a number of large stones, all resting on their heads. Some of these have already fallen, and others have totally disappeared. As the hill is completely surrounded by arable land, many of the stones may have been removed by the farmers, to be applied to some domestic or agricultural purpose.

The outside of the hill is now overgrown with grass, bushes, and trees; for, in the course of time, a covering of soil has naturally been deposited there. At the summit the grass and soil has been cleared away in many places,—probably, to gratify the curiosity of visiters,—and there the composition of the mound may be seen clearly enough; indeed, it may be traced all up the sides of the hill, by any one who will take the trouble to remove a little of the soil that has accumulated during a succession of ages.

In size and outward appearance this tumulus may be compared to those erected at Cracow to the memory of Kosciusko, and in honour of the more ancient notabilities, Wanda and Krak. It reminds one also of the tumuli of Elpenor and of Achilles on the promontory of Sigæum, so accurately described in the twelfth book of the Odyssey, and by succeeding travellers. The large Tartaric mounds in the Crimea, raised probably in honour of ancient Scythian and Bosphoran kings, are of precisely a similar form, except that, being erected in a country in which stones are extremely scarce, they are constructed of earth. In the south of Russia, a rude figure carved in stone, and sometimes a stone only, are frequently placed on the summits of these tumuli. On the tumulus of Achilles, the traces of a stone pillar are also said to be visible, and in Ireland tradition tells of many of these hillocks, that large stones stood orginally on the summits. The tradition is in some measure confirmed by the fact, that on the top of most of them a small indentation is found, from which the stone may readily be supposed to have been washed away by long-continued rains. The English call these tumuli *burrows* when constructed of earth, and *cairns* when built of stones.

It is not, however, the outward appearance so much as the in-

ward distribution, that constitutes the chief interest of New Grange. An opening has been discovered at the foot of the cairn, and through this opening it is possible to reach the vaulted chambers of the interior. To visit this interior had been the chief object of our trip and we came prepared with lights, for the entrance is extremely narrow, and tolerably long. Immediately in front of the entrance is a little space sheltered from the wind; a miniature cavern, constructed perhaps by the first discoverers of the passage, or by some of its earliest explorers. Here we drew off our clothes, lighted our candles, and commenced our operations. The passage, fifty feet long, is so choked up with stones, that it is only by lying on the back, feeling one's way with the feet, and pushing oneself forward with the hands, that it is possible to get forward; and as the whole way runs over sharp-cornered flint-stones, this is about the most disagreeable slide that a man can look for in any part of the world. The side walls of the passage are formed of large stones, tolerably flat, with similar stones laid across them to form the top.

We soon reached the convenient interior of the tumulus, where it was possible, not only to stand upright, but likewise to walk freely about, the place being neither more nor less than a small chapel, with three side chapels depending on it. We had brought with us a great number of candles. One of these we suspended in the centre of the principal chapel, and in each of the three smaller chapels we likewise placed a light, sticking the rest to the walls as well as we could; and amid this illumination my eyes wandered over the most remarkable and interesting specimen of old Cyclopean architecture that I had ever beheld. Rude and simple as every thing was, I fear it will be difficult to give my readers anything like an accurate idea of the structure and appearance of the place.

There cannot be a doubt but the chapels were built before the cairn was erected. The materials of the tumulus would have made it impossible to have worked into its sides afterwards. The chapel was, therefore, built first, and the pyramid of stones was piled upon its roof subsequently. In the manner of the building, the architects appear to have followed the plan adopted by children in making houses of cards. Large flat stones were placed on their edges to form the side and back walls, and others were laid over them to form the ceiling. In this way, at least, the three lateral chapels were constructed, leaving the side open by which they communicate with the central chapel. One of these dependant chapels is towards the east, one towards the west, and one towards the north. Towards the south is the opening to the passage described above.

The main difficulty with the old Cyclopean architects was to construct the vault of the central chapel. This difficulty has been solved thus: On the four firm bases presented by the roofs of the three lateral chapels, and by the colossal gateway to the narrow entrance-passage, large flat pieces of rock were laid, but projecting a little inward. On these again were placed similar masses of stone,

projecting a little more inward, and this operation was repeated three or four times, the flat stones being let into each other something like the fingers of a folded hand. The small hole that, at the end, remained at the top of the chapel, was closed by one gigantic stone, as a crown to the whole work. The weight of the enormous mass of flints by which the chapel was in time covered, only increased the solidity of the stones overlaid in the way I have described, and the whole stands indestructibly there, a pile to which eternity alone can assign a limit. The flints were probably not heaped together all at once. In Arabia, in some parts of Africa, as well as in Ireland and Scotland, it is frequently customary to raise a heap of stones on a sacred place, or over a grave. In Esthonia a similar custom is often observed. Every passer by is expected to throw a stone upon the hallowed spot, accompanying the act by a pious wish or a short prayer. In this way large heaps of stones have been formed in all these countries. Perhaps when the holy place was consecrated, a number of stones were in the first instance thrown upon it by the assembled multitude; succeeding visiters and pilgrims may have done the same, till, in the course of centuries, the cairn rose to its present altitude.

I have said that eternity alone can assign a limit to the endurance of such a work; for it is difficult to imagine any cause that might lead to the destruction of this monument, except the gradual decay of the stones themselves, and that must be the work of an incalculable series of centuries. Thousands of years have probably passed over these stones already, and that without leaving even a trace of decay. Vegetation even has not yet begun to develop itself in the interior. An earthquake, opening the ground, and swallowing up the whole tumulus, is almost the only natural event that could destroy this primeval chapel; but Ireland has never been visited by earthquakes, and will probably be spared by such calamities in future.

As little is to be feared for this edifice from man as from nature; for none of the motives which have led to the wilful destruction of old buildings can have any influence at New Grange. Many of our most ancient monuments have fallen by human hands, because past associations and uses rendered them justly obnoxious to the people; thus fell the Bastille at Paris, and many old castles and towers in Germany. Others were demolished because their materials were wanted for other purposes. Many were destroyed from curiosity or avarice, by those who hoped to discover hidden treasures or relics under them. Several Egyptian pyramids, and royal sepulchres in the Crimea and other places, have been destroyed in this way. A passion for the arts has been fatal to other monuments; for instance, to many beautiful Greek temples.

Of all these motives, not one is likely to arm the inhabitants of Erin against monuments like that of New Grange. Great blocks of stone like these, can hardly be of use to this or future generations, unless the

human race should return to its old barbarism, and our architectural science descend to the grade which it occupied at the time when these Cyclopean monuments were erected. And even in that case, the neighbourhood possesses abundance of stone which might be obtained far more easily. Obnoxious these chapels can scarcely ever become, for the party contentions and sectarian distinctions which may have existed at the period of their erection, in the time of the Druids, died away long since so completely, that their regeneration is out of the question. The enthusiasts for art, who have so often robbed and injured the temples of Greece and other countries, could scarcely find any temptations to similar outrages upon these Irish antiquities, which are only remarkable as a whole, and would lose all their interest when taken to pieces. To this rule, however, a few exceptions must be allowed, as I shall proceed to show. Avarice and curiosity are very unlikely to prove dangerous to these monuments; for here nothing is concealed from the eye, and every one can immediately convince himself that they contain nothing but huge masses of stone.

It is likely enough, therefore, that New Grange and other monuments of a similar kind, will outlast the towers of Babylon, the obelisks of Egypt, the temples of Greece, the knightly castles of the middle ages, and all present existing edifices. The reflection is calculated to inspire the spectator with the strongest emotions of interest and respect for these venerable relics of a remote antiquity, which will speak to so many future ages as they do to him.

We now proceed to examine the separate curiosities of the little chapels. Each contains a large stone basin, and one of them is furnished with two of them. They all bear some resemblance to the fonts of Christian churches, being large, round stones, about twenty feet in circumference, hollowed slightly at the top, so as to form a large shallow basin or saucer. The whole workmanship of these basins, however, is so rough and imperfect, that though they have been very evidently somewhat altered from their natural state, it is difficult to discover how this alteration has been effected. Neither chisel, knife, nor measuring stick, can well have been used here. The cavities look as if they had been caused by the long rubbing of one large stone upon another. One of the chapels contains, as I have said, two such basins, one within another. Perhaps the other chapels were formerly similarly provided, but have been robbed of their smaller basins by antiquarian collectors.

The northern chapel, which is opposite the entrance, is built of the largest stones. One of the basins was half-filled with water, which seemed to have trickled together from the sides of the cavern. My guide told me that he had always found water there whenever he visited the chapel. Excepting these basins, very few traces of human industry are discoverable in the chapels. Here and there rude ornaments are carved on some of the stones. One stone, fo

instance, is marked with several zigzag lines, running parallel to each other. On the surface of another are cut spiral lines, running round in six or seven diminishing circles, and ending in a point. Others are marked with little radiuses, or stars, which may perhaps have been intended, by the star-worshipping Druids, to represent the objects of their adoration. A few of the stones are marked with rude drawings, apparently intended to represent flowers and fruit. All these marks are, however, very rudely cut. The most abundant are the spiral lines. At the foot of one of the sidestones, in one of the chapels, an inscription is also shown, consisting of various characters entirely unknown, which, according to Irish antiquarians, belong neither to the "Feadha," the common old Irish alphabet, nor to the "Ogham," the old Irish hieroglyphic or cipher. A stone, which forms the inner doorpost of the chapel, is cut with small parallel furrows from top to bottom, which look as if they had been caused by the pulling backwards and forwards for some time of a number of ropes. When we consider the size of this stone, it can have cost no trifling labour to make these marks, the purpose of which it seems quite impossible to discover.

These monuments whether considered in detail or as a whole, are among the most interesting I have ever beheld. It is a great pity that they are so concealed from general inspection, and that their inconvenient entrance renders them inaccessible to one half,—namely, the feminine half of mankind. As we went out, I observed a numberless host of small gnats clustered together upon one of the stones of the inner entrance. These little animals are now the solitary as well as the most ancient inhabitants of these colossal chambers. They withdraw here every autumn to spend the winter, and fly out again in spring.

When we had at last emerged into the open air again, we met a few Irish peasants, whom we questioned as to whom they imagined to have been the builders of these caverns. They answered "the Danes," the usual answer given by the Irish, whenever questioned as to the origin of any of their ancient monuments. It was the Danes, they say, who dug the moats, the Danes who built the old ruined castles, the Danes who erected the great barrows and cairns. Even the round towers are sometimes attributed by the common people to the Danes; and among the minor vexations of the antiquarian and the curious traveller, it may be mentioned that there are not wanting persons of cultivation, who ought to know better, and who yet ignorantly and thoughtlessly acquiesce in the common opinion.

The Danes did not come to Ireland before the ninth, tenth, or eleventh century, and many of the monuments ascribed to them are of much older date. Besides, the Danes never occupied any but the eastern part of Ireland, yet the antiquities ascribed to them are found in every part of the island, and in such extraordinary numbers and variety, as alone to render the common conjecture

highly improbable. On the other hand, however, the Irish are not wanting in bold imagination, and are prone to boast of the vast antiquity of every thing belonging to them; so that if no foundation at all existed for their popular theory, their national pride would probably have led them to imagine a far more remote antiquity for their ancient monuments.

These various considerations combined have led me to an hypothesis which, as far as I am aware, has never hitherto been entertained by any Irish antiquarians. It is, that the Irish people have confounded the *Danes*, commonly so called, with the much more ancient nation of nearly the same name, that of the *Danaans*, who inhabited Ireland long before the birth of Christ. These Danaans, or Tuatha-de-Danaans were, according to Irish chroniclers, the third race which colonised Ireland. Of these Danaans, Thomas Moore, repeating the popular tradition, gives the following account:—"They were a people much famed for necromancy. They had for some time inhabited Greece, where they learned the art of magic, and whence they wandered to the shores of the Baltic, and to Scandinavia. Here they came into the possession of many wonderful treasures, among others the Stone of Destiny, the Magician's Spear, and the Magical Kettle. Armed with these marvellous gifts, the Danaan race gradually found their way to Scotland; whence finally under the guidance of their chieftain, Nuad of the Silver Hand, they sailed over to Ireland. They landed secretly, under shelter of a magical mist raised by their wonderful arts, and spreading themselves rapidly over the country, they fought and defeated the inhabitants at the battle of Moytura, otherwise called the battle of the Field of the Tower." Now, since the Danaans were so famous for their skill in arts, even in magic arts, they may have covered Ireland with these monuments, with all of which popular superstitions are still connected; and, since their name is pronounced almost exactly like that of the Danes, how likely is it that many of the works commonly attributed to the latter, may really be relics of the older race! For certain it is that rude Cyclopean monuments, such as this of New Grange, cannot but have stood here from the very remotest antiquity of Irish history. It is also a very probable as well as generally received conjecture, that these barrows and cairns were intended for religious purposes. Some imagine them to have been the sacred supulchral monuments of famous chieftains; others that they were used as temples. Both may easily be in the right, for many nations use the graves of their dead as places of religious worship, and certain African tribes use no other temples or altars than the graves of their Marabouts. Perhaps the ancient Danaans were in the habit of assembling for religious ceremonies within these cairns, while the holy fire blazed at the same time on their summits. In Cornwall there is a cairn of this kind still, called the "Karn Lesky," or "Karn of Burnings." Perhaps the top of the tumulus was sacred to the Sun-god or celestial

deities, while the caverns beneath were dedicated to the infernal powers. The stone basins I have described, may have served as altars or sacrificial vessels.

There are many similar tumuli along the shores of the Boyne, but they are none of them so large or important as that of New Grange, except one at Dowth called the Moate of Dowth, which appears exactly to resemble the former. If any thing, it is rather the higher and larger of the two, and is less overgrown than that of New Grange. At a place where the turf has been cut away, the material is rendered visible, and this cairn consists, like the one I visited, of enormous masses of flint, piled upon one another. Upon one side an entrance has been discovered, exactly like that of New Grange, leading probably to a similar narrow cavernlike passage, and this passage to similar, or better still, to larger and somewhat different chapels, the comparison of which with those already known, might lead to most interesting discoveries. But to the disgrace of the proprietors and gentry of the surrounding country, with their fortunes of ten thousand a year and more, the entrance has never been opened, and no part of the monument has ever been investigated. I remember well how provoking I thought it, to find so many curious tumuli untouched and unopened in South Russia and among the Tartars; but I have ceased to wonder at that, now that I find such remarkable and interesting antiquities standing as neglected and as unheeded in the midst of a country like Great Britain, as did the pyramids in the African deserts. One would fancy that on English ground every relic offering attractions to antiquarians, artists, or dilettanti, would have been explored, ransacked, and classified over and over again; yet this neglected cairn at Dowth is no solitary instance.

From the hill of Dowth we enjoyed a beautiful view of the valley of the Boyne, with all the tumuli scattered along its sides, and of the river winding along between them, and towards the west over Slane, where in former times existed a famous college, whose ruins are still standing. Not far from Dowth, upon the lands of the Netterville family, stand also the ruins of an old church, overgrown, as usual, with ivy, within the circuit of whose roofless walls stand yet the monuments of many families, who after death "were brought home to their people," as the Irish say. Among others was a white marble monument of one of the Nettervilles, which looked highly picturesque against the green ivy and the gray old walls. I cannot conceive how the English can go to Père la Chaise, and admire the tasteless and prosaic monuments there, while a visit to a few of the old Irish churchyards, would afford them, in the greatest abundance, venerable and picturesque tombs, and scenes of the highest interest. We have many collections of views of "English mansions;" why have not a few English painters and writers combined to give the world an illustrated work on "The

Old Churchyards of Ireland?" The painter indeed ought to be a Ruysdael, whose "Churchyard," in the Dresden gallery, much resembles, in beauty and poetry, an Irish churchyard; and the writer ought at least to be a Moore or Byron, who should know how to animate by the power of a poetical imagination, both the æsthetic and the historical part of his undertaking. These old churchyards, lying among ivy-covered ruins and overshadowed by venerable trees, often surrounded by the wildest and most striking scenery, within whose hallowed precincts rich and poor lie down to rest together, are certainly characteristic of the condition and habits of the Irish people. The Irish cling with inalienable constancy to every thing old, and can rest in peace only among the bones of their ancient chieftains, among the consecrated scenes of so many old legends and traditions, among the ruined witnesses of their ancient glory; there generations after generations lie down to their last repose, as if they hoped for a day of resurrection for these venerable ruins of antiquity, as well as for themselves.

At every turn, however, in Ireland, you meet with things of which the like is nowhere to be found in any other part of Europe. On our return to Drogheda, we met a funeral, and I observed that the hearse was very rudely made. Upon my inquiring the reason of this, I was told that very little trouble was wasted here upon the hearse, because it was the custom never to use it again, but immediately after the burial to break it up and throw the pieces into the grave. I afterwards found that this custom was general all over the north of Ireland.

I had scarcely re-entered Drogheda by one gate, before I drove out of it by another, in pursuance of the resolution taken by some zealous antiquarians, with whom I had the good fortune to become acquainted at Drogheda, and who refused to let me continue my journey, until I had enjoyed with them an examination of the far-famed "*Monasterboice.*"

These famous monastic ruins lie a few miles north of Drogheda, and I visited them the next day. They consist of a round tower, and some ruins of churches, and as they lie apart from the main road we drove to them by a narrow by-lane. *Monasterboice*, or, as the Irish say, *Mainastir-Buite*, the Monastery of Buite or Boetius, owes its origin to a famous abbot or bishop of that name, a pupil of St. Patrick, who lived towards the end of the fifth century. Many ancient abbots of this monastery distinguished themselves in various ways, and rendered their names famous in Irish history; the most celebrated of these was Flann, who died in the year 1056. He is the last great source or original authority in matters of Irish history, poetry, and eloquence; and the traditional ballads of the people thus allude to him:

> "Flann of the great church of sweet Buite,
> The last professor of the country of the three Finns was Flann."

Many ancient Irish poems are still ascribed to him, but the work by which he has attained the greatest celebrity, in his Synchronisms of the Irish kings, the oriental and Roman emperors, the provincial and national rulers of Ireland, and the Scottish kings of Irish descent.

Monasterboice, so long the seat of piety and learning, lost its importance and fell into ruins when the English conquered the kingdom of Meath, to which it belonged.

Not far from the ruins rose a bare and barren hillock, with a few wretched cabins at the top, and then the road led down into the plain, in the centre of whose barren and monotonous waste stood the desolate and solitary ruins. They formed a picturesque though melancholy spectacle, and while all around was bare and naked, they offered shelter to a few old trees which overshadowed them. Near the great round tower, round whose lofty but broken summit fluttered numbers of ravens and rooks, and between the low church-walls, all covered with ivy, stood a few large stone crosses, quite erect and in perfect preservation, and the intervening spaces were, as usual, filled with old decaying, and with newly-erected grave-stones. The dark colour of the turf-covered plain around, the light yellowish hue of the foliage that clustered among the ruins, and the bright green verdure which grew up at the feet of the buildings, all these varieties of tint tended to give a most picturesque appearance to the interesting little group of crosses, churches, tower, and grave-stones. Add to this, that not a creature was anywhere to be seen, except myself and the guide whom I had hired at the last cabin, and that the whole sky, as is often the case in Ireland, was covered with masses of clouds of gigantic proportions and the wildest and most fantastic forms. I had here again occasion to remark the accuracy with which a much-esteemed Irish writer, named Petri, thus describes one great peculiarity of Irish scenery. "The colours with which nature has painted the surface of Erin, are peculiar to our island. There is not a shade of green which does not adorn her soil, from the lightest and yellowest tint, to the darkest blue or brown green. In no other country is the verdure so varied, so rich, and so brilliant. Even our bogs, by the great variety and contrast of colours, purple, red, brown, and black, which they present to the eye, add beauty and animation to our landscapes, and complete the national individuality of our scenery. Even our clouds have peculiarities of their own, chiefly resulting from the dampness of our climate. They have a grandeur in their shapes and proportions, and a power and variety in their light and shade, which is seldom seen in other countries. Irish clouds are at one moment bright and sunny; and, in the next moment, throwing their dark shadows over the landscape, they infold it in melancholy gloom."

Ireland is certainly the richest "*cloud-land*" in Europe, and every landscape painter ought to come here to study her cloud

phenomena. Not unapt symbols are these cloud phenomena of the political and moral fate of poor Erin! As clouds after clouds rise continually from the Atlantic Ocean, and form themselves into an ever-shifting, ever-changing mantle of darkness, scantily interspersed with gleams of watery light, so there rise continually clouds after clouds from the troubled ocean of history, to overshadow, in ever-changing forms, the oppressed and saddened people, who dream on in melancholy despair, but seldom and briefly permitted to sport in the warm sunshine of prosperity and hope. In studying the natural scenery of the country, we are continually reminded of the national character, history, and condition of its inhabitants. Who that watches the ever-shifting clouds of an Irish sky, can help thinking of Moore's poems:

"Erin, the tear and the smile in thine eyes,"

of his weeping stars,

"At the mid-hour of night, when stars are weeping,"

or of his sudden gleams of light,

"'Tis gone, and for ever, the light we saw breaking,"

or of his sunbeams amidst rain:

"Though dark are our sorrows, to-day we'll forget them,
And smile through our tears, like a sunbeam in showers."

We at length arrived at the ruins themselves; and, at the same time, there arrived one of those stormy and picturesque clouds which we had admired so much as they passed over the landscape. The hail rattled down among the stones of the old ruins, and for shelter we were obliged to creep into the round tower, whose door was luckily near enough to the ground to allow of our entrance. This tower has the usual height of 110 feet, and the usual circumference of fifty feet; and though there is always something interesting in visiting one of these curious and remarkable buildings, however familiar one may have become with them, the tower of Monasterboice has certainly nothing to distinguish it from others of the same kind. The ruined churches, also, are remarkable only for their picturesque beauty. What renders this spot most interesting, however, are three remarkable crosses erected in honour of three Irish saints, St. Patrick, Boetius, and Columb Kill. These crosses belong to the most interesting Christian antiquities of Ireland, for they are better preserved than most of the remains of a similar character, and are very elaborately decorated. They are built of great blocks of stone, placed one upon another, and are between twenty and thirty feet in height. Their shape is very peculiar. Upon a broad stone pedestal stands a block of stone, about fourteen feet high, to the top of which is fastened a cross, formed of four arms of equal length, narrowing towards the centre and widening at the ends, like those used by the Maltese knights. The arms of the cross are bound by a large stone ring or circle, whose segments pass

round from arm to arm, and stone cross and stone ring seem united into one figure. Pedestals, crosses, and rings are all covered with curious sculptures, which offer interesting subjects of investigation to Irish antiquaries. They prove the existence of a quite peculiar style of Christian art in the early Irish church, and remind us, by the manner of their lines and drawings, of the paintings and decorations in some old illuminated Irish manuscripts which we had seen at a library in Dublin.

The block and arms of the cross had, of course, each four sides, and the edges between these were bound with little spiral lines, while the sides were divided into small squares, each containing a scene from scripture history:—Adam and Eve, Cain and Abel, Paradise, Hell, the Crucifixion, &c. I noticed a couple of harpers in Paradise. I suppose no Irishman of the olden time would have thought Paradise complete without his beloved national instrument.

The borders and ornaments here and there introduced to fill up, were very curious. In one place I noticed serpents twining round a human head; in another a female figure with a large dog hanging to each ear. These were probably scenes of torture from the Irish Hell. Two long slender dogs, twisted curiously together, like snakes, recurred very often. I have never been able to discover the meaning of these dogs, seen so continually on all old Christian monuments in Ireland. Another very peculiar figure, which I found on many Irish antiquities, and among others on these crosses of Columba, was a regular circle, within which were drawn great numbers of fine wavy or knotted lines, running spirally to the centre. Upon one of these figures a small hand was neatly carved in bas-relief upon the stone. I began to conjecture, what meaning the monks of Columba could have intended to convey by these doubtless symbolical lines; and unable to invent any better hypothesis, I conjectured that this circle signified the world, that these snaky and wavy lines symbolized the strange turbulent labyrinths and whirlpools of human passion and suffering, which that world contains, and that the hand, standing forth in relief from the drawing, represented the guiding hand of the Father and Ruler of all things, how, directing and superintending those confused intricacies, would one day resolve them all into harmonious order.

After busying myself in these interesting speculations for some time, I turned round and asked my guide what was *his* conjecture as to the meaning of the figure. He respectfully took off his hat, and said, "I'll tell your honour. You see, there was a woman that had baked a pancake one Sunday, contrary to the commandment: so when she went to lay hold of the cake to take it up, it stuck to her hand, and she could never get it off again; and holy St. Patrick had the story carved in stone here for an everlasting lesson and warning to us, to keep holy the Sundays and holidays. That's it, your honour." So saying, Paddy put on his hat again.

At the foot of one of the crosses were sculptured various monsters and reptiles, probably emblematic of heathenism and the foes of Christianity, over whom the cross now reared its triumphant head.

"These crosses, your honour, were never set up by human hand," said my guide. "They were brought over from Rome by angels; and when they were laid in the churchyard, they got up of themselves, and put themselves upon the pedestal, just as your honour sees them. The angels hadn't even to put a hand to it, your honour. The crosses did it all of themselves. The cross of holy Columb Kill is the only one put up by human hands."

Columb Kill is a saint of very great reputation both in Ireland and Scotland. He is sometimes called Columba, which name was given him on account of the dovelike simplicity and innocence of his character. Kill is the old Irish word for church, so that his name, at full length, signifies, "the dove of the church." The cross erected to his honour among the ruins of Monasterboice has fallen down once, and has been put up again in a very broken state. It stands in a square hole on the pedestal, and this hole is partially filled with water. My guide assured me that this water never dried up, however long a drought there might be. Sick people come from far and wide to bathe their diseased limbs in "*the sweat of Colomba's cross.*" The peasantry also scratch off the scanty moss growing on the surface of the cross, and mix it with the tea they drink, "for good luck." I do not know whether, in any other part of Christendom, it has ever been the custom to erect fine large crosses in the open air in honour of particular saints.

I returned on foot to the little cabin upon the barren hillock where we had left our cars, and as a hard shower of hail was falling over the dark plain and among the old ruins, I was compelled, for the sake of shelter, to take a closer inspection of the interior of this cabin. This gave me an opportunity of watching the preparation of those oat-cakes which play so important a part in the national cookery both of Ireland and Scotland, and which are even found carved upon their monuments, as I have above described. These far-famed cakes are made of oats very roughly ground. The coarse flour is mixed with water, into a thick gritty paste, and spread upon a warmed iron plate. This round iron plate, which is found in the poorest Irish cabins, is warmed by a handful of lighted straw placed underneath it. The paste is spread out very thinly upon it, and in a few moments the cooking process is over, the paste being taken off in the shape of a hard, thin, dry biscuit. This paste is dignified by the name of cake, and is eaten daily by the poor Scotch and Irish. These cakes are not much more palatable than a mixture of flour and water, made dry and hard, would be, yet many people are passionately fond of them. The Irish generally assure the stranger, when they show him their oat-cakes, that these are a particularly wholesome, nourishing, and strengthening kind of food, which can be

true only when they are compared with the watery, tasteless, and meager potatoes upon which the Irish have to subsist. The English, generally very curious about our black bread, and to whom the word "black" seems to convey a kind of horror,* often repeat that with them people would never think of giving such a mess to any but horses; forgetting that with us nobody would think of giving *oats* to any but horses, and forgetting how many millions of hungry poor there are in their empire who would be most thankful for this despised black bread, and whom it would certainly nourish much better than the oat-paste which they call cake, and the nourishing qualities of which they praise so highly.

During my stay at Drogheda I had an opportunity of hearing the far-famed Irish harp, the ancient national instrument of the island. A catholic priest gave us an Irish musical *soirée*, which was so interesting to me, that I consider it as one of the most agreeable *soirées* at which I ever was present. The room of this catholic priest, like that of most Irish patriots, was decorated with the portraits of O'Connell, Father Mathew, and Thomas Moore. I scarcely knew O'Connell again, for he was represented in a stately robe edged with fur, and wore his lord mayor's chain round his neck, which gave him a most royal appearance. Father Mathew was represented standing on a grassy mound in the open air. Behind him, in the dark background, rose the cross, and the clouds being parted just over his head, a stream of light surrounded it like a glory. Around him kneeled and stood a crowd of persons, to whom he was preaching. This picture was interesting, as significant of the kind of adoration which Father Mathew receives in Ireland.

Drogheda is the last genuine Irish town. Farther north, every thing becomes more Scotch than Irish. In Drogheda the population is still almost exclusively catholic, and this city is, therefore, a great darling of O'Connell's, and most zealous in his cause and that of repeal. The suburbs of Drogheda are genuine Irish suburbs, composed of wretched, dirty hovels, and a great many people are to be found in the neighbourhood who speak the old Irish tongue more fluently and frequently than the English. All these things rendered me desirous, before leaving the place, to hear some of that wild national poetry and music which I had often heard so much spoken of.

The first minstrel who made his appearance was an Irish declaimer of the lower orders, either a carpenter, a gardener, or a "broken farmer,"† I know not which, but who, as I was told, was acquainted with a great number of old Irish songs and legends. He entered, and thus addressed me:—"Out of friendship for this man" (meaning the priest), "I am come; he tells me that there is a stranger

* We have "black bears," "black ink," "black night," but "black bread," "Good heavens! what an idea!"

† The broken farmers in Ireland very often turn bards and reciters.

here who wishes to hear something of our old Irish songs, and I will gladly repeat to him those I know."

"I thank you," said the priest, "but if you were to repeat all you know, we should have to listen all night, I suppose, and many other nights as well."

"Yes, indeed, our ancestors have bequeathed to us great numbers of songs, and very beautiful ones too, sir. If you could only understand them! What a beautiful song is that of "Tober a Yollish," that is of the glittering spring, which is only three miles off from our town; and that other of Cuchullin, the Irish champion, who went over to Scotland. Please your reverence, shall I begin with Cuchullin?"

"Do, my son, and God bless you."

The man began to recite, and went on uninterruptedly for a quarter of an hour. His story, of which I of course understood not a word, but which my friendly host afterwards explained to me, treated of a Scottish enchantress, named Aithuna, who, forsaken by her Irish lover, Cuchullin, laid a cruel spell upon their son Konnell, which compelled him by an irresistible enchantment, and entirely against his will, to follow, to persecute, to fight, and at last to destroy his father Cuchullin. At the last moment, after stabbing his father to the heart, in spite of the efforts by which he struggled to resist the horrible impulse of his destiny, his own heart broke in the struggle, and son and father died together, while the revengeful spirit of the cruel enchantress hovered in exultation over the dying, repeating to her treacherous lover the story of his inconstancy and her revenge.

I was glad of an opportunity of assuring myself by oral demonstration of the actual existence of Ossianic poetry like this at the present day. The reciter was, as I have said, a simple and ignorant man, with a good deal of the clown about him, and his recitation was as simple, unadorned, and undeclamatory as himself. Sometimes, however, when carried away by the interest of his story, his manner and voice were animated and moving; at such times he fixed his eyes on his hearers, as if demanding their sympathy and admiration for himself and his poem. Sometimes I noticed that the metre completely changed, and I was told that this was the case with all Irish poems, for that the metre was always made to suit the subject. I also heard that the most beautiful part of this ballad was the dialogue of father and son upon the battle-field; but that a prose translation would give me no idea at all of its beauty.

Our bard next recited a "song of the Fairy Mounts." The story was that so often repeated in Ireland, of a fairy queen who falls in love with a mortal youth whom she finds sleeping on a mountain top, and whom she invites to fly to fairyland with her, endeavouring to tempt him by descriptions of the splendour and attractions of her fairy palace. He consents, on condition that when he dies, he shall be brought home to his people; which condition being granted, they

go to fairyland together. While listening to the explanation of this poem, I was often reminded of Goethe's Erl-King, and of many Russian and Tartar legends of similar import. I used to fancy that the story of the Erl-King was of German origin, but now I rather imagine it to have originated in Ireland, and to have traversed the whole of Europe, terminating in Asia.

Our reciter informed us that most of his poems were of "venerable antiquity," and were Ossianic poetry. This Ossianic poetry, he said, was very abundant in the neighbourhood of Drogheda. This I had heard before, and from all I heard in Ireland, I am much inclined to believe—what indeed many have also conjectured—that Macpherson obtained the materials for his version of Ossian's poems from popular traditions and ballads in the north of Ireland. The whole Irish nation, both in the south and north, is certainly much more imbued with the spirit of this poetry, and still possesses many more traces of it, than the Scottish people, whether of the Highlands or Lowlands. Ossian is now generally believed to have been no Scotchman, but an Irishman, born at Tara, the ancient capital of Ireland. His father, Fingal, is more properly called Fin Mac Cul. "Fin Mac Cul was as great a hero in those days, as our Irish Wellington in these," said our old reciter. The Scotch and Irish, dispute every inch of debatable ground in their ancient history, and quarrel as much about their old heroes, as about their saints and missionaries. Doubtless the shrewder and more active Scotch have decorated their traditions with many borrowed plumes from the Emerald Isle. Macpherson was not the *only* although the luckiest and cleverest falsifier of ancient Irish minstrelsy.

These recitations were followed by music from that national instrument of which the Irish poet, Samuel Lover, sings:

> "Oh! give me one strain
> Of that wild harp again;
> In melody proudly its own,
> Sweet harp of the days that are gone!"

The harp was brought out, and a blind young harper advanced, who was, as I was told, one of the most distinguished harpers in the neighbourhood; and in fact his music enraptured us all. The first piece he played was "Brian Boru's March." Brian Boru was a great Irish hero, who raised himself to be king of all Ireland, and defeated the Danes at the great battle of Clontarf, in 1014. Shortly after the battle, however, he was killed by the Danish leader Bruadair, and Erin thus while she gained a great victory, lost a great chief. The music of this march is wildly powerful, and at the same time melancholy. It is at once the music of victory and of mourning. The rapid modulations and wild beauty of the airs, was such that I think this march deserves fully to obtain a celebrity equal to that of the Marseillaise and the Ragotsky.

When the Irish listen to these old airs and think of these old

deeds, while their hearts beat at the remembrance of their ancient glory, they do not forget their present degradation, and look *forward* with almost as much confidence to a free and glorious future, as they look *back* towards a free and glorious past.

"But, Isle of the West,
Rear thy emerald crest,
Songs of triumph shall yet ring for thee."

So sings Lover.

The march of Brian Boru was followed by an air called the Fairy Queen, which I was told was a very old Irish melody. Old or not, I can testify that it is a charming piece of music, so tender, so fairy-like, and at the same time so wild and sweetly playful, that it can represent nothing but the dancing and singing of the elves and fairies by moonlight. I afterwards heard this piece on the pianoforte, but it did not sound half so soft and sweet as from the instrument of this blind young harper. Although I enjoyed the latter part of my evening's entertainment, which was given in a language so universally intelligible as music, much more than I had done the former, yet I shall not attempt further to describe that enjoyment; for of all the fine arts, music is the one of whose beauties it is most impossible to convey any adequate idea by criticism or description.

We were very much delighted with our harper, who was certainly an accomplished artist, yet Ireland contains many of still greater ability and celebrity. The most celebrated of all, however, is a man named Byrne, blind also, if I do not mistake. When, therefore, Moore mournfully sings,

"The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled,"

his lamentation must not be literally understood. Many harps still resound in Ireland, and a new harper's society has just been set on foot in Drogheda, of which the priest who gave us this entertainment is the life and soul. His whole room was crowded with harps, old and new. A harper's school is connected with this society, which already numbers sixteen pupils. When I was in Drogheda, a concert was in preparation, to be given next week, at which seven harpers, mostly blind, were to play together. I regretted that it was impossible for me to be present at this meeting. The greatest gatherings of Irish bards used to take place in "Tara's halls," to which Moore's poem alludes.

This Tara, so frequently mentioned in the songs, poems, orations, and conversations of patriotic Irishmen, is now a small village a few miles from Drogheda, not far from New Grange. It was once the capital of Ireland, and a hall or palace stood there, in which the heathen kings and chieftains of Ireland assembled, probably at

very different times and for very different purposes, but at least once every three years, to debate on matters of general concern. Ollam Fodhla is said to have instituted these assemblies about 200 years before Christ. The bards followed their chieftains to these meetings, in order to sing their deeds and glories at the banquets and on all festal occasions. Not only the laws agreed upon by the chieftains at these meetings, but also the principal national events of the intervening years, were recorded in a sort of national register kept at Tara, the contents of which were set to music and sung by the bards. The last of these great national assemblies at Tara, took place in the year 554 after the birth of Christ, during the reign of King Diarmid. This was at the time when Christianity and the Christian priesthood had already become powerful in Ireland. When the old heathen institutions and castes were gradually swept away, that of the bards, who had formed a powerful and privileged caste, like the ulemas of Turkey and the Druids of their own country, was likewise thrust aside. Once it happened that a criminal who had taken refuge in a monastery, was torn from his sanctuary and executed in Tara. The monks loudly expressed their horror of this sacrilege, and proceeding in solemn procession to the palace of Tara, they pronounced a curse upon its walls. Since that day neither bards nor chieftains have met within the halls of Tara; and the convent that dared to pronounce a curse upon the ancient and venerable council-hall of the Irish kings, has been known since by the name of the Convent of the Curse.

My Irish friends assured me that it is a peculiarity of the Irish language, that it has no vulgar dialect. The most ignorant Irish speak it with as much purity and grammatical correctness as the most learned. This could not be the case with the English language, because this half Norman, half Saxon tongue has been forced upon conquered races, and each race, in learning English, has mixed up with it something of its own ancient idiom. Thus there is a Scotch, a Welsh, an Irish, and a Cornwall dialect. The English dialects are very different from those of Germany; being mere illegitimate corruptions and perversions of the pure English, while our German dialects are different branches of the same language, each possessing its own peculiar beauties and partisans, its own organic life, its own literature and poetry.

One of the gentlemen present at the musical *soirée*, assured me that he possessed a great number of beautiful old poems in manuscript, which had long been hereditary in his family, and of which not one had ever been printed. He, like many of his countrymen, was of opinion that the fragments of Ossianic poetry which Macpherson had given to the world, were perverted and very imperfect specimens, and that his poems could convey no real idea of the beauty and variety of the national Irish poetry, from which they were taken. This statement seems to me very probable, and the

question naturally presents itself, why no genuine Irish Macpherson, zealous both for truth and his country's fame, comes forward to collect the precious relics of ancient Irish poetry, and by translating them into some modern language, to save what can be saved of the poetical treasures of ancient Ireland? The manuscripts, carefully and reverentially preserved as they are, in the families to which they belong, are yet becoming daily less and less numerous. The memory of the people, however correct and faithful it may be, cannot but gradually falsify and lose some of the beauties of the originals. The number also of those who can enjoy these poems in the ancient tongue is daily diminishing, for the English language is continually making more and more progress in Ireland, and uprooting the dominion of the ancient Irish.

The Irish continually assure the stranger, that their poems are quite untranslatable, and would be as totally spoiled by transplanting into another language, as a beautiful flower by being covered with a coating of paint. No doubt, it is difficult to transfer from one language to another all the delicate aroma of poetry; but Macpherson has shown that a mere imitation, though assuredly an imperfect one, is sufficient to delight all Europe. At all events they ought to be collected and printed in Irish.

Social entertainments, such as that I was present at in Drogheda, are among the most delightful a traveller can enjoy; but they are relics of a by-gone age, and are becoming more and more oldfashioned. Many amusements also of far newer invention are dying away in this part of the world, to the delight as often as to the regret of the friends of refinement and social culture. Thus public balls are becoming very uncommon, race balls being the only kind still fashionable in England. Cardplaying is also falling more and more into disuse. Ten or twelve years ago a few friends seldom met together without the attraction of the card-table. At present cardplaying is almost entirely confined to professional gamblers, and to the lower classes. Conversation is more and more taking the place of that pastime so destructive to all true social enjoyment, the never too much to be condemned cardplaying.

The next day I again took my usual seat on the stage-coach for Belfast,—namely, an outside place beside the coachman. This seat, on the coachman's box, is the most sought after of all outside places in an English stage-coach. It is much the most comfortable, because, of course, more pains are taken to provide for the accommodation of so important a personage as the coachman, than for that of his inferiors, the passengers. The box is covered with a soft cushion, while the other outside seats are bare wooden benches. The coachman has a leather covering to protect his legs from rain and cold, of which, if he is good-natured, he will generally spare a corner for the traveller next him; while the other outside passengers may put their legs in their pockets if they like, but can expect no further accommodation for them. Then there are the four fine-spirited English horses right before one, which alone furnish inexhaustible sources of interest during the journey; and, lastly, there is the great potentate himself, the coachman, beside one, who knows all about the places one passes, and has plenty of anecdotes and jokes about every mansion, park, or village on the way. If he should happen, by chance, to be a surly fellow, of taciturn disposition, little inclined to answer the questions and satisfy the curiosity of the inquisitive traveller, the latter may derive a great deal of entertainment and information from watching the ways and movements of the "driver" himself.

See how majestic and pompous looks the broad and comfortable stage-coachman, upon his broad and comfortable box, and what a dignified and commanding air of superiority he assumes towards his passengers! How respectfully and humbly the whole public behaves towards the great man who rules, with such calm and undisputed sway, four fiery and spirited horses!

The art of driving four-in-hand is so favourite a pursuit with the English, that the place of stage-coachman is mostly filled by a respectable man, one somewhat of a superior class. He is well paid, and can often, from the liberal perquisites received from the passengers, lay by small sums. He is therefore, generally, tolerably well dressed, wearing an ample waterproof great-coat, of a light colour, buttoned up from top to bottom, and is invariably furnished with white leather gloves. He seats himself on the box, and the ostler stands ready to hand up the reins, the insignia of his office; and at the end of the journey he levies, in lordly style, his sixpenny tribute from the passengers. He always understands every part of his business to perfection, and all their proceedings are carried on with an astonishing regularity, unequalled in other countries. The four horses are of so fine a quality, the harness so admirably simple and complete, and kept in such perfect order, and the whole equipage is

guided and directed with such nicety and rapidity by the slightest motions of the coachman's fingers, that the outside passenger on an English stage-coach will find inexhaustible sources of entertainment in watching and inspecting all this, and will, perhaps, feel much inclined to join in the lamentations often made by the coachmen and their partisans, over the present declining state of stage-coach travelling.

For "'tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true," that the "noble pursuit" of stage-coach driving, as I once heard it called in England, is fast losing its character of importance, and is falling into the hands of a different set of people. The railroad and the steamboat are continually advancing upon the territory of the stage-coachman, and depriving him of his ancient consequence in public estimation. The standard of talents and qualifications necessary for his station is lowering every day, and peers of the realm no longer dispute the palm of glory with the stage-coachman, and encourage him to a noble emulation in feats of skill and danger.

On one account, however, all friends of humanity cannot but rejoice at these innovations; for the furious driving of the old stage-coachmen was a system of most destructive cruelty to their splendid horses. The heartless principles which regulated their behaviour to the poor animals, led them to regard these as mere machines, to be used up in whatever way was most profitable to their masters. It was a regular maxim of some, that no horse was fit for use after four years' stage-coach driving, for that four years of that tremendous labour, rendered him fit for nothing else but to be sold to a hackney-coachman, or to be slaughtered for dogs' meat.

The lordly driver with whom I travelled from Drogheda to Belfast, was unfortunately of a taciturn and morose disposition, and I was thrown, consequently, entirely on my own resources for entertainment, and on my own observations of his proceedings and of the country through which we passed. He did not even offer me what is really the vested right of the box passenger, namely a corner of his leather, to protect me against the *very* temperate climate of Ireland, which asserted its total impartiality between rain and sunshine, cold and heat, by alternately wetting us through and drying us again, freezing us and thawing us again, the whole way along.

The remarkably mild and temperate climate of Ireland is a frequent subject of national boast, yet it is certainly a most unsatisfactory sort of climate; always damp and cool, though seldom wet and cold, and never hot and dry. To be really warm once a year, one would willingly consent to be really cold once a year also; but to be uncomfortable the whole year, to shiver a little all the winter and do the same all the summer, is the most provoking kind of weather possible.

Drogheda and its environs are surrounded by a little range of hills, to which succeed wide plains, followed by another isolated

range of hills near Newry and Dundalk. Then follows another plain and then more hills, beyond Belfast. The first plain, between Drogheda and Dundalk, in the county of Lowth, presents but a dreary spectacle to the eye of the traveller. Lowth is the most northern county in the old kingdom of Leinster, and seems to have participated least of all in the English improvements introduced into that kingdom. Every thing looks so miserable, so truly Irish, the cabins of the peasantry are so wretched, the aspect of the cultivated land is so wild and dreary, and the inhabitants so dirty and ragged, that only in the western part of Ireland had I seen any thing like them. The nearer one gets to the borders of Leinster the worse every thing seems to become. Dundalk itself, indeed, a clean and pretty little town of picturesque appearance, lying on the shores of a small bay or inlet, forms an oasis in the wilderness, but the hills beyond Dundalk are as miserable-looking as any thing can well be, and reminded me of nothing so much as the "hungry hills" of Kerry. The aspect of these barren uplands is in the highest degree wild and desolate. Except the fine straight road itself, scarcely a trace of human industry is to be seen; for the wretched huts scattered here and there among the hills look more like swallows' nests than human habitations.

As we drove down the hills, the coachman stopped to set something to right about his harness, and I got down and went towards one of these uninviting abodes. An Irish tinker sat before one of the cabins, busied in patching an old potato-kettle. A large hole had been burnt in its side, which extended so far down, that the kettle could never have been half full. I asked the peasant-woman, who was watching the tinker at his work, how long the kettle had been in its present condition. "Ah! your honour, it's been so a long time," she replied. "For the last year or two, whenever I boiled potatoes I had to put the kettle a little awry on the fire, and not to fill it up. The tinkers seldom come near us, and then they're so expensive, we have to get on as best we can without them, your honour."

The tinkers in Ireland, as elsewhere, are a nomadic race, but here they are always ragged and wretched-looking. "They are *rowers*, the tinkers," say the Irish; and if you ask an explanation of the phrase, they answer "Rowers*—that means they are always rambling about." I suppose, therefore, that in Ireland the word "rower" besides its common signification is used to designate vagabonds or wanderers. The tinkers generally ramble about only during the summer, and are often accompanied by their families, like our gipsies. In the winter they inhabit little mud-cabins, upon some great bog, where fuel is to be had for little or nothing. Sometimes these mud-cabins stand empty on a bog for a number of summers;

* Mr. Kohl probably misunderstood his informant, who, no doubt, meant rovers. —*Tr.*

sometimes they are only built for the one winter, and fall to pieces when abandoned.

On the other side of these miserable hills, whose inhabitants are years before they can afford to get the holes mended in their potato-kettles—the most indispensable and important article of furniture in an Irish cabin,—the territory of Leinster ends and that of Ulster begins. The coach rattled over the boundary line, and all at once we seemed to have entered a new world. I am not in the slightest degree exaggerating, when I say that every thing was as suddenly changed, as if struck by a magician's wand. The dirty cabins by the roadside were succeeded by neat, pretty, cheerful-looking cottages. Regular plantations, well-cultivated fields, pleasant little cottage-gardens, and shady lines of trees, met the eye on every side. At first I could scarcely believe my own eyes, and thought that at all events the change must be merely local and temporary, caused by the better management of that particular estate. No counterchange, however, appeared; the improvement lasted the whole way to Newry, and from Newry to Belfast every thing still continued to show me, that I had entered the country of a totally different people,—namely, the district of the Scottish settlers, the active and industrious Presbyterians.

I do not mean to say that the whole province of Ulster wears this delightful appearance; nor is the whole province of Ulster inhabited by Scottish colonists. It contains many districts, as I shall hereafter show, inhabited by the genuine Celtic-Irish race, and of those districts the aspect is as wild and desolate as that of any other part of Ireland; but on crossing the border, the contrast between Irish Leinster and Scottish Ulster is most striking. It seems as if Leinster had pushed out to her farthest extremity as much of her squalid wretchedness as she could, while Ulster had settled upon her frontiers her best and most thriving population. Presbyterian Ireland greets with a triumphant smile, the stranger who has just taken a sighing farewell of Catholic Ireland. I have read the accounts of many travellers who crossed the frontiers of Ulster and Leinster at other places, and they all give the same account of the striking contrast between the two provinces. I account for this circumstance in the following manner:

It is well known that ever since the conquest of Ireland, 700 years ago, the English have been endeavouring to accomplish the destruction or amalgamation of the ancient Celtic race in Ireland; and have used different means at different times to bring about this consummation; persuasion, education, proselytism, on the one hand, and violence, cruelty, banishment, imprisonment, and death, on the other; all have been employed for the accomplishment of this design. A frightful history would be that of the exterminatory process in Ireland, and the system of warfare which the English carried on for 700 years against the church, the language, the antiquities, the customs, and the institutions of Ireland. Well may Thomas Moore

liken the fate of his unhappy country to that of the "Sad One of Sion."

"Like them doth our nation lie conquered and broken,
And fallen from her head is the once royal crown;
In her streets, in her halls, Desolation has spoken,
And while it is day yet, her sun has gone down."

Upon the province of Ulster the Scottish presbyterians always cast longing eyes, and entertained the desire, in common with their great chieftain, Cromwell, to clear it of the Irish. As Cromwell saw that it was quite out of the question to think of entirely exterminating the Irish race in Ireland, he determined at least to keep Ulster for his own settlers, and to force back the natives into the wilds of Connaught and Leinster. Thousands of native Irish were accordingly driven across the frontiers, with their goods and families, and thousands of pushing Scotchmen hurried across the sea, to take possession of the lands to which they had no more right, than a pickpocket has to the watch he steals. The poor Irish naturally settled down as near their old homes as they could, since if they went further they were sure to invade the possessions of other tribes, who would never let them settle in peace among them. On the other hand, the Scottish colonists found it advisable to settle many of their best settlers on their own side of the border, in order to keep out the expelled Irish. Thus, on the frontiers, the different characteristics of the Scottish and Irish races have always maintained the most striking contrast.

Newry is a handsome town of a tolerable size, and throughout of very pleasing appearance. Its houses are pretty, its streets adorned by rows of trees, and its bay is full of vessels. Here begins the flax and linen country, the spinning, weaving, and bleaching land; and from Newry, the farther north we go, the finer and choicer becomes the linen. The villages of Banbridge and Moyallan are distinguished for producing particularly fine flax. All these flax-growing and spinning places, Banbridge, Dromore, Hillsborough, and others, through which we passed, looked cheerful, prosperous, and thriving, and seemed as neat and clean as the linen they produced.

This branch of industry is of a peculiar kind, and when flourishing, it is about as desirable a one as any which a country can pursue. It employs a greater number of hands, and is more conducive to culture and refinement than most other kinds of labour. First there is the agricultural part of the business, which requires great skill and attention in the flax cultivator. The cotton and silk trade furnish no employment to the agriculturists of the north, because the raw materials are all brought from distant countries. The wool trade requires only the coarse and lazy work of the shepherd, and is as much less conducive to refinement and culture, than the flax trade, as the shepherd is below the agriculturist in these points. The corn trade employs only the rough hand of the field-labourer.

Linen requires numbers of trifling but indispensable operations to its perfection, many of which are tolerably secure from the innovations of modern machinery. The first preparation of the flax, for instance, and its conversion into a material fit for the spinning-wheel, will probably always remain in the hands of the peasant himself. The spinning also of the flax remains longer in the hands of the peasant and his family than that of cotton. A flax-spinning machine has indeed been discovered, which threatens to ruin some of the poor spinners; but flax is a nobler production than cotton, and capable of being brought to greater perfection, and the finest descriptions of yarn can never be spun by machinery, but must always remain in the hands of spinners. Just so with the weaving business. The beautiful smoothness and shining appearance of flax, combined with its great durability and strength, enable it to be wrought more skilfully, and to be more richly decorated than cotton. The beautiful damask-work, so often produced in flax and silk, can never be produced in cotton, for it requires the skill and independent spirit of invention found amongst the silk and linen weavers; whereas in the cotton manufactories, the machinery everywhere employed leaves no room for the exertion of human intelligence and invention, and requires nothing but passive obedience on the part of its labourers. The bleaching of the linen is, I believe, carried on by rich capitalists, who take out patents for their chemical secrets; yet I believe that the best and most harmless bleaching-machines will be found to be the old-fashioned, rain, wind, and sunshine.

All the manipulations carried on with flax and linen, are of a clean and delicate kind. Whiteness and fineness are the grand objects kept in view, and these objects are conducive to a certain purity and refinement in the labourers themselves. Thus we find that a flourishing linen-trade is always favourable to the growth of order, cleanliness, and refinement among a people. What pleasant and poetical associations, too, are connected, in all times and countries, with the pretty spinsters and bleaching-girls of a flax-growing country!

The linen trade is also far more favourable, or rather less pernicious, to morality, than many other branches of commerce, because it does not open so wide a door to deceit and fraud, nor offer temptations to all kinds of dishonesty. Let any one think of the flour, tea, and corn traders, and of all the adulteration, fraud, and gambling that goes on among them. The linen trade could never promote the growth of classes like the cheating millers and the forestallers of corn; for the linen lying open to every body's inspection, and amenable to every body's judgment, its fineness or coarseness cannot be matter of deceit.—The boorish peasant, the rough thrasher, the cheating miller, the avaricious baker, the hard-hearted forestaller of corn, are all so many branches of the corn trade. The thoughtful flax-grower, the

singing spinster, the graceful bleaching-maid, the industrious and attentive weaver, the linen-dealer, honest in spite of himself, these are the classes to whom a flourishing linen-trade alone lends support and encouragement. The traveller, therefore, always takes pleasure in arriving in a flax country, particularly where the trade is in a flourishing and thriving condition. In the linen district of northern Ireland, however, English speculators, I am sorry to say, are taking more and more of the business into their own possession, and the manufacture is passing more and more out of the hands of the numbers of poor workpeople, into those of a few great capitalists.

The Irish linen trade is of very ancient date, and was either brought over by the Scottish colonists in the seventeenth century, or has been carried on in Ulster since time immemorial. Scotland still manufactures as much linen as Ireland, but does not export as much.

Almost all the little towns through which we drove that evening were lit up with gas. It is wonderful what progress this important new invention has made in these islands. In Germany, a great city is very proud of being distinguished by gas-lights, in the British islands scarcely a town can be pointed out which is without them.

At length we arrived at the central point of all the gas-lights of northern Ireland, the central point also of the great linen manufacture,—at the thick cluster of houses and inhabitants which Irish flax has knotted together at Belfast. I thought at first that it must be some great festival, for wherever I looked, on every side, I saw great houses, four, five, and six stories high, illuminated from top to bottom. There were even buildings, within which lights glittered from one hundred and two hundred windows. Yet all this was but the every-day, or rather every-night, appearance of a great manufacturing city.

BELFAST AND ITS LINEN MANUFACTORIES.

In the year 1821 Belfast contained 37,000 inhabitants, and in the year 1831, 53,000. Thus in ten years she added thirty per cent. to her population; an increase without parallel in Ireland. This great and flourishing city, with all its houses and inhabitants, stands all upon the territory of one proprietor, the Marquis of Donegal, to whom the whole town belongs, and to whom every citizen pays tribute. Two hundred and fifty years ago, while this city was still an obscure and insignificant little village, James I. presented the barony of Belfast to Sir Arthur Chichester, in reward for some trifling services in Ireland, little dreaming of the importance which this estate would eventually assume, and the inexhaustible source of wealth it would be to his descendants. The present marquis would derive, it is said, a revenue of 300,000*l.* from this town alone, were

it not that a former owner deteriorated the property, by granting long leases at nominal rents; from which improvidence, however, the city itself derives great benefit.

As the linen manufacture and linen trade is the life and soul of Belfast, it naturally first attracts the attention of every traveller arriving there. The linen-hall, a large quadrangular building, erected towards the close of the last century, is the great centre of attraction. Here almost all the linen of northern Ireland destined for exportation, is brought together and sorted, or "made up and dressed," to suit the several markets, for which it may be destined. Each firm of importance has its counting-house and warehouse in this place, and a walk through the hall is therefore full of interest and instruction for the curious stranger.

Linen is exported from Belfast to London, to Spain, to Brazil, to the United States, to British America, and lately also to China. Every market is partial not only to some particular kinds of linen, but also to particular ways of packing, and particular external decorations to the packages. The plainest packages go to London. At the London market no ornamented packages are saleable, and every decoration of the linen would only awaken a suspicion of its quality. At the same time the Londoners are very particular about the quality of their linen, and consequently London always receives the finest linen in the plainest packages. An opulent linen-merchant of Belfast, who had the goodness to show me his store and counting-house in the linen-hall, related to me how the above rule had been once inadvertently neglected by his house; a bale of linen having been sent to a London linendraper, of which each piece bore some trifling ornament on the outside, a few silver threads drawn through the band, or something of that kind. This inadvertence immediately drew forth a murmur from the London shopkeeper, who demanded a trifling deduction from the invoice, merely on account of these ornaments, alleging that he had not ventured to produce the linen thus decorated before his customers, and had the trouble of packing it all afresh. This very precise London shopkeeper possessed only 500*l.* sterling at that time, but is now worth 300,000*l.*, partly probably on account of his accurate knowledge of the whims and predilections of his London customers.

The North American market forms a strong contrast to that of London; for the linen intended for the former, cannot be too highly decorated. It is made up in papers of the gayest colours, and is decorated with stamps of birds, flowers, &c., which stand out prettily from the snowy linen. "American linen must be more dressed," said my friend. The whole of South America, from Mexico to Brazil, is accustomed to German linen, and the Belfast speculators are therefore always eager to give the linen they intend for Santa Cruz, Rio Janeiro, Pernambuco, &c., a German appearance. They imitate the exterior decoration of the Swiss and German linen; particularly the Prussian eagle with outspread wings. "Every market

has its whim," is the motto of the Belfast merchant. A great deal of linen is exported to Hamburg, only to be re-exported as genuine German linen; for linen being cheaper in Belfast than in Hamburg, and no duty being charged upon it, it is worth the cost of transport to persuade the South Americans that the German-stamped linen which they receive from Germany is real German produce. This false stamping is not called cheating, but only giving the linen a dress.

Many of the Belfast flax-mills have a linen-weaving establishment connected with them, and the two together are called a Linen-yarn factory. During the last forty years many cotton factories have also sprung up in different parts of Belfast, which now contains in all twenty-one great cotton and linen-yarn factories, some of which employ two thousand labourers, and are carried on in immense buildings eight stories high.

A great deal of the Belfast linen is still woven at hand-looms in the cottages of the peasantry, but power-loom weaving, or that of machinery, is more and more trenching on their domains. The melancholy struggle between the hand-loom and the power-loom, which in England has already terminated in favour of the latter, is still going on at Belfast.

The spinning of flax by machinery was long a difficult problem to the inventive heads of English mechanicians. This process was much more difficult than that of wool and cotton spinning, because the flax consisted of a number of long single smooth fibres, which were not so easily spun into usable materials, as the shorter and more connected threads of cotton and wool. At length it was proposed to pass the flax through warm water previous to spinning it. This process splits, curls, and entangles the fibres, which are then easily spun into a long connected thread. Thus, by warm water, the manufacturers are enabled to do without the busy and delicate hand of the spinning-girl, and one spinner can now, alas! superintend machines which do the work of fifty-four spinning-wheels at once. Thus all the merry, whirring little spinning-wheels, which once enlivened the cottage firesides of Ulster, are absorbed into a few gigantic, noisy, senseless machines, and the hundreds of snug, cozy little spinning-rooms, enlivened by the cheerful voices of the singing spinners, are turned into vast factory halls, lighted up with long rows of gas, within which the watchful eye of the inspector maintains perpetual dreary silence and cheerless activity.

The bleachers are no better off than the spinners. Chemistry has made such rapid progress, as to offer cheaper and more expeditious methods of bleaching than any which the cottager can pursue. Greedy speculation, ever on the watch, darts upon these methods in order to get the work done more cheaply, combining the labour of numbers of single households into a few great establishments. The neighbourhood of Belfast contains many large establishments of this kind, one of which I visited. They are called "bleaching grounds,"

or "linen-greens," and consist of immense factories, six stories high, situated in the midst of fine large meadows, and surrounded by bleaching-works and labourers' huts. These bleaching grounds lie on a beautiful rising ground, which stretches along at the feet of a tolerably steep line of hills, and nearly surrounds Belfast. The water which streams down plentifully from these hills, and is never scarce here at any time of the year, is found very useful in the bleaching process. The Belfast bleaching is so much admired in England, that Belfast bleachers have been fetched over to carry on their peculiar methods in the English bleaching grounds, but they have never been able to equal, in whiteness and durability, the linen bleached at Belfast. Perhaps the peculiar changeable climate of northern Ireland may have something to do with this.

I had scarcely any idea, before I saw these linen-greens, what a various and complicated apparatus of buildings, machines, and chemical preparations were necessary to the perfection of so simple an operation as that of bleaching. The bleaching art is carried to such perfection on the linen-greens of Belfast, that a large quantity of raw linen can be got ready in four-and-twenty hours. Such extreme rapidity is, of course, not very good for the linen, but under particular circumstances it may be useful at once to commerce and humanity; as in the case of great fires like those of New York and Hamburg, when it is necessary to supply a great and sudden demand in a very short time. The Belfast bleachers are also able to produce, by different kinds of chemical appliances, various shades and degrees of white. They bleach the linen blue-white, pink-white, dead-white, pearl-white, or snow-white, according as these different tints are more in request with their customers. The number of chemical preparations required in these bleaching grounds astonished me. There is the "wheat starch" made in Ireland, and the bleaching liquid, prepared in Scotland, and the "blue," brought from Liverpool, and the vitriol, for mixing with the water. There are different machines for soaking the linen in all these different substances, and other machines for cleansing the linen again after its soakings. Then there are bluing, starching, wringing, and beating machines, the last of which is used for giving the linen its final gloss. This gloss even has many varieties. There is the high-finished gloss, the soft-finished gloss, and the German-finished gloss for deceiving the South Americans. Then there are the stamping-houses, where a watery appearance is given to the linen after beetling; and the drying-houses, where, if necessary, the linen can be dried by artificial heat. Every thing seems so complete, that all possible wants and emergencies are provided for, and the "whims" of every market in the world entirely satisfied.

A great deal of fine damask is now manufactured at Belfast, and the loyal Belfasters are not a little proud of the fact that their damask is used at the table of her most gracious majesty herself.

Since the linen manufacture has given so much importance to this

city, many other branches of commerce and industry have, of course, sprung up to supply the wants and share the prosperity of the linen manufacturers. These subordinate branches of industry have been encouraged by judicious philanthropists, who feared that if the whole activity, prosperity, and very existence of the North Irish population were based upon this one occupation of linen-making, that prosperity must be precarious, and liable to be fatally affected by trivial or accidental occurrences, and who were, therefore, very anxious to direct some of the talent and activity of the population into other channels. There are now numerous and flourishing iron-works, glass-works, and white-lead works at Belfast. One branch of industry, which used at first to puzzle me extremely, was that of the "philosophical instrument-makers," of whom there are, indeed, plenty in other parts of the British islands, but whose name I first heard at Belfast. They are the makers of chemical, mechanical, and scientific apparatus of all kinds; for in England all the physical sciences are included under the general term "natural philosophy."

Perhaps the most remarkable fact in the industrial history of Belfast, is that no printing-press was ever brought into the city before the year 1696. In barbarous Russia, therefore, printing was used more early than in this British city. Yet Belfast was the town in which the first Bible ever printed in Ireland was published in 1714, and where the oldest Irish periodical, the "Weekly Magazine," was originally established. Germany, therefore, has many older periodicals than Ireland. There are now seven newspapers published at Belfast, all more or less liberal in politics, and all hostile both to the Tories and the Church of England.

The Presbyterians of northern Ireland, rose with the Catholics of the south, in the memorable Irish rebellion which took place at the end of the last century; they fought no less zealously against the English troops, and watched with no less triumph the progress of the French revolution. The republican or democratic tendencies of the northern Protestants, are quite as strong as those of the southern Catholics; yet the two parties are no friends, on the contrary, under particular circumstances, they are the bitterest enemies. O'Connell and his party are less popular in Belfast than in any other Irish town; and on all the agitation-tours and triumphal-progresses, which the great man so often makes through the cities, towns, and villages of the Emerald Isle, he takes good care never to come near Belfast. Once indeed it is said that he gladdened with the light of his countenance the few feeble partisans he possessed at Belfast; but he slunk in at night in a small unpretending car, and made haste away again, early the next morning, before the opposite faction could hear of his arrival. I heard an amusing anecdote at Belfast, how the great musician, Liszt, when he visited the city was unluckily mistaken for O'Connell, and was very near suffering in consequence. As Liszt approached in a large postchaise drawn by four horses, some of the over-zealous protestants of Belfast in-

quired respecting the traveller, and were told that he was some very great man, nobody exactly knew who; they immediately took it into their heads that he was O'Connell. A mob collected, stopped the carriage, cut the traces, and pulled out the astonished great man, in order to cool his supposed patriotism in true Irish fashion, by a good ducking in a neighbouring pond. Luckily, however, they discovered in time that they had got hold of a young foreign artist, instead of the bulky old agitator they were looking for.

It is one of the great misfortunes of Ireland that her various parties have not a single point of agreement between them, or a single interest or sympathy in common, to unite them in zeal for the good of their common country. All who live on the soil of Erin are indeed Irish, and must desire the prosperity of their mother-country. The descendants of the original Celts and the old Scotch and English settlers, the Catholics, Presbyterians, and High-churchmen, the poor tenants, the citizens, and the great landowners, all have alike been Irish for many generations. The name of Erin is dear to them all, the happiness of Erin is desired by them all, the degradation of Erin is lamented by them all. They all carry on a sort of opposition against the pretensions of England; the old Irish Catholics against every thing "Saxon," the Presbyterians against the Tories and the Establishment. The Irish Presbyterians also cherish rather a hostile feeling towards the mother-kirk of Scotland, which sometimes presumes to attempt the exercise of a little parental authority over the Irish synod. In the same way the Irish Episcopalians are by no means always in harmony with those of England, and the interests of the Irish cities and manufactures are continually clashing with those of the sister island. The great Irish nobility also have by no means a common sympathy with those of England. The Irish nobleman is quizzed in England, and the English nobleman railed at in Ireland. All this would lead one to suppose that a fine, powerful, unanimous opposition to English encroachment must develop itself in Ireland, and that against the common enemy all parties would join hands in patriotic union, as would be the case in France for instance. However high party spirit may run in France, the moment a foreign enemy appears, all Frenchmen are brothers.

In Ireland, on the contrary, whenever the common foe and oppressor, England, appears, she always finds numbers willing to sacrifice patriotism to party spirit, and even sometimes to give up part of their own interests to preserve the remainder, and to injure their fellow-countrymen of other sects and parties. Thus, before the Union, the Irish landowners suffered many losses from the restrictions under which Irish commerce laboured; yet they did not try to get these removed, for fear of losing the support of the crown in retaining their insecure property. Thus the Irish parliament felt, indeed, the galling nature of the authority often exercised over it by that of England; but it practised a passive obedience, for fear of losing some of its exclusive privileges. Thus the Presbyterians and Catho-

lics are both opposed to the encroachments of the English church and the Protestant aristocracy, but they hate each other too intensely ever cordially to join against either.

Thus the interests of no two Irish parties run parallel to each other, and, though all are to a certain degree hostile to England, their hostility to one another is a great deal more fierce and inveterate. The inhabitants of Ireland think and feel so differently on all the most important subjects which can interest mankind, religion, politics, education; and their judgment on all these subjects is perverted by so many contending interests, that it seems almost impossible to imagine that any remedy for the evils which afflict their country, if it be welcomed as a healing medicine by some, shall not be rejected as a deadly poison by others. Is it proposed to build poor-houses and levy poor-rates? The presbyterian is pleased, because he hopes to get rid of the beggars and alleviate some of the squalid wretchedness around him, but the catholic, whose religion enjoins frequent almsgiving, is naturally averse to a reform which will tax him twice over. Is the establishment of schools the question? The catholic will have no bible at all, the protestant insists on the whole bible. Is the draining of the bogs debated? The landlords are willing, but the peasantry will not lose their turf-cutting privileges. Is the cultivation of the barren mountain wastes called for? The farmers second the motion, but the great lords will not give up the free pasturage for their sheep. Is the lowering of the oppressive tithes discussed? The catholic priests are willing enough, but the church obstinately shakes her head.

It is very difficult even to conjecture when these differences and party animosities are to cease in Ireland. The catholics have so many wrongs still to be redressed, and so much to demand back of the protestants, and the latter are still in possession of so many unjust privileges, and so many stolen goods, that it will be very long before the catholics are satisfied, and the protestants just. The great landlords have not yet taken a step towards redressing the real grievances of their tenantry, and an equitable partition of their immense estates has never yet been thought of. When we reflect on all these fertile causes of contention, still at work in Ireland, we are almost tempted to believe the mournful prophecy of Moore's demon,

> "When will this end, ye Powers of God?
> She weeping asks for ever,
> But only hears from out that flood,
> The demon answer, "Never!"

The religious differences of Ireland naturally attract the traveller's attention, particularly at Belfast, for at this town he encounters an entirely new denomination,—namely, the Presbyterian. The three religions of Ireland, the Catholic, the Episcopalian, and the Presbyterian, correspond to the three different races who compose its inhabitants. The descendants of the original Irish are the Catholics,

those of the English settlers, the Episcopalians, and those of the Scottish settlers, the Presbyterians.

The principal seat of episcopacy in Ireland is Dublin, where the Episcopalian university is situated; but the Episcopalian ministers reign as masters in every part of the island. Belfast is the principal seat of Presbyterianism; it is there that their general assemblies are held, and that their Moderator, the head of the Presbyterian church, resides. The Catholics have no such central city, although many of the great towns in Ireland, Cork, Galway, and Drogheda, for instance, are very catholic.

The presbyterians of Ireland form a particular church, planned on the model of that of Scotland, and called the Presbyterian Church of Ireland, or Ulster. This church was founded in the year 1642, and is therefore just 200 years old. At different times schisms and reconciliations have taken place within this church, as in the Scotch kirk. These schisms were principally caused by the command of the General Assembly, which had retained all the strict orthodoxy of Calvin and Knox, that all presbyterian ministers should sign the Confession of Faith drawn up by the presbyterian council at Westminster, in the year 1644. This Confession of Faith was, perhaps, the most rigidly Calvinistic creed ever subscribed to by any church. As many ministers refused to subscribe to this creed, and wished to leave every one the right of free interpretation of the Scriptures, a schism took place in 1740, which divided the Irish presbyterians into Seceders or Nonsubscribers, and Subscribers or orthodox Calvinists. At the head of the latter stood the Great Synod of Ulster, and of the former the Secession Synod. In the year 1840 these synods reunited into a General Assembly. A few congregations only have remained in separation, and are governed by particular synods of their own. The chief of these is the Reformed Presbyterian Synod of Ireland, consisting of four presbyteries or twenty-six congregations, and maintaining the principle of nonsubscription to creed. At the yearly assembly of 1840, five of these congregations separated again from the Reformed Synod, and form a little community of their own.

The members of this little community are almost all Unitarians, who reject the doctrine of the Trinity, and worship none save God the Father. The Lord Jesus Christ they regard as the Son and Prophet of God, the divinely appointed and inspired Saviour, who redeemed mankind from the evils of sin and superstition. The Holy Ghost is regarded by them as a figurative expression, signifying the holy influence of the Divine Spirit. On all these points the Irish Unitarians are perfectly agreed; concerning minor points their rejection of creed allows of differences of opinion. These Unitarians have far less resemblance to our German Rationalists than we in Germany are apt to fancy. "None of us maintain that form of rationalism which Paulus, Ammon, and Strauss preach among

you," said a respected Unitarian minister once to me; "although, indeed, the writings of those men are read by some of us." He was certainly in the right; a German Rationalist and an English Unitarian are two very different beings.

On the other hand, as the too great strictness of the Westminster creed caused the secession of some congregations, other congregations did not find it strict enough. The different subscribing presbyterians could not agree about the form of subscription; some signed it with this proviso: "We subscribe to the Westminster Confession of Faith, as far as it is founded on the Holy Scriptures, and agreeable to their doctrines." Others, more rigid in their orthodoxy, were shocked by this proviso, and withdrew to form stricter presbyterian bodies of their own. Of these are the Covenanters, who have thirty-five congregations in Ireland, and the Anti-bounty Seceders who have nine or ten; these congregations hold themselves strictly aloof from the rest of the presbyterians.

In all, there are now 490 presbyterian congregations in Ireland, which are divided into forty presbyteries. The whole presbyterian population amounted, in the year 1834, to 642,000 souls, but now exceeds 800,000. The whole province of Ulster contains about 2,500,000 inhabitants; a third, therefore, of the entire population consists of presbyterians. The unitarians have forty congregations, or "societies," consisting of 42,000 souls. In Belfast, the proportion of the three principal denominations is estimated as follows:

Presbyterians	23,600
Catholics	19,700
Episcopalians	16,300
Other sects	1,100
	60,700

The most remarkable feature in the presbyterian church is its zeal for missions and making proselytes, and this zeal has very much increased of late years, since the great reconciliation of 1840. They have a foreign mission, whose office it is to send out missionaries to convert the heathen in distant countries; a Jewish mission, which "labours among the seed of Abraham for the everlasting Gospel," and a home mission, which is more interesting than all the rest put together. This home mission has three principal objects; firstly, to promote the building of churches in the north of favoured Ulster; secondly, to revive decayed congregations and establish new ones in the south and west of Ireland; and thirdly, to preach the Gospel in the Irish tongue, to those to whom English still remains a foreign language.

These subjects are all so highly interesting, and so new to us, that I will here give a short account of the home mission, as given in "Mac Combe's Christian Remembrancer for 1842," and will repeat the statement nearly in that gentleman's own words, which are charac-

teristic of the opinions and principles of the presbyterians. He tells us that,

"Since its purification and renovation, the presbyterian church of Ireland has never lost sight of the idea of evangelizing Ireland. It is a very encouraging fact, that the great exertions of the church in India, and among the Jews, have rather tended to strengthen than to relax the activity of her home operations. The missionary system of this church has only been in operation for thirty years, and every year has tended to increase its activity and resources; but the labours of the two last years have been crowned with a signal success, which is chiefly to be attributed to the reconciliation of the secession synod with the synod of Ulster.

"There are still in our favoured Ulster a few neglected districts, where the blessings of the gospel cannot be enjoyed with the requisite convenience by the presbyterian population; and thus many immortal souls have remained in darkness, in the midst of a flood of gospel light. The formation of new congregations, the building of churches, and the appointment of ministers, are the points to which the attention of the mission has been particularly directed, and never has a more signal blessing rested upon the labours of any church.

"In a period of ten years, the number of congregations has doubled, and some of the soundest and healthiest congregations of Ireland have been produced by this system. The work increases every year in importance and magnitude. No less than fifty congregations in the north of Ireland now receive pecuniary support from the mission, and only eleven of these are still without ministers.

"The immediate pressing necessity for the second object of the mission, namely the revival of decayed congregations, is sufficiently evident. In all the principal towns of southern Ireland, and even in some of the country districts, presbyterian churches formerly existed; but during the last fifty years many of these have gradually decayed, and some entirely vanished. We also find in the south of Ireland, single presbyterian families scattered over the country, and even in towns, many of which are upwards of seventy miles from the nearest presbyterian minister. The southern division of the Home Mission therefore, makes the restoration of the light the object of its exertions. At Cork, Clonmel, Athlone, Galway, Carlow, and other important posts, where very promising congregations now exist, this object may be considered to have been accomplished. We have every reason to believe that by the establishment of these congregations in the dark regions of this Christian country, much good has already been done; not only because many precious souls will thereby be trained and fitted for a state of immortal glory and happiness, but because perpetual witnesses to the truth will thereby be established in the very midst of the darkest superstition and infidelity.

"During the last eight months the good work has particularly prospered in the hands of the two missionaries, Simpson and Knox.

Through their instrumentality many very promising openings have been made, and congregations have been formed at Wexford, New Ross, and other places. At Tralee, Killarney, Milltown, and Bandon, the efforts of the church have also been crowned with blessings; but the work of the dissemination of evangelical truth will never be perfectly carried on till every presbyterian and every protestant of every creed has the triumph of the gospel truly at heart. Only those who have visited the abovenamed places in their benighted condition, and know how profound was the gloom under which they laboured, can fully estimate the importance and urgency of the undertaking.

"Perhaps the most important of all the objects of the Home Mission, however, is the preaching of the gospel to that part of the Irish population which still speaks and understands little else than Irish. It concerns nearly a third of the entire population of Ireland, and yet for this vast number of immortal souls, even the protestant church has as yet shown little or no sympathy. By a great number the English language is scarcely understood, and yet hitherto no attempt has been made to convey instruction to them through any other medium. The presbyterian church has, however, lately determined to bestow the blessings of the gospel on the Irish people in their own language, and the following are the means proposed for this beneficent object.

"The first is that of preaching in the Irish language. This has long been a pious wish in our country, and it has at last become possible to carry it into execution. During last year the venerable Henry M'Manus, who speaks the favourite language of his countrymen with great fluency and beauty, has travelled about, everywhere preaching the word of God. He has delivered discourses at Galway, Sligo, Clifton, Westport, Drumcornwick, Brickhill, Boyle, and other places in the west; and his reception was everywhere so favourable, and the eagerness of the people to hear him was so great, that we may be permitted to entertain the hope that the appointed day of grace for our country has at length arrived.

"The second is the erection of Irish schools. There are about 3,000,000 of Irish who still speak the Irish language and love it as their mother tongue. In the year 1818, a Bible was printed in Irish by the British Bible Society, and the work then begun, by disseminating the Holy Scriptures to the Irish population, has ripened into the present system of instruction. The schools established are of a very simple kind, and can be quickly increased to almost any amount. A suitable person is chosen as teacher in every district where a school is wanted; the scholars are the neighbours of the teacher for two or three miles round. They meet alternately at each other's houses for instruction every evening, after the day's work is over, and on the Lord's day, morning and evening. They begin by spelling and reading in a little spelling-book, which has been written and printed for them, and when they have learnt this book by heart, a portion of the Scriptures is put into their hands. They then con-

tinue studying the Word of God, until they are able to read it easily and fluently, while they learn at the same time to translate it into English. A part of the Scriptures they also learn by heart. The schools are visited three times a year by an inspector, who makes a report of their condition and progress to the superintendent. All the teachers frequently meet together at the superintendent's, in order to be further instructed in the saving doctrines of the Bible, and to be encouraged in the labours of instruction by little premiums and presents. Besides this, Scripture readers are engaged who travel about from village to village, and from house to house, in order to maintain among the people the edifying practice of frequent reading of the Word of Salvation.

"This whole system of Irish instruction was began by the presbyterian church in the year 1835. In the first year thirty schools were erected, which since then have increased to 223. The scholars examined in all these schools last year by the inspectors, amounted to 5407, mostly Roman Catholics, all of whom are capable of reading the Holy Scriptures in Irish, and translating them into English. None of these scholars were younger than fifteen, and many hundreds of them were between fifty and seventy years of age. Many of the teachers have even renounced the errors of Popery, and evangelical doctrines are making sure and rapid progress among them.

"The field of our activity is wide, the need is pressing, and the machinery applied is good. What might not a really united, active, and zealous presbyterian church accomplish, if she made use of all the means and uses at her command!"

Such is the substance of the report given in the "Christian Remembrancer" of the remarkable activity of the presbyterian church, which has really some right, in Ireland, to call herself as she so frequently does, a missionary and an apostolical church. The Irish sunday-schools which differ from those above described, in being held only on a Sunday, and conducted only by unpaid teachers, are mostly established by the presbyterian church, as the following interesting table shows:—On the first of January, 1841, there were,

	Sunday Schools.	Scholars.	Unpaid Teachers.
In Ulster	2,010	169,377	15,891
,, Leinster	455	33,540	2,969
,, Munster	394	19,094	2,045
,, Connaught . . .	169	8,668	763
In all Ireland . . .	3,028	230,679	21,668

This table shows how much education has been neglected in the west of Ireland, since there are single counties in Ulster which contain four or five times as many scholars and teachers as all Connaught put together.

The presbyterians of Ulster are as unwearied in their activity in

the field of scientific research, as in that of religious instruction. The whole north of Ireland, "the favoured Ulster," is as far above the rest of Ireland, in these respects, as Scotland is above the rest of Great Britain; and, just as in Great Britain, you can generally tell a Scotchman by his superior intelligence and cultivation, so is it in Ireland with the people of Ulster. Belfast is a sort of miniature Edinburgh and Glasgow in one. Like Edinburgh, it is the head-quarters of many learned and scientific associations; there are horticultural, agricultural, statistical, literary, and historical societies, as well as a mechanics' institute, a society of natural history, an association for the promotion of science in general, and several musical associations. I visited the institutions and collections of some of these societies.

The Society of Natural History has collected a small museum, in a handsome and elegant building. Many such museums have of late been established in all the towns of England; but upon the whole, the museums of our smaller German towns are older, richer, and better kept than these British provincial museums. The museum of Belfast contains many interesting Irish antiquities found in the neighbourhood, and also many natural curiosities; but the traveller seeks in vain for what he must most desire and expect in this place—I mean a complete, well-arranged, satisfactory, and instructive collection of geological and mineralogical specimens, illustrative of the Giant's Causeway, and the other interesting volcanic formations, which render the whole northern coast of Ireland so remarkable. Every provincial museum has its own particular task to fulfil, since each is generally particularly qualified, by its geographical position, to promote the investigation of some one important branch of natural history. Belfast, a great city, rich in scientific materials and learned men, is undoubtedly called upon to collect in its museums whatever can be collected of specimens, models, or reports, likely to afford instruction as to those remarkable basaltic formations, which render the northern coast of Ireland famous throughout the scientific world. Some specimens of this coast are indeed found in the Belfast museums; but in vain we ask after a complete collection of all the volcanic materials of which the northern coast consists, or for an arrangement of them in the natural order in which they are found, or for a correct model in wood or plaster of the Giant's Causeway, or of the whole nothern coast, none of which ought to be wanting in a place like Belfast. The traveller hastening *towards* that coast, with his mind full of delightful anticipations, and the traveller returning *thence*, absorbed in interesting recollections, must equally regret the absence of all these things in the museums of Belfast. The stranger will always find more to please him in the private than in the public collections of the English; the former are always much richer, and generally kept in the most beautiful order. This does not, of course, apply to the public and private libraries of England; but the best museums of

antiquity and natural history are always found in the hands of private persons, who have devoted themselves to some particular branch of science. Belfast contains private collections which are quite unique in their class, such as Dr. Drummond's admirable collection of marine plants, and Dr. Thompson's excellent and valuable collection of shells.

The Botanical Garden of Belfast was established in the year 1830. A great many of the English botanical gardens are not twenty years old. I was much surprised at the youthfulness of almost all English scientific institutions, and at finding how much less has yet been done for science in the remote parts of England than in those of Germany. The Botanical Garden at Belfast is the finest in Ireland, next to that of Dublin, over which latter it has indeed many advantages. Although these two cities are scarcely twenty German miles apart, their climates are very different. Dublin has a much hotter summer and a much colder winter than Belfast. This fact the polite director of the botanical garden explained to me by saying that Belfast was sheltered by a chain of hills on the land side, while Dublin lay on the edge of a wide unsheltered plain. In the garden at Belfast, situated under the fifty-fifth degree of latitude, the cypress and arbutus grow very well in the open air, although they are not found wild, as in the south. The north of Ireland has however the yew-tree to make amends for this deficiency. The garden also contains a fine collection of all the heaths indigenous to the Irish bogs, among which are many large and fine specimens. I was particularly interested in a part of the garden called the British Garden, containing as perfect a collection as possible of all the plants found wild in the whole British dominions. There was also a very fine collection of grasses, which must always be interesting to British gardeners, since the English attach so much importance to large and fine lawns, or grass plots. I saw in this collection no less than 400 species of grass, which are all indigenous to English soil. There are gardeners in many of the great English cities who cultivate nothing but grasses, and make a distinct trade of dealing in the seed. The "*Festuca ovina*," the "*Poa trivialis*," and the "*Poa nemoralis*," are grasses which produce a very thick, soft, fresh verdure, and are consequently much sought after for lawns. Australian plants also thrive excellently well in the temperate atmosphere of Belfast, and indeed throughout Ireland. A rose, originally brought from China, has also become very general in Irish gardens, where it is left unprotected winter and summer.

The musical societies are now four in number; the Anacreontic, the Choral, the Harmonic, and the Association of Harpers; and these frequently get up concerts, rehearsals, and musical *soirées*. Thalberg, Liszt, and other great musicians, have always visited Belfast whenever they came to Ireland, although they have left unvisited Cork, Limerick, and other great cities of the south. I mention this, because it is well known that the manufacturing cities of

England, Manchester, Birmingham, and others, are likewise very liberal patrons of music, and are famed for the number of their likewise patrons of music, whilst Liverpool and all the *trading* cities are remarkably deficient in this respect. It would be worth while to inquire what it is in the spirit of manufacture more than in that of commerce which encourages and promotes the progress of musical cultivation.

The Association of Harpers is the oldest musical association in Ireland. It was founded and supported, curiously enough, by some Irish patriots residing in the East Indies, whose patriotic feelings were perhaps still more moved by the wild and beautiful melodies of their native land, when they sang them among themselves, on a strange soil and among a strange people, and who sent over money for the musical education of some blind boys at Belfast, and for the giving of concerts on the national instrument of Ireland. Perhaps some patriotic Irishmen, exiled to China and the East Indies, will some day, mindful of the wonders of their native shore, send over money for the establishment of a geological museum illustrative of the Giants' Causeway, and every thing connected with it.

I have already alluded to the harpers' society at Drogheda. In the former century no such societies existed in Ireland, and the numbers which have been established of late years, might lead to the supposition that the old national art of the bards was really reviving again in the island. Yet this supposition might be very erroneous, for such sudden and artificial revivals of obsolete customs and amusements are seldom lasting, and are often rather the momentary flickerings of the flame before its utter extinction, than the real indications of returning health.

Among the public institutions of Belfast, as of all manufacturing towns in England and Ireland, the fever hospitals are particularly likely to attract the attention of the traveller. The close and crowded dwellings of manufacturing labourers, and the poverty and wretchedness too often prevalent among them, render the dangers of infectious fever very great among them, and make every thing connected with the establishment and improvement of fever hospitals of vital importance in manufacturing towns. The statistical tables of the fever hospital, at Belfast, show a great increase of fever there during several years past. From the year 1818 to 1836, the annual number of patients received there, usually varied from 300 to 600. The highest number which occurred during that period was 1821. In the year 1837 there were 1987 patients, and in 1838 the number rose to the unprecedented one of 3363. Since that year the number has indeed decreased, but it has never again been reduced under a thousand. The average annual number of patients during the six years before 1837, was 759; of the six years since that time, more than 1500.

The Irish fever seems also to increase in severity and obstinacy. Before the year 1818 an epidemic infectious fever never lasted

longer than eight months at Belfast; in the year 1818, there was one that lasted ten months; and in the year 1836, there was one that continued more than a twelvemonth, the longest duration for the fever ever known at Belfast. This fever is almost entirely confined to the poorer classes, and is mainly attributable to their scanty nourishment and poverty of life. Every wet year, which injures the harvest, increases also the prevalence of fever. When the wealthy are attacked by it, which seldom happens, it is oftener fatal to them than to the poor. Certain localities of Belfast, as of Manchester and Glasgow, suffer most from fever. It is a remarkable fact, that no variation of season seems to have any effect upon the fever, which is equally prevalent, and equally severe all the year round. I saw a table of the callings pursued by the patients before entering the hospital, which was interesting as conveying some idea what were the occupations most exposed, and what least liable to fever. To be thoroughly useful, however, this table should have been accompanied by another, showing the proportions of these different occupations, to the entire population of Belfast. Among 2056 patients, 740, that is more than a third, were of the manufacturing class; namely, millworkers and weavers. In the whole list there were only six bleachers, although there can be no doubt that the proportion of bleachers to the population is far greater than this. More than a fifth of the patients were of the class of servants. It is a singular circumstance that women seem to be oftener attacked by fever than men. In almost every year's hospital list, the female exceed the male patients by ten or twenty per cent. Yet the fever cannot be so fatal to the former as to the latter, since all the tables show that ten or twenty per cent. more men than women die of the fever. Perhaps this may be because the men, upon whose exertions the very existence of their families often depends, are not so soon sent to the hospital. It also appears that the fever seldom attacks the aged, but that when it does so, it is usually fatal.

THE COAST OF ANTRIM.

The weather was very bad on the morning when I set out for Carrickfergus, on the outside of the stage-coach. A tremendous wind was blowing from the north, and a storm of rain and hail rattled down upon us. It was the first day since my arrival, that the Irish all allowed the weather to be really bad. Every body who had bade us good morning as we passed, added to his greeting the Irish phrase—"A wild day to-day!" Inside our coach, we had no ballast, excepting four young ladies, who filled up indeed the narrow space allowed in English stage-coaches for inside passengers, but who did not add much under-weight to maintain our balance, amid the fury of the storm. We outsides, therefore, who were of course most thoroughly aware of the power of that storm, dreaded each moment

the overturn of the top-heavy coach, and huddled close together, covering our heads with our cloaks, in order to feel the cutting wind the less. The autumn-leaves flew about in whirling eddies; the trees on the sea-shore bowed down like reeds before the wind; the seagulls screamed as they fluttered landwards; the fish sought for shelter in the quieter depths of the sea; the boats and skiffs rocked wildly about on the shore; in short, the weather was just of that tempestuous kind, which I would have chosen for seeing the far-famed Giant's Causeway and the whole of that wild and picturesque coast which bounds the north-east of Ireland. A storm occasions many interesting spectacles on this coast, and harmonizes well with the wild works of the Irish giants. When these mountains first arose from the gulfs and abysses of the earth, when these rocks first were shattered, and fell in splashing fragments into the ocean, or, alighting on the shore, grew and took root there as fantastic mountains, when the giants first paved their wonderful causeway, and the Cyclops bored holes and caverns in their mighty halls, and carved columns and clefts and precipices and headlands around them,—then the weather was surely neither quiet nor sunny on this wild coast of Antrim!

Our course first led us round Lough Belfast. The Irish give the name of Lough, not only to inland lakes, but to gulfs or inlets of the sea, such as Lough Belfast, Lough Strangford, Lough Swilly, and others. Lough Belfast is sometimes called Lough Carrickfergus, after the old Irish city of that name, which is one of the most ancient in Ireland, and flourished long before an Englishman had ever set foot on Irish soil. On the whole way from Belfast to Carrickfergus, the road is bordered by lines of country-seats and gardens; but the gloomy and tempestuous weather did not lend that embellishment to the petty beauty of these human creations, that it did to the wild works of the giants, to which we were hastening; indeed, as the hail generally obliged us to keep our eyes shut, we may be said to have derived no pleasure from the sight of all the flower-beds, shrubberies, cottages, and parks, which the speculative industry of Belfast capitalists had so ingeniously spun from the flax of Ulster.

Near Carrickfergus, close to the brink of the ocean, stands a large old castle, which is still kept fortified, and is garrisoned by two companies of soldiers. The situation is very picturesque, and the view over the coast, the town of Bangor, the Belfast Lough, and the dreary waste of waters beyond, must be most beautiful, in weather permitting its enjoyment. The walls of the castle are at the same time clothed in fresh green ivy, and washed by the white foam of the waves, as they break at its feet. At this castle William III. landed, before he fought the battle of the Boyne. Here the French endeavoured to land to lend assistance to the Irish rebels, when it was too late. Belfast Lough is indeed the principal landing-place for the whole north of Ireland.

The Belfast stage-coach only goes as far as Carrickfergus. From

that town to the little village of Larne we availed ourselves of the convenience of a two-horsed car. From that place the traveller either provides himself with further conveyance, or joins her majesty's mail-bags, which drive further northward upon a one-horsed car. Lough Larne, a little bay, protected by hills on the land-side, and having only a very narrow opening towards the sea, was covered with small skiffs and fishing-boats, which had sought shelter in the little harbour from the storm, that raged out at sea; and whole swarms of sea-birds, which seemed likewise to be seeking shelter, fluttered screaming among them.

Larne is a quiet little town, in no way distinguished from others of its class, in the north of Ireland. From Larne the coast begins to assume its wild and picturesque aspect, and at this place I joined her majesty's mail-bags, which travelled with very little dignity in a low two-wheeled car, drawn by one horse. I could not help contrasting in my mind's eye, this unpretending little equipage, with the luxurious and imposing four-horsed mail-coaches of England.

All the land lying between the sea, Lough Belfast, Lough Neagh, and the River Bann, is called the county of Antrim. This country, so rich in natural wonders, is covered all over with a great stratum of limestone. Over this limestone volcanic masses of later formation have been deposited, which have greatly altered the shape and composition of the original stratum, and have not only covered it, but here and there have pushed it away and scattered it in fragments around. The chalk limestone is as white as snow, when found on the surface, and the volcanic masses being mostly basalt, are nearly black, wherever they are exposed to the eye. The circumference of this basalt and limestone district is about 120 miles, and the stretch of coast along which both materials present themselves to the eye, is about sixty miles long, from Lough Belfast to Lough Foyle. Along this whole district the white chalk rocks and the black basaltic formations, are found arranged in the most curious, picturesque, and diversified forms.

Sometimes the chalky mass lies in regular strata, and the basalt is poured over it in similar strata. Elsewhere the limestone has remained untouched by the basalt, and projects its white cliffs as proudly into the ocean as once into the glowing furnace of the volcanic liquids. Here and there, however, they vanish under the surface of the sea, and the basalt rears itself above them, sometimes in regular columns, and sometimes in irregular masses. In some places the basalt forms long aisles or avenues of thick and lofty columns; in others yawns open in deep black chasms and caves; in others projects bold precipices over the raging waves, or breaks up into sharp fragments, forming little rocks and precipitous islands. Elsewhere the limestone and basalt seem to have struggled with one another for supremacy, and their colours and materials seem mixed together in inextricable confusion.

These effects and appearances can of course only be observed on

the sides of the rocks which line the sea-coast; for inland, the whole is covered with earth and vegetation. Here and there the land rises into high points, some of which are nearly two thousand feet high; and here and there it sinks, forming valleys which extend along to the sea, and break the high rocky line of the coast. On the sides of these valleys, which seem to have been caused by sudden yawnings and openings of the earth, the naked basalt and limestone rocks rise abruptly to a great height. The rich cultivation of these valleys, the picturesque rocks which wall them in, the waterfalls which dash down their sides, and the wide expanse of ocean which stretches away at the entrance, all these beauties give a charm to these wild valleys which must make some of them very attractive residences. The coast itself is very steep and precipitous, except where these valleys stretch down to the sea-side. Many rocks and headlands are from one to two thousand feet in height, but their usual elevation varies from six hundred to one thousand feet.

Beyond Larne we reached Glenarm, one of the valleys above described, which is followed by the valleys of Glenariff and Cushendun. Formerly a narrow and difficult way, called "the path," alone conducted the traveller along this coast; but lately a very fine road has been cut along it, called the Antrim Coast road. The making of a flat straight road through a wild coast like that which I have described, must, it may well be imagined, have presented no ordinary difficulties and obstacles. Any one who travels along the Antrim Coast road may see that neither powder, pickaxe, nor labour have here been spared. The English, defying basalt and the giants, have cut straight through every thing that came in their way, and have left to posterity a work of enterprise and ingenuity, for which future generations will long be thankful. In some places immense masses of basalt have been cut through from top to bottom; in others great holes and chasms have been filled up. Particular difficulties were presented by those parts of the road upon which large masses of limestone were apt to roll down from the slippery rocks above. "Boulders," or "boulderstones," is the name applied by the English to these loose fragments of stone. Many of them still break away, from time to time, from the sides of the rocks, loosened by the gradual influence of time and weather. Others, long since broken, lie about in large fragments on the rock, or stick to the loam which here and there covers the rock, and, after a long continuance of wet weather, they come tumbling down the sides. At these places it was necessary either to shelter the road by a kind of arched roof, over which the boulderstones could roll harmlessly away, or to erect a solid wall of rock at the side of the road, to stop the boulderstones when they rolled down. Those boulders which have long since rolled down from the sides, form here and there a dam along the coast against the inroads of the sea.

Such was the coast, and such the road, along which our car drove away through the storm, with its mail-bags and other contents.

Near Larne the little peninsula, Magee, a volcanic formation of basalt, bends round the entrance of the Lough. Along the whole eastern coast of this peninsula rise pillars of basalt ranged in regular succession for four or five miles. These columns are called "the Gobbins," and this basaltic peninsula, which is a mile and a half wide, and six or seven miles long, is, in my opinion, a far more really gigantic work than the Giant's Causeway itself. The latter is, in fact, a mere toy compared to it; but because the surface of the peninsula is covered with vegetation, and the pavement of the basaltic columns is thus concealed, the far less colossal structure has acquired the greater fame.

The point next in interest is the precipice of Ballygally Head, which advances boldly and majestically into the sea, and is composed of an immense number of irregular basaltic masses. The road winds round the foot of this precipice, and as we still kept close to the edge of the sea-shore, the stormy heaving of the white-crested billows, and the furious working of the tempest, offered an animating spectacle to my eyes. Against the huge boulderstones which lay scattered about on the shore, the mighty waves broke incessantly in the maddest and most diversified manner. Roaring and foaming they advanced like living mountains, and swept proudly on until all at once they dashed against the boulderstones and were shattered to pieces like shipwrecked vessels. The majestic water-mountains, clear and green as crystal, bounded up fiercely against the rocks, and then, with a wild hollow crash, broke into hundreds of little streams which ran busily about among the boulderstones, until they found their way back to their native sea. Twenty white-crested waterspouts heaved up their snowy heads at once from the deep, and single arms of the great wave, dashing down the sides of the rocks, formed momentary waterfalls, which, though mere *improvisations*, were often more beautiful, while they lasted, than many a far-famed little cataract in the county of Wicklow. Thousands and thousands of such mighty waves marched thus hand in hand up to the coast, and broke thus wildly, one after another, like the scattering sparks of bursting rockets, forming a spectacle fantastic and picturesque, though only momentary in its endurance.

As we approached the entrance of the valley of Glenarm, I noticed a strange-looking column of smoke, which seemed to rise from the topmost summit of one of the projecting rocks. As I neither expected to see a dwelling-house nor a turf fire in such a place, I asked my driver what was the cause of this smoke. "It isn't smoke, your honour," replied he, "it's only the spray of a waterfall between the rocks there, which the storm has carried up into the air." At first I could scarcely believe this account, but afterwards I convinced myself that there is nothing uncommon in this phenomenon, of the water of a cataract being raised into the air, on this coast, by a strong north wind. At one place I saw three such columns of vapour close to one another. They were swayed about by the wind,

sometimes higher, sometimes lower, but never disappeared for an instant. I account for them in the following manner :—The rocks are, in some places, very steep and precipitous, and at the same time indented by deep narrow clefts in the basalt. In these clefts, during quiet weather, the waterfalls pursue their picturesque way in a very natural manner; but when the north wind rages against the lofty coast, it roars through these narrow chasms, in which the currents of air are somewhat compressed, with peculiar violence, and carries up with it the water which comes in its way, scattering it like powder in the air. I afterwards saw similar waterfalls on the low coasts, and these were much more unaccountable to me. The next day I saw them near the Giant's Causeway, only a hundred paces distant from me. As I was driving along a low grassy headland, I did not perceive that this headland descended towards the sea, and these powdery appearances look like fountains springing out of the ground in the midst of the meadows. They swayed to and fro with the wind, often rising to a height of forty or fifty feet, and scattering a shower far around them on the grass. Approaching nearer, however, I discovered the cause of these appearances. On this low coast, also, there were little clefts and chasms down to the sea, as in the basaltic rocks. The wind drove up the sea-water into these clefts and carried it up in whirling currents of small particles into the air. These fountains are seen on other Irish coasts of similar formation; as, for instance, off the County of Clare, and the Irish call the chasms through which these fountains rise, "puffing-holes."

The white chalky rocks of the coast are full of flints, which are not irregularly scattered through them, but are deposited in long horizontal strata from two to three feet thick. The inhabitants of the neighbouring country dig out these stones, and use them as articles of commerce. At Glenarm I saw great heaps of large and small flintstones, ready for shipping. Not only do these limestone rocks occasionally break up into boulderstones; the same is the case with the black basalt masses which lie over them. Thus the whole coast and all the little valleys which run down towards it, are sprinkled with great loose black and white stones, like the black and white herds of Jacob. These black and white stones are seen everywhere around. The road is macadamized with black and white stones, and the walls of the houses, gardens, and courtyards are all built of black and white stones.

After Balley-galley Head, we reached other steep and precipitous rocks and cliffs, called the Sallagh-braes. Here the white chalk foundation and the black basalt deposit were plainly enough to be distinguished. One large mass of basalt had detached itself from the rest, and reared its black head from the waves near the coast. "Knockdhu," or the Black Rock, was the name given it by the Irish. Further out to sea, about four miles from land, lie other rocks called "The Maidens." Upon two of them lighthouses have been erected. Farther out in the distance, the nearest point of

Scotland is seen rearing its head above the waters. It is the Mull of Antire, with its neighbour island of Sanda.

Glenarm is the most beautiful point along the whole coast of Antrim; indeed the many attractions which unite in this valley, render it one of the most beautiful spots in Ireland. On each side of it rises a long range of dark basaltic rocks, leaving a wide level between, as they run inland tolerably parallel to each other. A little brook sparkles through the valley, and here and there little waterfalls run down the black rocks on either side, keeping the land well irrigated, and covering it with a carpet of the brightest verdure imaginable, as well as affording nourishment to the most beautiful clumps of stately old trees, which dot it here and there. In this valley lies the residence of the Antrim family, and the little village appertaining to it. Near the village and the castle all traces of wilderness vanish entirely, and a charming park and pretty flower-garden confer additional beauties on the scene. The castle itself, to whose distinguished mistress I had the honour of paying a visit, is built in a fine old Gothic style, and furnished with modern taste and elegance. Four hundred deer and stags graze around it, and six hundred old ancestral trees overshadow its grounds with their spreading boughs: and all this smiling and peaceful beauty, sheltered between the wild black rocks which form the little glen, with a view opening on old ocean rolling his stormy white-crested waves beyond, forms perhaps the most wonderful site in all the world for a stately baronial mansion.

When the Antrim family came over, I do not know; but their present possessions and title were given them by Charles I. in 1630. Their real family name is M'Donnell. The family of M'Donnell is spread all over the county of Antrim, and on my travels I met many M'Donnells who claimed kindred with the great Antrim family. The part of Scotland lying just opposite the coast of Antrim abounds in the same way with Mac Donnells, and a perpetual dispute is going on between the Scottish and Irish families, as to which is the older of the two. The Scottish Mac Donnells persist that the Irish M'Donnells are only a younger branch of their clan, while the Irish M'Donnells of course maintain the contrary. This dispute has dwindled from a contest of blood to one of ink, for many genealogists and antiquarians of both families continually renew the strife with the weapons of learning and satire. Walter Scott even has touched upon the question, and has decided in favour of the Irish M'Donnells; such at least was the statement which I heard in Antrim.

These old Irish families sometimes carry their claims to antiquity very far. Thus at the head of the genealogical tree of the O'Neills, stands Adam; a very ignoble progenitor one would think, seeing that all the base as well as noble blood in the world dates from him. The O'Neills are, however, more modest than some Scotch and Irish

families, who profess to trace their ancestors even beyond Adam. Heremon, the first king of Erin, was also one of the ancestors of the O'Neills, nor is Adam's the only biblical name that occurs in their genealogical tree. Afterwards come Feninsa, King of Scythia, founder of the universal schools of the Plain Magh Scanair, and Heber Glemsiony, Lord of Gothia. Then follow some unimportant names, which bring us down to Dea, 1400 years before the Christian era, who carried a colony of Scythians into Galicia in Spain. Dea is followed by a long list of Spanish kings, till we arrive at Heremon, the first monarch of Erin, who, in his turn is succeeded by other Irish kings down to Feidtroth, in the third year of whose reign the Saviour was born; for the period of the reign of each king is stated with great minuteness. At length we come to the O'Neills themselves, who, if not as kings, yet as great earls and lords of the soil, still reside in the neigbourhood of Lough Neah in the north of Ireland. The genealogy, like most of those I had seen, was in manuscript, and many copies of it were in the hands of those who claimed kindred with the chief of the family. These things are scarcely ever printed, for if they were, the imaginations of their compilers could hardly be allowed so bold a range concerning the early history of Ireland. Even the regular Irish historians, however, find it difficult to give up these family manuscripts as mere fables, and such as have never ventured into the broad daylight of the press, would stake their existence on the veracity of these stories.

On the following morning I continued my journey, again in company with "Her Majesty's letter-bag." It was, as the people say, a "wild day," for the storm continued with unabated violence, and our road, as before, lay close along the sea-shore. We reached the valley of Glenariff, and the scenery was still more beautiful and magnificent than that of the preceding day. Garron Point is a steep, wooded headland, that lies before the loftier rocks, like a footstool before a great armchair. Upon a projecting ledge of rock, resides an English Custom-house officer, with his assistants; and on account of the active smuggling trade carried on along this coast, and through these wild regions, which afford such facilities for the conveyance of goods into the interior, a strong body of the coast guard is always here, watching closely all vessels that can be descried.

These preventive service men are an amphibious race of creatures, half-soldiers, half-sailors, and even their dress partakes of their twofold character. They are generally stationed on high rocky points, to keep a look-out over the sea, and as soon as a sail appears in sight, are required to judge, from its appearance and movements, of its character and intentions; and whenever cases of collision arise, they are expected to engage with smugglers either by sea or land.

The valley of Glenariff, or the valley of the Caverns, forms a

wider opening than that of Glenarm, and lies in the neighbourhood of several other valleys, as that of Cushendall, and Cushendun, and altogether bear the name of the Glens, or *Glynns*, and make quite a little separate province. They lie buried among high masses of mountains, and have retained the Irish population, and the Irish language, whilst the country all round them, has been entirely peopled by Scotch and English settlers. These glens, and the neighbourhood of Drogheda, are, as far as I can make out, the only points on the whole east coast of Ireland which have retained the Irish language.

Along the road to Glenariff, the sides of many of the rocks and mountains are clothed with beautiful woods, among which are hollies, hazelnut-trees, and white thorns of enormous dimensions, and in the valleys are ash-trees and oaks. Caverns and subterranean passages abound in this tract of country; and near Garron Point, almost in the surf of the sea, is one from which issues a considerable stream of water, whose supply never fails during the driest season of the whole year. Beyond Glenariff, the road runs past the mouths of several caves, some of which appear to have been inhabited. In one there had evidently been a forge, and in another dwelt an aged single woman, named Nanny Murray, who, the people told me, had lived there fifty or sixty years, that is, from time immemorial. I paid her a visit, as most travellers who pass this way do, and one of her friends, whom I found with her, kindled a splinter of wood, and lighted me into all the corners of the cavern, while the old woman sat spinning by the fire. The entrance was closed by a low wall, and a gate, and at the back of the cavern was a pretty natural recess, in which stood Nanny's bed. As long as I remained, she continued quietly to spin and smoke her pipe; but when I took my departure, she murmured some unintelligible words, and offered me a *schnaps*. She reminded me forcibly of some of the romantic personages who play so conspicuous a part in Walter Scott's novels. The cavern in which she has taken up her abode, is known far and wide as Nanny's Cave. These caverns consist of an enormous conglomerate mass of clay and flint-stones, precisely like what is found at the foot of the Ery mountains in Saxony, and on a promontory of similar composition lies Castle Corey. The road is cut through the rock, which forms an arch across it, and after issuing from it we saw the heads of sheep protruding from an opening high up in a perpendicular, rocky wall. They had probably found their way there through one of the passages I have mentioned, and in winter they are often penned up in the caverns.

These basaltic rocks of Antrim afford pasture only to sheep, whilst the neighbouring county of Down is renowned for its horses. These horses, of course, require masculine attendance, but the sheep can be easily kept by women, and accordingly the shepherdesses of

Antrim are no less celebrated than their sheep. A difference recorded by a distich peculiar to the country, and containing a very Irish sort of rhyme.

"The county of Down for men and horses,
The county of Antrim for lambs and lasses."

At Cushendall, there was pointed out to me the grave of Dallas, a Scotch hero slain by the hand of Ossian, of whose exploits, I was assured, Antrim was the true and most distinguished theatre.

Ossian is, according to tradition, the descendant of the giant Fingal, who constructed the Giant's Causeway. This Fingal, or, as the Irish historians call him, Finn Mac Cumhal, which the lower Irish shorten into Finn Mac Cum, lived in the third century after Christ, and filled the whole north of Ireland and the west of Scotland with the renown of his name. Some writers connect him with the Phœnicians, who are said to have colonised the country; and he takes, in Irish tradition, exactly the place filled by Hercules in that of the Greeks. All sorts of natural marvels are ascribed to him, and Fingal may, in fact, be regarded as the Hercules of Erin, Caledonia, and the islands lying between them.

The grave of his descendant, Ossian, on whom he conferred many of his wonderful gifts, is pointed out in the burial-ground of a little ruined ivy-covered church on the sea-coast. Other accounts, however, place it on the top of a mountain, commanding a wide prospect across the ocean and the glens. This seems a more suitable spot for the remains of the great hero and poet, who, being a heathen, could have no particular partiality for the Christian church. Ossian is said, indeed, to have been converted by St. Patrick, notwithstanding the trifling objection that he lived two hundred years before the saint. A way has been found to get over this little difficulty. Ossian fell into an enchanted sleep, on the banks of the Shannon, and lay for two hundred years, till he was awakened by the saint, who converted and baptized him. Ossian is too great a favourite with the people for them to consent to his dying a heathen.

However well we were provided with spiritual entertainment, as we journeyed along the coast, by the stories of Ossian, Fingal, and other heroes, our grosser corporeal wants were but indifferently satisfied, since nothing was to be had but a glass of smoky whiskey and a bit of oatcake; and the open car, the rain and the storm, did not lend any additional charm to the fare. Indeed it required all the beauty of the coast of Antrim to reconcile one to the journey. "We are nearly alone, your honour," said a new postilion, as we entered a dark valley beyond Cushendall, "I wonder you travel in such a night." "How do you know we are alone!" I replied; "suppose we should hear from the darkness the voice of one of Fingal's companions, saying, here am I too."

"Don't be joking that way to-night, your honour," said my companion; "I believe we're alone at any rate."

As we issued from the valley, and began to ascend the mountain, we could distinguish through the darkness the lights on five different points. The one proceeded from the lighthouse on the opposite coast of Scotland, two from towers near the entrance of Lough Foyle, and two from the "Maidens" lighthouses above-mentioned.

The two latter were above twenty miles off, yet they glittered like stars on our horizon, which indeed presented no other stars to rival them.

At nine o'clock in the evening we arrived on the wings of a dry storm, for the rain had entirely ceased, at the little town of Ballycastle, on the sea-shore, opposite the island of Rathlin. Here the mountainous district of the Glens terminates, and the country assumes the form of wide downs sloping with a more or less steep declivity to the sea; this is also the boundary of the Irish language, and a little river, running eastward from Ballycastle, was pointed out to me as its exact limit.

Beyond the bridge it was said no one even understood Irish. For the last few miles towards Ballycastle, a policeman took his seat on the car beside me, and I inquired if he had much to do in the Glens. "Oh yes," he answered, "we have a great deal more to do here than our comrades down in Derry (Londonderry), and the people would be much worse if they wasn't so much in fear of the law. They're poorer too here than in Derry; but, as you've travelled so much, you must know that catholics are always poorer than protestants." I give the man's own words, because there is some truth in his remark, though I cannot exactly determine how much.

A pleasant little inn at Ballycastle opened to us at length its hospitable doors, and in its quiet rooms we found a shelter from the raging wind.

The furniture looked comfortable, the tea-table stood ready, and near the fire—oh, wonder!—were seated some "Antrim lasses," young ladies, who were on their way to pay a visit to their relative, the rector of Rathlin. The storm had for three days prevented their crossing to the island, and eight Rathlin fishing-boats were lying in Ballycastle harbour, unable to get out on account of the tempestuous sea, although the distance is but six miles.

"It is an ill wind that blows no one any good," says the proverb, and I was at all events indebted to the gale for the pleasure of taking my tea in the company of the young ladies. There was no sitting-room but the one, and as necessity has no law, even the stiffness of English etiquette was obliged to give way, and the cold, wet, deplorable-looking traveller, had to be admitted, without even asking permission from papa or mamma.

The name of my fair companions was of course Mac Donnell, as was also that of the hostess, and of the postilion; for in this part of the world there is scarcely another name to be met with. The island of Rathlin, being the estate of their relative, formed of course

our chief subject of conversation; and as there appeared no likelihood of my being able to visit it, I was obliged to content myself with the description furnished me by the ladies, and with the view of it which I obtained on the following morning through my telescope.

THE ISLAND OF RATHLIN.

The island of Rathlin, or Rachlin, or Raughlinds, or Raghlin, or Rachlinda, or Rachery, or Raghery—for in all these various ways is its name written, is the largest of the islands lying off the north coast, which are considered as belonging to Ireland. All the others, with the exception of *Tory* or *Robber* Island, are small and insignificant. Rathlin consists of two tracts of land, united with each other at a right angle, and about a mile broad. The one which runs nearly parallel with the coast of the mainland is more than five miles long, the other about three. The angle between the two forms a bay, called Church bay, at the head of which is situated the church and the mansion of the rector and owner of the island. Like the opposite coast of Ireland the island is evidently of volcanic origin; the basis is chalk and limestone, over which lies a mass of black basalt, running into large and handsome columns, and corresponding to a hair with the formation of the opposite coast of Ireland. The tides and currents which exist in its neighbourhood are very peculiar, like those already mentioned near the south-east corner of the county of Wexford. As in the vicinity of Wexford, and its promontory Carnsore Point, the tide flowing in from the Atlantic Ocean turns to the north, and runs up the Irish Sea beyond Dublin, so here by Rathlin it takes a turn to the south and meets the opposite tide near Carlingford Bay, where it is observed to come in and go out in two opposite directions at the same time.

Rathlin lies at the vortex of the two currents, exactly where the flood tide turns to the south and the ebb to the east, and where there arises a struggle that makes itself felt along the whole coast of Antrim, Derry, and Donegal, as far as Malin Head, but is strongest in the strait between Rathlin and the mainland. From these circumstances there arise, as Hamilton observes, many irregularities in the tides, which, however, he does not attempt to explain. There are, for instance, places on the coast, where instead of the tide giving six hours flood and six of ebb, the former lasts nine and the latter only three hours. The sailors who come to the coast of Ireland, are obliged to pay great attention to these peculiarities. A vessel leaving Dublin could, if the wind were favourable, get as far as Carlingford with the flood tide from the south, and proceed farther to the north with the ebb. When the tide again turned she could enter the waters of Rathlin, and the back current would carry her westward to Malin Head, whence she might take advantage of the ebb to get out into the Atlantic.

The waters of Rathlin being thus disturbed twice every day, are rough enough, even in the most tranquil weather, but when it blows a gale they become so violently agitated as to be scarcely navigable at all, not only for the little coasters, but even for ships of the largest size. The prevailing winds, as well as the greatest tides, coming in of course from the open ocean, the western side of Rathlin presents a magnificent spectacle of enormous waves dashing for ever upon its shore. In winter so tempestuous a sea rages round the island, that its inhabitants are sometimes cut off for months from all communication with any other land than their own.

Such a place seems well adapted to afford a refuge to a fugitive king, and accordingly Robert Bruce found an asylum there, when compelled to fly his kingdom shortly after his coronation.

He came hither with three hundred armed men, in the autumn of the year 1306, and amidst the basaltic rocks, the storms, and the boiling surf of Rathlin, defied all pursuit, and, returning to Scotland in the spring, began the eventful war which terminated, in 1314, in the glorious victory of Bannockburn.

When Bruce landed the island was, as it is now, inhabited by a simple race that subsisted by fishing, tending a few sheep, and by cultivating a few patches of oats. At first they fled from the sight of the mail-clad knight and his followers; but when they found that he treated them with kindness and gentleness, they daily brought food to their guests,—fish, mutton, and oatcakes,—and ended by choosing him for their chief, and delivering up to him for a dwelling, a castle that had stood since the most ancient times upon the island, and the ruins of which, bearing the name of Bruce Castle, are still to be seen on a lofty perpendicular rock rising from the water on its eastern side, whence there is a view into Scotland. The ruins at present consist of little more than some fragments of walls.

The present successor of Robert Bruce in the dominion of the island is a Mr. Gage, who being also rector and chief magistrate, is at the same time temporal and spiritual head of Rathlin, besides being the ground landlord, and rules it by more titles than many a king does his kingdom, although the external splendour of a crown may be wanting to him. This gentleman is a vassal of the Antrim family, holding the island by a lease for ever, granted in 1740, and pays a trifling tribute to Lord Antrim, who, though Mr. Gage is the proprietor, bears the title of Chief of Rathlin, but never attempts to interfere in the affairs of the island. The tenants of the rector are all what are called tenants "*at will*," that is they can at his pleasure be deprived of their land and driven from the island. Mr. Gage, if he were so inclined, might fix his residence at Dublin, or any other place, and farm out its revenues to a middleman, who might again divide and distribute the island to other middlemen, and so there might be an ascending ladder, up to the sovereign herself (to whom, under certain circumstances, the island may revert),

the whole weight of which would press on the neck of the wretched tenant, as it really happens in many cases in Ireland.

One of the conditions under which, not only this island but all the possessions of the Antrim family, would fall to the crown, is that of failing to send a certain number of falcons to the viceroy of Ireland, on the anniversary of the feast of St. John the Baptist. In the same manner the island of Rathlin would revert to the Antrim family if Mr. Gage should neglect payment of the tribute, or "Chief-rent."

The number of inhabitants in Rathlin amounts to about eleven hundred,—or rather did so in 1758, when the ruler of the island laid on them a tax of a shilling a head, in order to build a new mass-house, as they call here what would elsewhere be termed a catholic church. The sum was not obtained without difficulty, for the islanders resisted the attempt to number them, under the belief that some one was sure to die out of every family whose heads were counted.

Even in this island the relation between the catholics who are ruled, and the protestants who rule, is the same as over all Ireland. The rector and proprietor, who resides here with his family the whole year, and is possessed of all imaginable comforts and enjoyments, is a protestant; but his poor tenants and vassals, from whom he derives his income, and who, in order to pay it, have to fish in these stormy seas, to raise oats, and gather sea-weed, are poor catholics, with the exception of about seventy or eighty of their number. The protestant rector, however, pays a catholic priest, and, as I have said, maintains a mass-house. He is said to keep his subjects in very good order. In winter, of course, he leads rather a solitary life, but in summer he receives many visits from friends and relations in Ireland and Scotland. His eldest son will be rector and owner of the island after him; the youngest will probably be advanced to some other benefice through the father's interest in the church. Such is the course of things in the established episcopal church of Ireland.

The sheep of Rathlin bear a very high character on account of the excellence of the pasturage. In the north of Ireland these sheep go by the name of Rashries, an appellation also bestowed on the islanders, who, on account of their simplicity and rudeness, are often the subject of merriment to the *continentalists*, for Ireland appears, with respect to the island of Rathlin, in the light of a continent. The Irish language is spoken in this as in most of the other islands, and in those of Scotland, the Gaelic has kept its place longer than in the rest of the country. The horses of the island are as remarkably small as those of the Scottish islands, and as those also of the island of Gothland in the Baltic sea. A story is even told of the Rathlin people having run away terrified from a good-sized horse that was brought over from Ireland, regarding it as a monster. The only quadrupeds native to the island are rats and mice. Foxes were once sent over, with a view to make a new hunting-ground for the Antrim family but the people, who hated the foxes, found means to

induce the huntsmen to disobey orders, whereupon the Antrims levied a yearly tax, for the privilege of remaining free from foxes. The people appear to have a great dread of these animals, for I once heard a woman say to a child who was crying, "Be still, or the fox shall fetch you!" This might sound comical enough to an African mother, who would probably threaten her child with the lion. In Germany the wolf generally plays this part, but in Russia, the wolf is too common, and people are obliged to have recourse to the bear.

The islanders, as I have said, cultivate a little barley and oats, but one of their principal sources of profit consists in gathering sea-weed, and making kelp. They gather the weed after a storm from the shore, or cut it from the rocks where it grows, and spread it out in the sun to dry. In the evening they gather it together in heaps, which, the next day, are again spread out to dry. When the plants are sufficiently dry, they make a hole in the ground, line it with stones, and burn the weed slowly and cautiously to ashes. The vegetable salts fall to the bottom of the hole, and are taken out and sold in a mass, for the Rathlin people have not the skill to separate from it several foreign substances with which it is combined. This preparation of kelp provides occupation to many of the inhabitants along the whole northern coast of Ireland, and the south-western coasts of Scotland; and a considerable trade is carried on in the article to England. The greatest punishment, it is said, which is ever inflicted on a Rathlin man, is to banish him to the mainland of Ireland, which the islanders regard entirely as a foreign country; the same thing, I remembered, had been told me concerning the people of the island of Runoe in the Gulf of Riga.

Small as is the island of Rathlin, it is said its inhabitants are divided into two quite distinct races. The western, or longer end, called Kenramer, is rocky and mountainous, but the little hollows and valleys there are fertile and well cultivated; it is, however, entirely destitute of harbours, whilst the tract called Ushet is level and barren, but very accessible, and offers abundant shelter for shipping. The Ushet men are therefore the fishermen, sailors, and merchants of the island, and carry on a lively trade with the neighbouring little Scotch and Irish market-towns. They generally speak English, and have lost many of their insular peculiarities. The Kenramer men, on the other hand, live apart and independently on their wing of the island, cultivate their fields, and climb their rocks in search of the eggs of the sea-fowl. This forms one of their chief occupations; and as many of the rocks rise perpendicularly out of the sea to a height of 750 feet, the manner of reaching the nest is by means of a rope let down from the edge of the precipice. They often go out quite alone for this purpose, and fastening their rope to some projecting point, draw themselves up and down as the occasion may require. As they have little intercourse with strangers, they have, of course, preserved their Irish language, and their primitive manners, more pure than the men of Ushet. The

difference between these two races is so striking, and they are themselves so well aware of it, that in difficult works, in which the rock-climbing Kenramers and the maritime Ushet men must be employed together, they often point out the posts to which it will be necessary to appoint East and West Islanders.

As the Isle of Man was formerly an apple of discord between England and Scotland, so has Rathlin been between Scotland and Ireland. Many of the quarrels of Scotch and Irish chieftains have been fought out on this spot; and many of the tombs discovered on a little plain in the centre of the island, and the numerous bronze swords and lance-heads dug up there, prove it to have been the scene of more than one sanguinary struggle. The cruelties perpetrated here by the clan of the Campbells in one of these forays, remained so long in the memory of the Rathlin people, that so late as the end of the last century no one bearing this name was allowed to land on the island, and indeed the law to that effect has never been repealed.

From the earliest period of Irish history, Rathlin has been mentioned as an inhabited place; and in the fifth century the Scotch and Irish apostle, St. Columba, founded here a monastery, which, like so many other pious establishments of the kind in Ireland, flourished till the commencement of the ninth century, when the great barbarian deluge which had flowed over Germany, France, Italy, England, Ireland, and Scotland, swept even across the little island of Rathlin, and buried its holy edifice in ruin.

CAPE FAIR HEAD.

As the continuance of the gale frustrated my intention of visiting Rathlin, I resolved to execute two other excursions which I had planned from Ballycastle,—one to the celebrated north-eastern Irish promontory of Benmore, or Fair Head, and the other eastward to the Giant's Causeway. The great masses of basaltic rock which lie eastward from Ballycastle, form a kind of *plateau* or table-land, presenting a steep cliff on the sea-side, but declining a little towards the interior, so as to mingle with the other highlands of the county of Antrim. On the land-side this *plateau* is covered with a damp marshy soil, overgrown with moss and grass, and there are a few farms upon it, of which the holders are occupied in grazing cattle. Towards the sea, however, where the rock falls abruptly with a precipice of five or six hundred feet, the naked black basalt alone is visible. The highest point, about six hundred and thirty-six feet above the level of the sea, is Cape Benmore or Fair Head. Visiters generally drive to a little farm, called the Farm of the Cross, which lies in a hollow immediately behind the Head, and where the waters have collected into two little lakes, one called Lough Dhu, or, Black Lake, and the other Lough Nacrana, or, the Lake of the Island. At

the farm it becomes necessary to leave one's carriage and proceed the rest of the way on foot. The farmer, Patrick Jamesson, who drives his cows to the very brow of Benmore, was to serve as my guide, and was accompanied by a servant or neighbour.

The little island in the Lake Naerana, is traditionally stated to have been built by the Druids, and employed in their religious worship. It rises in a perfectly regular oval figure from the surface of the water, and consists entirely of black basaltic rock, fragments of which lie round the shores of the lake in great numbers. Its position in the middle of a lake on the summit of a vast headland, is certainly one which they would have been likely to choose.

Benmore is mentioned by Ptolemy (it is his *Robogdium Promontorium*), a proof that it was known and even celebrated before the Christian period.

From the lake we ascended gradually to the highest point of the cape, by a very disagreeable path, in which one foot generally trod upon sharp rocky points, while the other sunk in bog. The further we went, however, the less inconvenient it became, and near the brink of the precipice it was quite flat and dry. It was very curious when we reached this spot, to find that the wind, which had all along been very high, suddenly fell to a perfect calm, but the explanation offered by my companion, seemed a very plausible way of accounting for the phenomenon. The wind sweeping across the ocean strikes on the perpendicular face of the rock, and is broken and sent upward at a right angle, so that the current becomes vertical instead of horizontal. About five or six hundred feet behind the face of the rock, the wind again fell to its natural course along the surface of the ground, and swept on as before, forming over the summit of the precipice a kind of arch, under which, exposed as was the position, we enjoyed a perfect calm.

The basalt, it is well known, is found in large compact irregular masses, the fractures of which, however, follow certain known laws, and sometimes assume a regular columnar structure. These columns are in general clustered thinly together, but occasionally, where atmospheric influences have had free operation, form distinct pillars standing almost out from the walls. From the completely irregular masses, to these there are many gradations of structure; that of Fair Head itself resembles a conglomeration of the trunks of gigantic gnarled oaks, of which here and there one stands out in high relief; and these are usually liable to fall, although there is one which has stood for centuries entirely apart. The columnar structure is not only distinguishable at the side, but even on the flat surface, where the fractures cross in lines like the meshes of a large coarse irregular network.

On the summit of Fair Head we were exactly opposite Rue Point, the nearest part of the island of Rathlin, and about four miles distant. The eastern side of this promontory presents the same basaltic structure as Benmore, and it is probable that the island has been torn

from the mainland by some violent convulsion of nature. The long coast of the western wing of Rathlin was so plainly visible to us as we stood on Fair Head, that we could distinguish Church Bay, and the two districts of Ushet and Kenramer. A mountain was pointed out to us, as the site of Bruce Castle, and its high chalky cliffs and black cap of basalt were clearly discernible, so that I could hardly persuade myself that it was impossible to reach it, although the island was surrounded by a tremendous surf. My guides informed me that there was almost always a tempestuous wind on Rathlin, so that no tree would grow in the rector's garden, and all over the island there were none larger than bushes. So soon as any tree grew above the level of the garden-wall, it began to sicken and die.

From the summit of the Head we descended through a deep cleft, called the Gray Man's Path, to the shore. It resembles a rudely-cut gigantic staircase, and so violent a wind rushes up the gully, that, at the very first step, it seized my hat, mantle, books, and maps, and sent them whirling into the air. With a great deal of labour and difficulty, I contrived to regain possession of my effects, and stowed them away snugly in a hole behind a great basaltic column. One of these had fallen right across the entrance to the Gray Man's Path, and looked as if it were likely to fall still farther. The top of the cleft is not more than eight or ten feet wide, but it opens out farther down; and as the columns are broken off at different heights, and are flat at the top, it is possible to step from one to another in descending. They are not usually of one piece, but formed of several blocks, twelve or fourteen feet high, placed one above the other, which break asunder when the columns fall. The height of the columns is usually about 250 feet, and their entire weight rests upon a bed of clay-slate, beneath which again lies a bed of coal, although it would seem that the heavy basalt, which is as hard as iron, ought properly to lie beneath, and the comparatively brittle coal and slate to occupy the upper place. It is, in fact, the fragile nature of this substratum that occasions many of the falls of the columns I have mentioned, as they often lose their foundations from the brittle and destructible nature of the clay-slate; but these falls are also caused by the water penetrating the fissures of the rocks, where, by freezing in the winter, it continually widens them. When this sort of action has continued for centuries, and the bed of clay-slate has become soft and broken, the columns lose their balance, and in some winter night, when all the elements are in uproar, break away with a report as loud as that of thunder, and are dashed into a thousand fragments amid the raging breakers. Even the bed of clay-slate, on which the basalt rests, is four hundred feet above the sea, so that the moment when the column makes its *salto mortale* into the boiling depth beneath, must present a grand spectacle, though probably one never witnessed by mortal eye. These wild sports of nature are usually accompanied by so much danger, that they banish human spectators from their neighbourhood.

Below, at the base of the promontory of Fair Head, one might suppose a party of Titans had been at play with the vast fragments of basaltic rock, of all sizes and shapes, that lie tumbled over one another in heaps in all directions, and had pelted one another with portions of Egyptian pyramids, obelisks, Pompey's pillars, Stephan's towers, and castle walls. Many blocks have fallen and rolled down far into the sea, and the surf dashes up high above them, into the clefts and crevices of the rocks. The great arch, which forms a sort of crown across the top of the columns at the summit of the promontory, has a grand effect, and resembles a gigantic civic crown on the head of a Roman citizen. From the shore, the Gray Man's Path shows only like a thin line, and the column lying across its top, which looks so threatening to any one descending through the cleft, is not to be distinguished from the rest. To reascend this path from the sea to the summit of the rock, took us about an hour, though the wind certainly helped to drive us up the gulley. We found our various chattels in the place where we had hidden them, behind the basalt pillar.

I took my dinner at the farm of the Benmore shepherd. It consisted of whiskey, oatcake, and a sort of omelet made of four eggs fried in a pan. The hostess, like most Irish mothers, was surrounded by a mob of children, in which product even the most barren parts of the emerald isle seem to be abundantly fruitful. With us in Germany, it sometimes happens that the fine and fertile districts are somewhat overpopulous; but in Ireland the rocks and bogs are so swarming with human creatures, that one might fancy they were hatched, like the wild sea-fowl, in the chinks and crevices of the rocks. It is said that the catholic priests are chiefly to blame for this, as they urge the young people to the very early marriages so common in this country, and which are a main source of income to the catholic clergy.

On the side of the river opposite to Ballycastle protestantism begins again. "There they're all in the presbyterian way," said the farmer, "like the Highland people." Our principal conversation over our turf fire was, however, on the subject common to palace and cottage all the world over,—namely, that of the weather; how fine it had been a few days ago, and what a "*terrible break down*" had come all on a sudden, and how it would probably mend before long, &c. &c.

In the afternoon I returned to tea to my Misses Mac Donnell, and was met by eager questions.

"Well, are you pleased?" "Have you been disappointed?" "What do you think of Benmore?"

To all these queries I was fortunately able to return most satisfactory replies, and the young ladies retired to bed well pleased with the amount of pleasure I had felt, and of admiration I was able to bestow on their beloved fatherland.

THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

On the following day I prepared for my excursion to the Giant's Causeway. The wind was still howling along over the sea, and rushing in violent gusts and eddies among the rocks, breaking against their perpendicular sides, and dashing up in wilder tumult probably, than ever did the waters of the ocean in their utmost fury. On the coast I remarked many of the "puffing-holes" I have already mentioned, from which the water was rushing as if from the nostrils of the whale. My equipage was again the little Irish car with one horse, and my imagination was filled with the things that I was going to see. The whole rocky coast of Antrim is covered with the ruins of ancient castles of the heroic period glorified in the Irish and Scotch ballads. Immediately beyond Ballycastle, on a lofty perpendicular rock rising out of the ocean, lie the ruins of two of them,—Duning and Kenbaan Castles, and on the left of the road those of a still mightier work of human hands, the round tower of Armoy.

The rocks near Ballycastle are entirely of limestone, but when the basalt again makes its appearance it presents the most fantastic forms. One of the most interesting points is Carrick-a-Rede, which consists of two rocks formed of clusters of basaltic columns, each two hundred feet high, and several thousand feet in circumference. The one is connected by a little isthmus with the mainland, but the other is pushed out far into the sea, and separated from the other by a deep chasm. A little island lying not far from it presented a pretty contrast with its bright green grass to the black basalt. It is called, like many others on the coast of both Ireland and Scotland, Sheep island, as they are used for no other purpose than for feeding sheep. In summer this island is connected with the promontory by means of a hanging bridge made of three ropes. Some skilful climbers fasten two of them to iron rings which have been driven into the rock on each side, and then fasten others across, like the rings of a ladder, and lay over them small boards. The third rope is then fastened in a little higher, to serve as a handrail. This little bridge, which is above sixty feet long, of course shakes with every step and swings to and fro in the wind, yet even the women with children in their arms never hesitate to cross it. In the autumn it is always taken down lest it should be blown away, and the ropes lost, and unfortunately this precautionary measure had been adopted when I saw the island, so that I could not cross over to it. The sheep remain on it the whole winter, never failing to find food, and sheltering themselves from the storms in the caves and hollows. Many such bridges as I have described are to be met with on the coasts of Ireland and Scotland; indeed it is the usual mode of establishing a communication between two rocks, and it is rather curious

that this system of suspension-bridges, should have been familiar to rude fishermen and shepherds, in these remote corners of the empire, before the principle attracted the attention of great thinkers and inventors, or was applied to important undertakings.

The picture formed by the two rocks of Carrick-a-Rede, with the little island whose black basaltic foundation was visible from the shore beneath its verdant covering, and the wild breakers rushing towards it, and bursting into high dashing foam, was really beautiful. On the inner side of the island, which was turned towards us, there was a little bay, enclosed by high rocks which sheltered it from every breath of wind, so that it lay smooth and unruffled as a mirror, though close to the tumultuous tossing of the agitated ocean; here in the summer is an important salmon-fishery; for as the salmon come up in the spring from the open sea, to spawn in the bays and mouths of rivers, and always move along close to the shore, they get into the straight between the island and the mainland, and linger about this quiet little harbour. The fishermen take their measures accordingly, and on the shore of the bay a hut has been built for their accommodation. Throughout the whole north of Ireland, the salmon-fishery is a very important branch of trade, and from the most ancient times, salmon have been carried thence to the markets of Spain and even Italy.

Going farther along the coast, we again came to a ruined castle, lying on a mass of rocks that projected far into the sea. It is the Castle of Dunseverick, said to have been built by an Irish king, Sobhairee, *eight hundred years* before the birth of Christ! These castles on island rocks, are quite a distinguishing characteristic of the north of Ireland; but the largest and finest of all is that of Dunluce near the Giant's Causeway. Dunseverick is, however, said to be one of the three most ancient castles in all Ireland, and it is through the builder of this ancient pile that many of the old Milesian families trace their descent from Milesius.

Our approach to the great natural marvel which was the immediate object of our excursion, was made manifest by the number of persons who came to offer their services, as guides. As in Ireland twelve men always offer themselves for any job that really requires only one, we were soon surrounded by a regular mob, some well-dressed, some in rags, but who all presented themselves, as the best possible ciceroni for the Giant's Causeway.

"Take me, your honour," screamed one, "I went with Field Marshal Macdonald, when he visited his native country."

"Take me, your honour," shouted another, "I went with the Duke of Wellington, and showed him every thing, and he was very well pleased with me." One had a certificate of merit from the Most Noble the Marquis of Anglesey, and his lady and daughter, another from Professor Buckland of Oxford. I chose the one whose physiognomy recommended him most, and imagined that in proclaiming my choice I should deliver myself from the other candidates.

Not at all. According to the unfortunate system of their country, they followed me the whole way step by step.

I conjured them at first to refrain from their needless explanations, and leave me to the enjoyment of this sublime work of Nature;—I gave them money to get rid of them, I entreated them, I vented imprecations upon them. All in vain. They pursued me as dogs would a hare, and at length I yielded to my destiny and made no further resistance. One party collected stones for me, another pulled me by the right arm, another by the left, to show me this and that. I was the only visiter at this tempestuous season, and the whole swarm of attendants had fastened upon me. In summer when travellers are more numerous, they divide their attentions, and the stranger has a better chance of peace.

In the vicinity of the Giant's Causeway, between the high coast-land and the cultivated country, a fine new inn has been built; here I left my vehicle and took some refreshment, hoping to get rid of my friends, but they watched for me at the door, and gave chase as soon as I appeared.

The word causeway, as is well known, signifies a high paved road, thrown up like a dike, and at the first glance of the Giant's Causeway, the apparent length of which does not exceed 700 feet, one might be tempted to think it rather adapted to the ambulatory powers of dwarfs. This, however, is only the beginning of the Causeway, which is continued beneath the waves of the sea; and when one has looked with a little more attention at this world-renowned wonder, one loses all inclination to depreciate its marvels, and in place of disappointment, the spectator abandons himself to the most enthusiastic admiration of the splendid, incomprehensible, mysterious natural phenomenon. Before, however, I can expect my readers to have any sympathy for my feelings, I must communicate to them as much information as I can give, concerning its structure.

I have already said that the basalt exhibits itself at Benmore, in the form of a stratum of 250 feet thick, running into enormous massive pillars. At the Giant's Causeway, however, there is not one stratum, but many, and two especially remarkable, which run along the whole of this part of the coast, and are separated by a bed of ochre, which also reappears beneath the lower basalt, and is followed by clay-slate, coal, and other rocks. It appears as if, at two separate periods of time, fluid basalt had been poured over the whole country, and that other substances had been deposited in the interval. As the basalt comes to sight only on the sides of the precipitous shore, and then splits into long ranges of pillars, the word colonnade would well describe its appearance. The height of the lower range, or colonnade, was stated to me to be fifty-four feet, that of the upper sixty. The position of the pillars is mostly perpendicular, but not invariably so, and as the beds of ochre and other substances on which they rest vary in thickness, they sometimes sink down to the level of the sea, and sometimes rise high

above it, but are finally lost to the eye, by running beneath the surface of the waters,—first the lower, and then the upper colonnade, near the mouth of the river Bush. Before it reaches the edge of the water, the ochre disappears, and the naked tops of the basaltic pillars are exposed.

The colonnades are often broken by great clefts or chasms, such as I have described above, which appear more recent than the formation of the colonnades. Sometimes there occurs a break, or what the English call a "fault," where the appearance is as if a whole enormous block had suddenly sunk down, so that the tops of the columns scarcely reach above the base of those they were before on a level with. Besides the two principal ranges which I have described, there occur also others more irregular in their structure, which make their appearance between or from below them. In the ochre there occur stripes and beds, containing iron ore. In the basalt itself is found a stratum of coal, and here and there occur thin strata of clay resembling Puzzuolan earth. Nowhere can the geologist have a better opportunity of studying the structure of basaltic columns than at the Giant's Causeway, where there are the finest specimens in the world. Most of the columns are hexagonal, as a soft round body compressed closely on all sides by others of the same form must necessarily be. A familiar instance of this occurs in the cell of the bee. Such a form, however, would only be assumed under the supposition that all the round shafts were of one equal diameter; and as this has not been always the case, some are found which have three, four, five—up to eight or nine sides, the latter are very rare. The pillars of course do not stand apart, but are squeezed compactly together, so that a considerable force is required to separate them. The diameter of the greater number at the Causeway, is not more than a foot or a foot and a quarter, but these are the thinnest and most elegant that are ever found. There are, indeed, smaller basaltic crystallizations which have a diameter of only a few inches. I myself picked up a number of triangular and quadrangular prisms, but they are not so regularly and beautifully formed as the pillars of the Causeway. Not merely the structure of each individual column, but also the composition of the whole is well worthy of study. A process of crystallization going on in an inanimated mass, would, it might be supposed, proceed without interruption, according to its most rigid laws. This has not, however, been the case, for though there are thousands and tens of thousands standing perpendicularly, there exist many varieties of position. I have already mentioned that some are found lying horizontally. At Ushet, on the island of Rathlin, there are some that appear to have always existed in a slanting direction; near the promontory of Doon Point many resemble the bent trunks of trees, as if they had not been firm enough to stand upright, and had bent over and cooled in that position, and others appear thrust endwise into the mountain, and have their extremities sticking out. In a part of the coast, near

the Giant's Causeway, there are some which have assumed a waving form, yet they all lie perfectly parallel to each other, as if a giant hand had taken the entire mass, while it was soft, and had bent them over his knee. These variously-bent figures cannot be explained by the laws of crystallization, which only produce regular forms and straight lines, so that we must necessarily suppose these peculiarities of structure to have been occasioned by circumstances occurring while the basalt was still soft. Other bodies must have fallen or been pressed down upon it, and changes are even now continually produced by the operation of similar causes.

If we observe the columns singly, we find them to consist of a number of small blocks, placed one above another, like stones in a regular building, and, without any cement, so firmly united as to require an immense force to split them in the seams. In the description of Fair Head I have mentioned that the coarse massive pillars seen at that promontory are constructed of blocks eight or ten feet high; but in the more elegant columns of the Giant's Causeway and its neighbourhood, they are not more than from six or eight inches to a foot thick or high, so that for a pillar of thirty feet there are perhaps forty of these small blocks. The thickness of some does not exceed three or four inches, but there are instances where it runs to two or three feet. One very remarkable circumstance concerning these joints is, that the seam, or break, does not go quite through; but that at every corner there occurs a piece of basalt passing from one to the other, and clasping them together like a clincher or cramp-iron. These, which the people of the neighbourhood call "spurs," they maintain they must break off before they can separate the joints. On a close examination of these blocks when broken apart, we find indications of a structure originally spheroidal, and in some may be traced radial lines proceeding from the centre to the circumference, like those which are sometimes found on the surface of a bullet flattened against a stone wall.

According to all appearance, therefore, we might suppose the Giant's Causeway, and the neighbouring strata of pillars, to have originally consisted of an enormous mass of spherical bodies, which, being pressed upon from all sides, assumed the form of hexagonal prisms; but this supposition would by no means suffice to explain all the phenomena; for if this had been the case, the external parts, or layers, must have been pressed flatter, and the interior blocks have retained more of a spherical form, which is not the fact.

It is, however, unnecessary to assume that they all at one time actually had the globular form, though they may all have had the tendency towards it. In a freezing mass of oil there are formed innumerable little globules, which gradually become hardened into one congealed mass; and thus, in the cooling mass of basalt, acted upon by powerful electric and magnetic forces, a spherical action may have taken place in the particles, which, pressing against each other as

they increased, at length necessarily took the figure of horizontal prisms.

My friend, Dr. Bryce, of Belfast, informed me that some pieces of basalt have been found imbedded in the ochre. These had a perfectly spherical form, and the outer surface presented a kind of transition matter between ochre and basalt, as if they had been thrown in in a fluid state.

With all the explanations that can be offered, however, so much is left unexplained, that they answer very little purpose. On a close investigation of these wonderful formations, so many questions arise, that one scarcely ventures to utter them. With inquiries of this nature perhaps not the least gain is the knowledge of how much lies beyond the limits of our inquiries, and how things that lie so plainly before our eyes, which we can see and handle, may yet be wrapped in unfathomable mystery. We see in the Giant's Causeway the most certain and obvious effects produced by the operation of active and powerful forces, which entirely escape our scrutiny. This remark may indeed apply, to a certain extent, to every one of the works of Nature; but in this case her operations have been carried on on so stupendous a scale, and all lies so clear before the eye, that one cannot avoid being more forcibly impressed. We walk over the heads of forty thousand columns (for this number has been counted by some curious and leisurely persons), all beautifully cut and polished, formed of such small neat pieces, so exactly fitted to each other, and so cleverly supported, that we might fancy we had before us the work of ingenious human artificers; and yet what we behold is the result of the immutable laws of nature, acting without an apparent object, and by a process which must remain for ever a mystery to our understanding. Even the simplest inquiries it is often impossible to answer: such, for instance, as how far these colonnades run out beneath the sea, and how far back into the land, which throws over them a veil as impenetrable as that of ocean. A geologist might well wish, in his despair, to transform himself into a mole, in order to burrow his way to the solution of these interesting problems, or into a fish, to seek them beneath the "watery floor" of the Atlantic.

The beauty, accuracy, and I might say care, with which the pillars of the Giant's Causeway have been wrought out by the mystic powers of nature, produce a powerful emotion, almost a sympathetic and tender admiration. I could not rest till I had handled what I saw before my eyes, and felt the smooth surface of the pillars; and whenever, in the neighbouring parks and gardens, or elsewhere, I chanced to meet with some fragments of them, which are often carried away, they seemed to draw me towards them with a mysterious but irresistible force.

So much then for the external form, position, combination, and texture of the basalt of the Giant's Causeway, resemblances to which

do indeed occur in basaltic formations in different parts of the world, but which are nowhere so fine and regular as these, nor on so magnificent a scale.

As to the chemical composition of the material, the pure basalt of the Causeway consists of fifty parts of siliceous earth, twenty-five of clay and calcarious earth, and twenty-five parts of iron. Iron and flint are therefore its principal component parts, and not only occasion its great specific gravity as well as closeness, the beautiful polish of which it is capable, but also its great fusibility, and the rusty brownish tinge sometimes seen on its naturally black surface; this may also account for the fact of all these colonnades and headlands being magnetic; and as flint and iron have everywhere a tendency to regular forms and to crystallization, the figures mostly assumed by basalt can be accounted for. The grain of the basalt is usually smooth, close, and equal, but sometimes there occur in it chinks and holes filled with various kinds of crystals; chalcedony and opal, natrolite, zeolite, and rock crystal. All these are offered in great abundance by the guides, who are constantly finding them, and the zeolites especially are some of the most beautiful specimens of fibrous crystallization I have ever seen.

The giant Fingal, the Hercules of the ancient Scotch and Irish, it was who, according to tradition, built this Causeway. He was accustomed, according to the favourite legend, to walk along the causeway over from Ireland to Scotland; but, in more recent times, the greater part of his work sank down and was covered by the sea. So much of truth probably lies at the bottom of this fable, that the basaltic formation on the opposite coast of Scotland, those of the Giant's Causeway, and of the island of Staffa in the Hebrides, are all probably of contemporaneous origin, and attributable to the same natural causes; and it is by no means unlikely that colonnades connecting these three points are continued beneath the ocean, which, as they say, is thus paved with basalt.

The people have not been content with ascribing these wonderful formations generally to their favourite hero. Besides the Causeway, and Fingal's Cave in the island of Staffa, they have discovered all kinds of fancied resemblances, and we have, besides the Giant's Gateway and the Giant's Chair, the Giant's Loom, the Giant's Theatre, the Giant's Organ, the Giant's Honeycomb, &c. These whims have at all events the convenience of distinguishing various points with a particular name. The Giant's Well is a little spring gushing out between the crevices of some pillars on the western side of the Causeway, and running down into the sea. Of the rest of the giant's utensils, the most remarkable are the Honeycomb and the Organ. The latter makes no part of the Causeway, but is placed apart in the mountain, and consists of a number of large pillars declining on either side to shorter and shorter ones, like the strings of a harp, and one might really imagine a giant organist sitting playing at it, especially as the basaltic pillars, when struck, give forth a

metallic ring. The Honeycomb is a cluster of pillars projecting from the middle of the colonnade. The great causeway runs out seven hundred feet into the sea before it is covered by the waves, except in stormy weather. As the water was very rough when I visited it, I could not distinguish the entire length of the dike, except at momentary intervals.

In addition to the many existing memorials of the giant's housekeeping, his present successor, Lord Antrim, the giant of the present day, who is the owner of more of these gigantic marvels than one could well count, has had a sort of saloon arranged, which the people call "My Lord's Parlour," and where benches have been constructed by breaking away rows of columns, and leaving their stumps standing. At huntings, and on other occasions, Lord Antrim has given entertainments there; but the grand festival, which is repeated every year, and which brings together a great concourse of people, and occasions much merriment, is a fair held here on the 13th of August. The booths stretch the whole way from the inn I have mentioned to the coast, and even, in calm weather, out over the tops of the pillars of the Causeway. This gay and motley assemblage of an Irish fair must present a curious spectacle amidst the solemn grandeur of this wonderful work of Nature.

The guides on the causeway are always particularly anxious to point out all the columns distinguished for their height or the regularity of their figures, and some were shown as being perfectly mathematical squares, having all their sides and angles equal; others as hexagonal, and equally accurate. The triangular one is unique, at the Giant's Causeway, and the octangular one shown to me is surrounded by six exact hexagons, the predominant figure, for among every hundred pillars seventy are usually of this form.

It was with the greatest reluctance that I at length tore myself from the contemplation of this most interesting phenomenon. I would fain have taken with me not only a specimen of every kind of pillar, but also a perfect model of the whole construction, had it been possible to procure one. If the philosopher has reason to exclaim "*Ars longa vita brevis*," the traveller has equal cause to consider the day too short for the many beauties he has to survey.

THE BAYS AND HEADLANDS.

Scarcely less beautiful and interesting than the causeway itself are the bays and headlands in its neighbourhood. Along the whole line of coast, from the mouth of the little river Bush to the promontory of Bengore Head, runs a chain of small, but deep, round and elegant bays, each encircled by ranges of basaltic pillars, in the form of an amphitheatre; with the variegated strata of ochre, sandstone, and clay-slate. The heads of the promontories, lofty and precipitous masses of basalt, have usually piles of fragments lying

like ruins at their feet, and they form a range of magnificent capes, which, whether for variety or beauty, could scarcely find a parallel. Seen from the sea, these black headlands become confounded into one dark mass, and the whole tract, four miles long, is known to sailors by the name of Bengore Head. To the traveller on the shore, who can distinguish the various features of the coast, its appearance is far more striking.

The first bay, lying on the western side of the causeway, is called Port Noffer bay, an appellation probably compounded of a corruption of the English and Irish terms jumbled together. From here one ascends by a path called the "Shepherd's Path," to the brow of the cliff, which for a great distance back into the country is perfectly smooth and level, and covered with grass. Over this beautiful turf one can walk round all the bays, and out even to the extreme points of the headlands; for, tremendous as from beneath appear the rocks and chasms of this iron-bound coast, nothing can be more quiet and harmless than their appearance from above, where one may walk to within a few paces of the brink of the precipice without dreaming of the evidence of terrible struggles and convulsions of nature presented below. The sheep and geese wander grazing to the utmost edges of the cliff. My twenty ragged ciceroni scrambled like sheep up the path I have mentioned, screaming and chattering, and carrying, one my cloak, another my umbrella, another my telescope, all which articles they had taken possession of against my will. The wind blew hard, and their rags fluttered in all directions in a most picturesque manner, and thus we gained the summit of the mountain.

After Port Noffer bay came the Giant's Amphitheatre, then Port Reostan, then Roveran valley, then Port na Spania, and every one of the capes or headlands separating them had its separate name. The temptation was quite irresistible to run out upon every one of them, for the view was always varying, and always beautiful. The high surf dashing against the projecting points, the tranquil sheltered little bays, with tiny islands imbosomed within them, the wide prospect over the vast Atlantic, the long line of coast to Innishowen Head, the narrow entrance to Lough Foyle in the distance—for all this I found my half-day quite insufficient. The bay called the Giant's Amphitheatre is certainly the most beautiful amphitheatre in the world, that in Rome not excepted. The form of it is so exact a half-circle that no architect could have possibly made it more so, and the cliff slopes at precisely the same angle all round to the centre. Round the upper part runs a row of columns eighty feet high; then comes a broad rounded projection, like an immense bench for the accommodation of the giant guests of Fin Mac Cul; then again a range of pillars sixty feet high, and then again a gigantic bench; and so down to the bottom, where the water is enclosed by a circle of black boulder-stones, like the limits of the arena. This is a scene in speaking of which no traveller need fear indulging in terms of

exaggeration, for all that he can say must remain far behind the truth.

The wind was so unusually violent, and the smooth turf so damp and slippery, that I and my ragged company deemed it most advisable to lie down and creep to the edge of the precipice. Here we lay holding fast by the grass, and looking down into the depth; and even here, four hundred feet above the ocean's level, we were sprinkled by the spray of the foaming sea, which sometimes flew on the wings of the wind over our heads and far into the country. I was amused at seeing that when I dragged myself across a narrow projecting ledge of rock to look down into the western bay, my Paddies did exactly the same thing; and when I went to the other side and looked into the eastern one, they repeated this experiment also, and exhibited to the west a full view of their naked legs and torn breeches. They were always anxious to point out to me whatever they considered interesting. "This bay, your honour," they screamed above the storm, "is called Port na Spania—that is, port of the Spaniards; and those high black rocks there are called the chimney-tops. Both have their name from the Spaniards—that is, from the great Spanish armada. One of their biggest ships was driven out of its course, and against Bengore Head, by just such a wind as is blowing to-day. The Spaniards took the rocks for big chimneys, and bombarded them, and shot down a good many of them, that have been rolling backwards and forwards in the surf ever since, and it wasn't till the ship was a wreck, and they taken prisoners, that they found out how mistaken they'd been."

On the Scotch coast also, many spots are pointed out as the scene of destruction of the vessels belonging to the Spanish armada. The admiral's ship, as is well known, was driven as far as the Shetland isles.

After creeping round and viewing many other points, we came to Pleaskin, or as the Irish call it Plaisg-cian, that is, the Dry Head, which is the finest of all the promontories, as the Giant's Amphitheatre is of the bays. Its form is grand and imposing, and it is thrown boldly forward into the sea, like the bastion of a mighty fortress. Its structure is much varied, presenting no less than twelve or thirteen different stratas, among which the often mentioned double colonnade is the most distinguished. Its colours are fresh and lively; the bright green of the top, the deep black of the basalt, the red tinge of some of the strata which contain oxide of iron, the various colours of the ochre, afford a beautiful variety.

Hamilton, whose work, though written fifty years ago, still remains the best source of information concerning the Giant's Causeway, and generally for the whole basaltic region of the north of Ireland, gives the following estimate of the structure of Pleaskin:

1. Summit. Thin stratum of earth and vegetable soil, and irregular masses of basalt, broken and splintered at the surface—12 feet.

2. Perpendicular range of coarse basaltic columns—60 feet.

3. Stratum of rough unformed basalt, showing only a slight tendency to assume a regular form—60 feet.

4. Second range of regular pillars, elegantly formed and divided —40 feet.

5. Stratum of red clayey ochre, serving as the basis of these pillars —30 feet.

6. A thin layer of iron ore in ochre—30 feet.

7. A claycy stone of various colours, resembling soapstone—30 feet.

8. A succession of five or six beds of basalt varying with thin strata of ochre and other substances—180 feet.

We give our readers this estimate in order to assist their imaginations in the description we have been endeavouring to make of the coast.

To Pleaskin succeeded Port na Trughen, that is, the "Bay of Sighs;" and according to the accounts of some credible authorities, as well as of the people of the country, there are many clefts and chasms in the rocks surrounding it, capable of giving out sounds exactly resembling the sighs and tones of complaint of the human voice. I had hoped myself to hear some of these lamentations of nature, but the roar of the north wind was too strong for sighs to be audible. This at least was assigned to me as the cause of my disappointment; and it was said that, even had the wind not been so violent, its direction was unfavourable. Another traveller, who was more fortunate, describes the tones in the following manner:—"As I stood contemplating the scenery of the bay, I suddenly heard a deep, long-drawn sigh, as I thought, close to me. The tone was precisely that of a human voice, yet I was convinced that I was entirely alone. I listened, with rather a palpitating heart, and the sound was repeated several times over, and at regular intervals; and on closer investigation, I found it proceeded from a chasm of a rock on which I was standing. At a little distance I discovered another similar chasm, from which issued sighs and groans, as of a person in agony, so that it really became most painful to listen to. I visited Port na Trughen three times, and heard on every occasion the same sounds, exactly as I have described them." I, for my part, had to do all the sighing myself, that circumstances should not have allowed me to be a witness to so curious a phenomenon.

The early departure of the October sun, which had hidden his face in gray clouds the whole day, now compelled me to finish my excursion, although there remained two most interesting points unvisited. I had not yet climbed the real Bengore Head, and I had not examined the ruins of one of the most interesting castles in the north of Ireland, Dunluce castle, which lies about two miles westward of the Giant's Causeway. I sat down, very tired, on the brink of a cliff looking into the "Bay of Sighs," and looked dolefully across to the dark promontory, frowning in lonely grandeur above

the angry surges. My guides informed me—all twenty at once—that a pair of eagles had had their nest, time out of mind, on the top of Bengore; and as the same thing had been told me at Fair Head, it would seem that they choose only the highest and most inaccessible points. My first sigh was for Bengore, my second for Dunluce Castle, to which I had several times approached very near, but from which I was now separated by four miles of rough basalt road. My sighs were echoed by my whole twenty attendants, so that I had a lively idea of the sighs of Port na Trughen.

"Ah! your honour! what a pity that you can't see Dunluce, and that you can't go there to-morrow; you'll be sorry for it all your life. There isn't a castle in the world that has a situation like it." The rock on which it stands, they went on to tell me, is a great cubic rock loosened from the coast, and lying in the middle of the sea, and washed all round by the waves; the top is perfectly flat, and the sides so steep and craggy, that even a swallow can hardly get up them. It is entirely covered with ruins to the extreme edge. Maiva's tower, Mac Quillan's tower, the great castle hall, its various courts—all can still be plainly distinguished. Some walls have fallen into the sea, and lie among the boulderstones in the surf. The rock is connected by a wooden bridge with the mainland, where formerly stood some fortifications connected with the castle. The greater part is built with the black basaltic columns, as many buildings on this coast still are. The eldest son of the Earl of Antrim still takes a title from these ruins of Dunluce Castle. It was built and inhabited before the earliest records, and was for more than a thousand years the seat of several proud and independent races.

The whole system of feudal oppression, robbery, and violence, continued to a later period among these rocky fastnesses, and the opposite Highlands of Scotland, than in almost any other part of Europe. I scarcely believe that even in Germany we had, at the time of Queen Elizabeth, such haughty vassals as that Mac Donnell of Dunluce, to whom her gracious majesty sent a magnificent parchment, containing the enumeration of all his titles and possessions, and confirming his right to them. Instead of falling at the feet of the sovereign, and humbly acknowledging this mark of favour, Mac Donnell flew into a rage, chopped the parchment to pieces with his sword, and threw them into the fire of his great hall, declaring that what he had gained with his own good sword, he would not be indebted for to any sheepskin.

The Mac Donnells who are at present in possession of Dunluce, and of the best estates of the county of Antrim, belong to the often named Antrim family, and came over from Scotland in 1580. The then lords of Dunluce, and of the whole neighbouring country, were their relatives the Mac Quillans, of a very ancient and renowned Irish family. In Hamilton's book is a very interesting narrative from an old munuscript, of the events which placed this rich inheritance in the hands of the Mac Donnells, and led to the decay and

present insignificance of the former kings of the sea coast, the Mac Quillans. Since the story throws a bright light on the ancient history of the coast country we have been describing, and may serve to give our readers an idea of the manner in which many of the old Irish families lost their estates, I will venture to give some particulars from the manuscript, the more willingly that it explains the beginning of the power of the two families, at the present day the most influential over the whole north of Ireland,—namely, that of the Earl of Antrim (the Mac Donnells) and of the Marquis of Donegal (the Chichesters), whom we mentioned at Belfast. The Irish chieftains, the Mac Quillans, were the original ancient owners of Dunluce, and of the surrounding country called the "*Rout*," or "Root," as far as the river Baun. With their neighbours on the other side of the Bann, they were constantly at feud, and no less exposed, on the other hand, to the attacks and inroads of the Scots of the Isles, lying to the north-east. In the year 1580, it happened that there came over from Cantire, a certain Mac Donald or Mac Donnell (Hamilton gives the former orthography, but the Antrim family adopt the latter) with a body of Highlanders, whom he was taking to the assistance of his friend the chief Tyrconnell, at that time at war with the great O'Neal. As he marched though the land of the Mac Quillans, he was invited in a friendly manner by the "Master of the Root," to go with all his followers to the Castle of Dunluce. Here they were most hospitably entertained, and the lord of the Castle was not the less kindly disposed towards his guests, for being at the moment engaged, as he generally was, with his enemies on the other side of the Bann, who happened to be just then rather too strong for him. He had some hopes that Mac Donnell would assist him against them, and just as the Highlanders were about to take their departure, he called together his vassals and retainers, or, as they were called, "Galloglоghs," and informed them in the presence of his guests, that he was about to set out on an expedition to avenge an insult that had been offered to him by his neighbours.

The knight Mac Donnell considering it incumbent on him to offer his services to his friendly host on such an occasion, despatched a message to Mac Quillan to that effect. Mac Quillan replied in terms expressive of admiration of the valour and courtesy of his guest, that he would gladly avail himself of the offered help, and that he and his posterity would hold themselves for ever indebted to the Mac Donnells. The two accordingly set off together on the "raid," and wherever a cow had been taken from one of his people, Mac Quillan took back two; and having obtained ample satisfaction, returned in triumph, and laden with booty, to the Castle of Dunluce, where they gave themselves up to the enjoyment of all the pleasures it afforded.

As the winter was now at hand, Mac Quillan, who like most Irishmen, was more kind-hearted and hospitable, than discreet and prudent, invited Mac Donnell to remain during the bad season at

the castle, and to give up the notion of joining Tyrconnell. Mac Donnell, who began to think he was passing a very pleasant sort of life at Dunluce, and had moreover cast an eye on the beautiful daughter of his host, did not require much pressing, and he and his retainers were soon distributed over the castle, and quartered among Mac Quillan's subjects in the "Root."

They led a jovial jolly life of it all the winter, and Mac Donnell got so far into the good graces of the fair daughter of Mac Quillan, that, as scandal reports, the secret marriage that took place between them was not celebrated before it was high time. Upon this marriage it was that the Mac Donnells afterwards rested their claim to Mac Quillan's territory. Whilst these love passages were going on within the sea-girt castle, the Highlanders and the Galloglogh, who were quartered, two and two, among the tenants of Dunluce, were not on such friendly terms. And whereas, at the castle, the seed of discord had been sown by love, in the cottage it seemed likely to spring from that usual subject of dispute, the commissariat department. According to an ancient custom every Galloglogh was to receive a "meather" of milk, over and above his usual ration. The "meather" was a wooden vessel made out of a single piece, of a triangular form, in use in Ireland from the most ancient times. The Highlanders took it very much amiss that the Gallogloghs should have more than they, and, at length, one of them began to grumble at his portion, and inquired why he was not to have milk as well as the other.

The Galloglogh, who sat imbibing the pleasant fluid, answered, "Does a Highland beggar like you mean to make himself equal to one of Mac Quillan's Gallogloghs?" Thereupon, of course, the Scotchman was not slow to respond, and as the quarrel rose higher, the poor farmer, who was, doubtless, heartily tired of them both, begged the gentlemen would be so good as to go and fight out their quarrel in the open air; adding, that whoever got the victory should have the milk and any thing else the house afforded.

The battle ended with the death of the Galloglogh; and, thereupon, the manuscript relates, the Highlander came back into the hut, and regaled himself with his milk to his heart's content. The affair, of course, became talked of, and Mac Quillan's Gallogloghs demanded satisfaction. This not being immediately granted, they held a council among themselves, in which it was resolved, that the Scots had obtained great and dangerous influence in the Root, that great disgrace had fallen on the whole clan, from the seduction of Mac Quillan's daughter, which was, it appeared, by no means a secret, and that, to avenge all these injuries, every Galloglogh should agree, on a certain night, to murder his Scottish comrade; the chief, Mac Donnell, also to be included in the massacre. The daughter of Mac Quillan, and wife of Mac Donnell, however, discovered the plot, and betrayed it to her husband, and since it was suspected that Mac Quillan, who by this time was heartily weary of his guests, was not an entire stranger to it, Mac Donnell and his people thought it ad-

visable to fly by night to the island of Rachery, or Rathlin, where, for want of provisions, they were obliged to subsist upon horseflesh. A war now began between the Mac Donnells and the Mac Quillans, which continued during the whole reign of Queen Elizabeth, and which gave the territory of Dunluce and the Root alternately to one or the other, according to the varying fortunes of the parties, until, in the beginning of the reign of King James, the government interfered to put an end to it, and an appeal was made to the crown.

This monarch had, as is well known, a great partiality for his Scottish countrymen, and he bestowed on Mac Donnell no less than four great baronies in Ireland, among which were included the lands of the unlucky Mac Quillan.

As a slight compensation there was allotted to the latter the barony of Ennishowen, the ancient territory of the O'Doghertys, in Donegal. After this decision King James sent over a Sir John Chichester to Mac Quillan to see it executed. The chief was, of course, very much dissatisfied with the decision, and especially troubled at the difficulties that arose in the transport of his poor tenants and clansmen across Lough Foyle and the River Bann. The cunning Sir John seized the moment when the old chief was most perplexed to suggest that there was an estate belonging to his (Chichester's) family in the district of Clanreaghurbie, that lay much nearer to Dunluce than the barony of Ennishowen, and which he was willing to exchange for it.

The unsuspicious and sorely "bothered" Mac Quillan, agreed to the bargain, and settled with his people on the small estate, while the Chichesters took possession of the great barony, which they still retain, along with other lands and the title of Marquis of Donegal. Thus did the Mac Quillans fall from the splendid domain of Dunluce and the Root, to a little estate in the interior, but they had not yet reached the lowest step of their descent, for a certain Bury Oge Mac Quillan, who loved to practise Irish hospitality on a more extensive scale than his present scanty means would permit, became embarrassed, sold his land at a low price to the Chichesters, and spent the money merrily as long as any of it remained in his treasury. At the end of the last century, Mac Quillans were to be found at Clanreaghurbie among the humblest of the people, and possessing no superiority over the rest of the peasantry, than the title of King Mac Quillan, bestowed on them in mockery by their neighbours. I have several times in Ireland encountered the descendants of these feudal royalties, among labourers, stable-boys, and the very lowest classes of society.

RETURN AND CONCLUSION.

While I was sitting with my troop of tatterdemalions in the bay of Sighs, talking of the former glories of Dunluce, it had become completely dark, so that I had some difficulty in finding my way

back to my car in which I was to return to Ballycastle. I arrived there late in the evening, and found that the Misses Mac Donnells had also sunk, if not into the lowest classes of society, at least into the pillows of their soft couch. On the following morning, I had indeed, as I had hoped, a change of weather, but not really such a change as I desired. The storm, which on the preceding night had been a dry one, come now with its wings laden with snow, and had completely covered the mountains, by the time I began my return journey to Belfast. It had been my first intention to return by Coleraine and Antrim, but as I thought it unlikely I should meet with any thing in the interior to equal in interest the magnificent coast of Antrim, I resolved to go back the way I came.

The effect of the snow on the landscape varied with almost every field, and seemed scarcely the same in any two spots. On the stubble fields it had melted less than on the grass meadows, on the bogs more than on the heaths, and the figures of several tracts, was precisely recognisable by this difference. I believe that in flakes of snow taken from different spots, one might obtain a very delicate thermometer for the variations of temperature in living and decaying plants.

It is usually stated that the snow never lies on this coast, when, a few miles inland, the hills are covered with it to a great depth. How this may be I know not, but at all events I can bear witness that on this wild coast, snow falls as early as in the beginning of October. Nevertheless, at many of the farmhouses we passed, quantities of roses in full bloom were glowing from beneath the snow, and the myrtles of Glenarm, which I now again visited, and which are the largest and most splendid in all Ireland, testified that for them, at least, the winter had no terrors. I was told that one of the gardeners from the Royal Gardens of Kew, lately made a pilgrimage to the north of Ireland purposely to visit them, and to examine closely all the circumstances connected with their position.

Amongst other curiosities exhibited to me at the castle of Glenarm, is a model of the Giant's Causeway, and a very large piece of Irish rock crystal, from one of the basaltic caverns. It was nearly five inches long, and is said to be one of the largest ever found. I learnt here also that the northern Irish always call the basalt "whinstone," *whin* signifying the furze or gorse, so common in Ireland, and which grows abundantly among the basalt. The fair lady who gave me this information, also told me that what in England is called a family name, here is usually called among the common people the "*clans*-name," and that if I wished to have a clear idea of what is meant by it, I should remember the way in which the phrase "Children of Israel" is used in the bible; that being translated by the Scotch and Irish is "Clan Israel."

Many expressions in use in this part of the country, even among the purely Irish, have reference to those of England and North Britain; as for instance, the word "moss" instead of bog. When at Glenarm I complained that the supply of turf for my fire was so

scanty, the excuse was that "the moss was at such a distance." This is a complaint often heard in Ireland, and on the other hand the near neighbourhood of the moss or bog, is always a subject of rejoicing. In all sales of lands and lettings of farms, this circumstance is always taken into consideration, and materially modifies the conditions of the bargain.

The recent violent gales had thrown up at Glenarm and at several other places along the coast, a great quantity of sea-weed; and as soon as the wind had a little abated, half the population was assembled on the shore, and employed in collecting and carrying it away in cars.

All the wet masses of basaltic and limestone rock, which roll about on the coast, were covered with a crowd of men, women, and children, busied in getting in this singular harvest, and carrying away in their arms heaps of the long trailing slimy plants, which the Irish turn to account in many ways. In the first place they eat considerable quantities; several of my troop of attendants to the Giant's Causeway amused themselves as they went along, by picking up and munching sea-weed fresh from the turf. In Ballycastle I saw people eat it upon bread and butter, as one might eat water-cresses. In Belfast it is regularly brought to market as a vegetable, as peas and beans are with us. Sometimes the sea-weed is salted and pickled, and then has much the appearance of the plum jam so much used in Germany. Besides these uses, I have already mentioned that great quantities of it are made into kelp, and what is not employed for any of these purposes serves for manure, although it is far more valuable for this on the sandy shores of the Baltic, than in the damp marshy lands of Ireland, where sea-sand and shells are more wanted. Of the latter article, whole mountains are collected near Lough Foyle.

All the coasts of Ireland are rich in various kinds of sea-weed, so that it seems the abundant vegetation of the Emerald Isle is continued even under the sea. The coast of Antrim is the richest of all, as these plants prefer the limestone and basaltic rock to the granite. Among the sorts of sea-weed considered edible by the Irish the most approved are the following:—First, the *Rhodominia palmata;* then the *Laminaria saccharina*, and lastly, the *Chondrus crispus*. The latter kinds are dried in the sun, called Irish moss, and used as a substitute for the Iceland moss. The first-named is sold at Belfast, and on the sea-coast, for a penny a pound; whilst in the interior it costs three or four times as much. I heard a great deal about the fine flavour of some sorts, and the inferiority of others; but it certainly appears to me, that to one unaccustomed to these delicacies all are equally nauseous. The people in some of the coast districts, however, both of Scotland and Ireland, are so partial to the taste, that they carry it about with them and chew it like tobacco.

One kind of sea-weed, much liked for manure, is the *Laminaria digitata*, called "sea-wrack," which is considered so serviceable, especially for potatoes, that it is a saying in Antrim, that a sack of

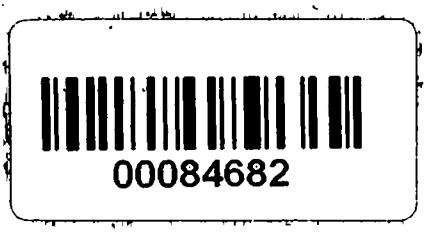
sea-wrack will make a sack of potatoes, although, in general, it is rather the quality than the quantity of this useful root that is improved by it. After every storm on this coast the people come down in crowds from the mountains to gather the sea-wrack for their potatoes, and in calm weather they run out far into the sea, and cut it under the water with sickles. Sometimes they take the little mountain horses in with them, but when the shore is too rocky for this, they lade their own human backs with the salt dripping manure.

Few people have ever noticed the beautiful and elegant formation of these marine productions, which are scarcely inferior to those of many plants of our gardens, although, as they only display their full magnificence beneath the water, it would not be easy to observe them without a diving-bell. When taken out covered with slime, they have a very deplorable appearance, and then can only be restored to any thing like their natural beauty by an artificial process. Whilst other plants lose much by being dried and preserved in herbaria, these, on the contrary, are improved by the preparation. Dr. Drummond, of Belfast, has written a learned treatise on the manner of drying these plants, of which he has a beautiful and almost perfect collection. It is rather surprising that, considering the far greater difficulty of procuring these than land plants, and the consequently far greater utility of collecting them, such a one is not found in every museum. An herbarium of marine plants might show them as beautiful as in their natural state, and would contribute greatly to the renown of their collector.

As the mild climate of Ireland certainly disposes one not a little to whiskey-drinking, I took a glass at Glenarm to which I was the more easily induced, that I was informed by my carman this was the last good drop of whiskey I should get on the coast. The Larne whiskey, he said, was "good for nothing," and that Carrickfergus whiskey was "worse than that."

As I sat in the car, although one side of me was exposed to all the fury of the wind and snow, the other was extremely comfortable. I had even managed to make a hole for the reception of my elbow, so that I did my best to transfer my whole power of sensation into this snug corner, and to let the rest of my limbs freeze and shiver as they would. Most people say that if any one part is cold it is impossible to enjoy the warmth of the rest; but I am of opinion,—and the theory is a far more desirable one to adopt, that one may just as reasonably disregard the hardships of the greater part of the body if the comfort of one limb be properly provided for. I consoled myself with this theory as far as Belfast, where I arrived with every article of clothing, and every single paper I had with me soaked through and through.

Here I took my leave of Erin, and shipped myself for Caledonia.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